MISSISSIPPI IN THE CONFEDERACY

as they saw it

EDITED BY
JOHN K. BETTERSWORTH

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DEDICATION

. . . Good people passing where he sweetly sleeps, sigh and say, "Here lies a useful citizen; he lived to a good purpose; his best monument is not above him but behind him, not built for him but built by him."

[From the funeral eulogy of Col. Henry Hughes of Port Gibson, "the first American sociologist."]

MISSISSIPPI
IN THE CONFEDERACY

A Civil War Centennial Publication of the Department of Archives and History of the State of Mississippi

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SPECIAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

House Bill No. 149, General Laws of the State of Mississippi, 1958, is "An Act making an appropriation to the Department of Archives and History, for a centenary publication or publications commemorating Mississippi's part in the War Between the States, . . ." This act was introduced in the House of Representatives by the Honorable Walter Sillers, Speaker of the House, and was signed into law by Governor J. P. Coleman. The Board of Trustees of the Department of Archives and History designated the director of the department as editorial director of the publication and turned to Mississippi's two state universities for assistance in the task of editing a two-volume anthology of secondary and source material on Mississippi's Confederate period. Dr. John K. Bettersworth, Mississippi State University, and Dr. James W. Silver, University of Mississippi, scholars in the field of Confederate history, generously gave of their time and talent to the project.

It was deemed desirable—to differentiate between the contemporary and the reminiscent and to permit maximum flexibility to each of the editors—to devote the first volume to statements made by people during

the war and the second volume to what was said about the conflict in the years that followed. This plan inevitably led to some repetition, particularly in the editors' introductory comments. But it has the advantage of making each volume a distinct book complete in itself, with a character of its own.

The Department of Archives and History is proud to present these volumes as an enduring record of Mississippi's heroic participation in the American Civil War.

Charlotte Capers, *Director*
Mississippi Department of Archives and History
Jackson, Mississippi

EDITOR'S ACKNOWLEDGMENT

THE TASK OF LETTING MISSISSIPPIANS OF THE WARTIME ERA SPEAK FOR themselves would have been extremely difficult without the generous assistance of many interested persons who came forward with a host of manuscripts, books, and other sources for the author's use. Many of these materials have been used in this anthology. Some of them, though interesting and helpful, could not be included because of the limits of space. Altogether, this wealth of contemporary sources has convinced this writer that Mississippians of the Confederate era were people who could not only "speak up" but also "write up"; and every shred of memorabilia that came to the author's desk gave incontrovertible evidence of this fact.

To every person who made available some of his family patrimony of letters, diaries, old newspapers, and other materials, the author is deeply grateful. Appropriate mention of the ownership of manuscript materials is given in the bibliography to follow.

The author wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to the following agencies which aided him in carrying out his search for sources: the Confederate Museum, Richmond, Virginia; the Library of Congress and the National Archives, Washington, D.C.; the Manuscripts Division

of the Duke University Library; and finally, the Mississippi State Department of Archives and History in Jackson.

The efficient staff at the Mississippi Archives Department made available a rich store of Mississippi Civil War materials which have been collected by that office from public and private sources over the years. Every consideration was given the writer in facilitating his use of this data. Many items would never have come to the author's attention had it not been for the keen eyes and helpful hands of the fine staff of the Archives Department.

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Mississippi State University JOHN K. BETTERSWORTH

CONTENTS

Special Acknowledgment vii
Editor's Acknowledgment ix
Introduction xxxi

Chapter One: SETTING FOR A DRAMA 3
1) *The Plantation Order* 3
Nothing But Fields of "Mimic Snow": A. DePuy Van Buren 3
A Hundred Thousand to Ten Million: Frederick L. Olmsted 4
An Impression of Greater "Respectability": Frederick L. Olmsted 5
A Night with a "Poor White": Frederick L. Olmsted 6
Woodlands, Broad Cotton Fields, and Country Seats: J. H. Ingraham 7
2) *Education* 8
Teaching . . . Is Looked Upon As a Trade: J. H. Ingraham 8
In Admirable Working Condition: *DeBow's Review* 10

3) *Seeking the Economic Balance* 10
"Tired" Soil: Eugene W. Hilgard 11
All the Plenteous Elements: *Mississippi Planter and Mechanic* 12
Whether the South Will Awake: The Vicksburg *Daily Whig* 12
4) *Secession Politics* 14
The House Hold of the Unterrified Democracy: *Chronicles of the Fire-Eaters* 14

Chapter Two: A Stroke for Independence 17
1) *The Politics of 1860* 17
A Useless "War of Words": Joel H. Barry 18
Their Puritanical Fanaticisms and Hypocrisy Is Patent to All: John H. Aughey 18
2) *A Moses for the Flight Into Egypt* 20
This Grim, Tall, Angular Man: William H. Russell 20
Go Down Into Egypt: *Mississippi Senate Journal* 21
The Proper Remedy: *Mississippi Laws* 22
3) *A Convention Meets* 24
The Painful and Exciting Drama: *DeBow's Review* 25
Determined to Conquer or Die: *Official Records* 25
An Ordinance to Dissolve the Union: *Journal of the Mississippi State Convention, . . .* 27
More Is Required in the Future Than Has Been in the Past: *Journal of the Mississippi State Convention, . . .* 30
4) *The Public Celebrates* 30
The Lone Star Is Prominent: New York *Herald* 30
The Bonnie Blue Flag: Harry McCarthy 31
Sadness and Gloom: Natchez *Courier* 33
Such a Silly Vote: A. B. Dilworth 34
5) *Meanwhile, in Washington* 34
The Places Which Have Known Us: Jefferson Davis 34
I Have Often and Sadly Turned My Thoughts: Jefferson Davis 36
We Will Vindicate the Right As Best We May: Jefferson Davis 37
6) *A Confederacy Is Formed* 38

The Safe Harbor of Constitutional Liberty: Charleston (S. C.) *Mercury* 38
Beyond Them, I Saw Troubles: Charleston (S. C.) *Mercury* 40
We Live Under an Oligarchy: Natchez *Courier* 40
Its Eagle Is Dead! We Weep Over It: Edward Fontaine 41
A Strange Desecration: B. L. C. Wailes 42
7) *The End of the Republic of Mississippi* 43
Here Is the Mississippi Convention: New York *Herald* 43
The State of Mississippi Hereby Accedes: *Journal of the Mississippi State Convention, . . .* 45

Chapter Three: A War Begins 46
1) *Volunteers by the Thousands* 46
I Cannot Study: Henry A. Garrett 46
The Love of My Country Leads Me: C. B. M. McCaleb 49
Able-Bodied Irishmen—Good Material for Soldiers: William L. Nugent 49
A Fever to Get Into the Field: *Official Records* 50
We Have No Heart to Speak of It: Natchez *Courier* 50
A Banner Song for the Volunteers: Natchez *Courier* 51
Willing to Serve in the Army As Officers: Natchez *Courier* 52
Unlike . . . the Staid People of the North: William H. Russell 52
We Will All Take a Ride: William Price 55
For I'm a Rambling Soldier: Arthur P. Hudson 55
2) *Baptism by Fire* 57
An Attack on Fort Pickens: Edward Fontaine 57
Civil War Commenced on the 13th April: Edward Fontaine 58
I Turned a Farewell Gaze: Edward Fontaine 58
I Accidentally Bloodied the Corner of This Letter: Edward Fontaine 60
Dead . . . Lying Thick As You Ever Saw: James W. Moorehead 60
Never Got to Mananasses Plain: Arthur P. Hudson 62
I Feel That I Would Like to Shoot a Yankee: William L. Nugent 62

Ever Man Is Anxious for the Time to Come: Bruce Henderson 63
I Will NEVER AGAIN Belong: Thomas B. Webber 65
The Soldier's Death-Bed: Natchez *Courier* 65
This Standard Sanctified by the Blessing of Heaven: Natchez *Courier* 67
3) *Ordeal by Politics* 67
That You Have Been Too Slow: Robert S. Hudson 67
My Own Honor Is Dearer to Me Than Country: *Official Records* 69
A Hermaphrodite in the Service: *Official Records* 69
The Privilege of Fighting As a Mississippi Brigade: *Official Records* 70
Now's the Day and Now's the Hour: Natchez *Courier* 71
Our Wagon's Plenty Big Enough: Arthur P. Hudson 71

Chapter Four: From Despair to Triumph, 1862 72
1) *State Rights and Individual Rights* 73
I Don't Understand This War: James L. Alcorn 74
If We Were Only Confederates: T. J. Koger 74
This Draft Is Scaring Him to Death: T. Wiggin 75
A Natchez Maiden to Her Betrothed: Natchez *Courier* 76
Many Old Gentlemen: Woodville *Republican* 76
What Is to Become of My Little Crops?: Richard Winter 77
Some of Us Have to Gow Off to Wor and Others Stay Bak Home: H.I.K. 78
2) *War Comes to Mississippi* 78
I Fear We Were Badly Worsted To Day: Mrs. Walter A. Overton 79
The Fighting Was the Most Terrible: H. C. Clarke 79
The Wounded Men Were Crying: Arthur P. Hudson 80
Our Fathers Were at the Battle of Corinth: *Official Records* 81
I Am Not Despondent of Success Still: T. J. Koger 82
3) *On the River* 84
The Enemy Landed a Force: *Official Records* 85

I Did All I Could to Alarm Our Authorities: Edward Fontaine 85
Mississippians Were There: *Official Records* 88
We Look Forward to His Approach with Some Anxiety: J. T. Billenstein 89
Not Now As Formerly with Doubts As to the Result: John J. Pettus 92
4) *Valor in the Autumn* 93
They Were Finally Staid . . . by the Darkness: *Official Records* 93
We . . . Eat a Belley Full and Stretched Out and Went to Sleep: James Robinson 94
Such Bravery Has Never Been Excelled: Cyrus F. Boyd 95
I Surprised the Enemy: *Official Records* 98
The Drunkeness or Inefficiency of Commanding Officers: *Official Records* 98
The Enemy Left in Great Confusion: *Official Records* 99
5) *The End of a Year of Crises* 99
There Is Much Despondency and Fault Finding: R. C. Saffold 100
Plant Your Foot Upon Our Soil: *Official Records* 101
Addressed Wholly to Mississippians: Julia Le Grand 103
Everything Else Was As Dust in the Balance: Natchez *Daily Courier* 103

Chapter Five: VICKSBURG 104

1) *A Frantic People* 105
The Preserver of Vicksburg: Natchez *Daily Courier* 105
To Git Out of the Cussed Draft: John T. Hodge 106
The Slow-Coach Profundity of "Pettus the Firm": Jackson *Daily Mississippian* 107
The "Fresh Levies" Rushed Forward Like a Pack of Devils: Mobile *News* 107
2) *Approach by Water* 108
Cotton Bales and Earth: *Official Records* 109
Every Tree and Stump Covered a Sharpshooter: *Official Records* 110

Burning of Houses and Cotton and Pillaging: *Official Records* 110
Running the Blockade: *Official Records* (Navy) 111
3) *The Encirclement* 112
Not One . . . Should Leave the State Alive: Edward Fontaine 112
This Pleasure Excursion of the Roving Blades: Jackson *Daily Mississippian* 113
Holding Out the Whole Day: *Official Records* 114
Our Prospects Gloomy: Edward Fontaine 116
I Commanded in Person: *Official Records* 118
Surrender . . . Will Be a Mere Question of Time: *Official Records* 119
4) *Doubts Without and Within* 120
Three-fourths of the People . . . Doubt Him: *Official Records* 121
The Incapacity of One Man: Edward Fontaine 121
You Will See the Cost at Which I Will Sell Vicksburg: Natchez *Daily Courier* 122
No Man Can Die More Than Once: Arthur J. L. Fremantle 123
We Respectfully Submit: *Official Records* 124
Till Pemberton's Whipped: Arthur P. Hudson 125
5) *A City Dies* 126
We . . . Are Now on the Lookout for Fun: Osborn H. Oldroyd 126
Both Armies . . . Mingled Together in Various Sports: Osborn H. Oldroyd 128
General Stephen D. Lee and the Missionary Brothers: Katherine Hunt Balfour 129
Fit Subjects for the Asylum: William A. Drennan 130
We Must Adopt Some Means to Relieve Us: *Official Records* 131
Caves Were the Fashion: Mary W. Loughborough 132
What Is the State of Affairs?: *Official Records* 134
We Had a Happy Fourth You May Bet: Elisha Stockwell, Jr. 135
On Vicksburg's Bloody Battlefield: Arthur P. Hudson 136
6) *Postmortem* 136

Always Doing Nothing: Alexander S. Abrams 137
I Am No Stranger to . . . Misrepresentation: Jefferson Davis 138
When an Officer Disobeys . . . His Superior: Canton *American Citizen* 138

Chapter Six: Mississippi Fights On 142

1) *Deserters in the Piney Woods* 143
The Republic of Jones: Natchez *Courier* 143
A Most Deplorable Condition: *Official Records* 145
Knight's Skirmishes: Thomas J. Knight 146
Never . . . Any Organization of Men: James L. Power 147
Notorious If Not Infamous: *Mississippi Senate Journal* 147
Ever . . . True and Loyal to the Union: Governor's Correspondence 148
2) *Government in Motion* 149
Until Such Time: Jackson *Daily Mississippian* 149
March Into the Sea and Perish: *Mississippi House Journal* 150
Mississippi Will Be True to Her Plighted Faith: *Mississippi House Journal* 151
3) *Sherman in Mississippi* 151
Jackson . . . Is Now a Ruined Town: *Official Records* 151
General Sherman Complimented Our Cavalry Very Much: William L. Nugent 153
4) *Forrest's "Critters"* 154
The Retreat or Route Began: *Official Records* 155
If Mr. Forrest Will Let Me Alone I Will Let Him Alone: *Official Records* 156
Leaving His Clothes Behind: *Official Records* 157
One Captain's Trumpet: *Official Records* 157
Presented by the State of Mississippi: *Mississippi Laws* 158
. . . Will Succeed in Restoring Confidence: *Mississippi Laws* 159

Chapter Seven: On Other Fronts 160

1) *Virginia's Mississippians* 160
"Galentry" at Fredericksburg: Clindenen Black 161

The Glorious Victory That God Has Blessed Our Arms With: Clindenen Black 162
Genl. Lee Knows What He Is Doing: Clindenen Black 163
He Preferred Sharing the Dangers: John W. Henderson 164
Driven From Point to Point: *Official Records* 165
We Must Fite It Out Cost What It May: Alfred Jones 168
2) *Tennessee and Georgia* 168
The Many Things That Were: Emmett Ross 169
They Mowed Us Down Like Grass: Emmett Ross 170
Living Quietly in the Ditches: L. M. Allerton 171
The Campaign Has Had a Very Unsatisfactory Termination: William L. Nugent 172
The Soldiers Are Still Bouyant and Hopeful: William L. Nugent 174
A Firm Patriot and an Able Commander: *Mississippi Laws* 174

Chapter Eight: The Life of the Soldier 176

1) *Officer Gentlemen* 176
Tonight Much Snoggling: T. J. Koger 177
Their Love of the Beautiful Leads Them to Execute Complicated Movements: T. J. Koger 177
Straight He Comes to the Capt.: T. J. Koger 178
2) *The Trials of Soldiering* 179
You Good Folks Don't Scarcely Know: Arthur P. Hudson 179
A Shadow Is Upon Every Brow: S. L. Simmons 180
The Streets Are All Lonely: Arthur P. Hudson 181
She Has Not Wrote to Me: Jonathan Clark 181
We Are All Depressed: Livingston L. Lobdell 182
Terrible in Its Consequences As to Digestion: William L. Nugent 183
Seated on Their Coffins: Weymouth T. Jordan 183
I Have Made an Effort for a Furlough: Weymouth T. Jordan 184
Long and Tedious Indeed: Richard M. Leavell 185

Being Deprived of Our Families Is the Thing: W. W. Davis 186
No Debt More Sacred: *Mississippi Laws* 186
I Am in Hops You Don't Believe That: Enoch L. Mitchell 187
As If It Were Hogs: Weymouth T. Jordan 187
A Brass Buttoned Jack Ass from Richmond: Willie D. Halsell 188
Unless Outside Aid Is Freely Bestowed: Jackson *Daily Mississippian* 190
Protect Their Families While the Defenders Are in the Field: Natchez *Courier* 191
I'd Rather Be a Soldier: Arthur P. Hudson 191
3) *'Mid Pleasures and Trenches* 192
The Very Place for Him to Bee At: James Robinson 192
Did Nothing—Read: J. Hardeman 193
Played Out Like the Gal's Milk: J. M. Love 193
It Made Him Sick: J. M. Love 194
Telegraphed to Sis for 300 Dollars: Robert Elam Jones 194
Patted for a Lady to Dance: Robert Elam Jones 195
Went Serenading, Got Cake and Brandy: Robert Elam Jones 196
By a Scratch of the Pen, Some Are Made Glad: James L. Power 196
We Snatched a Bite of Turkey: A. F. Drake 197
Serenades and Reflections: Albert Quincy Porter 197
A Cowardly Virginia Cavalryman: Jackson *Daily Mississippian* 198
Out of Fifty Knights Chosen: Joseph C. Robert 199

Chapter Nine: War's Destruction 202
1) *Chimneyville* 202
Strange Things . . . in This Bailwick: Dr. D. W. Yandell 203
The Depredation of the Foe: Aberdeen *Sunny South* 204
A Great Public Calamity: Jackson *Daily Mississippian* 205
Poor Old Jackson: L. Julienne 206
2) *A Ravaged Countryside* 206

My Heart Almost Ceased to Beat: Cyrus F. Boyd 206
Federal Gentlemen Flying with Armloads: Crutcher-Shannon Papers 209
"Old Jeff's" Books, Furniture: Robert Melvin 210
More Than Their Usual Heartlessness: F. F. Freeman 212
A Dreary Spectacle Indeed: William L. Nugent 213

Chapter Ten: The Plowshare War 214

1) *The King Falters* 215
We Can Raise Abundant Supplies of Food: *Southern Cultivator* 215
A Well-Directed System of Mixed Husbandry: *Mississippi Laws* 216
Burn All Cotton Within Their Reach: *Official Records* 218
Everyone . . . Sells Cotton: *Official Records* 218
A Whole Batch of Women: William L. Nugent 219

2) *King Corn* 220
The Indifference . . . About Making Crops Alarms Me: Governor's Correspondence 220
I Am a Corn Planter: Natchez *Daily Courier* 220

3) *Running the Plantation and the Farm* 222
One Can Make As Much As They Can Gather: Mrs. Malinda Chambers 222
I Wish You Were Here to See Them: Mrs. T. J. Koger 223
Plenty to Do, That Ought to Have Been Done Before: *Southern Cultivator* 224
At the Mercy of These Times of Overseers & Negroes: B. L. C. Wailes 224
The-Stay-at-Home-and-Would-Have-Everybody-Else-Go-to-the-War, Lie Around: *Southern Cultivator* 226
The Poor Soldiers Wives Are Plowing: Isaac Applewhite 227
Some of a Winter Days Operations: B. L. C. Wailes 228
Present to Queen Victoria: Arthur J. L. Fremantle 229

Chapter Eleven: Slaves and Freedmen 230

1) *Defense by Words* 230
Call It the Dream of a Poet: W. D. Moore 231

It Was Difficult . . . to Investigate the Subject of Slavery: *Southern Presbyterian Review* 232
2) *The Slave Makes a Decision* 233
Aid, Assist, or Abet: *Mississippi Laws* 233
A Meditated Negro Insurrection: B. L. C. Wailes 234
A Great Disposition . . . to Be Insubordinate: A. K. Farrar 235
To Establish an Edoulosarky: Natchez *Courier* 236
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons: Jackson *Daily Mississippian* 238
Benefited Largely by the Peculiar Institution: Arthur J. L. Fremantle 239
Most of the Negroes Became Disgusted: Crutcher-Shannon Papers 240
It Is a Great Comfort: Mary L. Blake 240
Recognized the Moment of Deliverance: James H. Maury 241
3) *The Yankee and the Negro* 242
Their "Duty" to Go: Canton *Tri-Weekly American Citizen* 242
For Their Own Cultivation: Natchez *Courier* 242
4) *The Confederates and the Negro* 244
A Trusty Negro Servant: *Mississippi Laws* 244
Risked His Life in Recovering the Body of His Young Master: *Mississippi Laws* 244
Let Not Slavery Prove a Barrier to Our Independence: Natchez *Courier* 245
A Total Abandonment of the Chief Object of This War: Natchez *Courier* 246
The Present As an Unfavorable Time: *Mississippi Senate Journal* 246

Chapter Twelve: War Without Sinews 248
1) *State Without Money* 248
The Very First Subscriber Was a Slave: Natchez *Courier* 249
With Singular Liberalty: A. W. West 250
Suspension . . . Has Only Been Asked . . . in One Instance: *Official Records* 250

A $100 Confederate Note: Jackson *Daily Southern Crisis* 251
Inhumanity and Imbecility: T. A. Ventress 251
2) *People Without Money* 252
Ruined & Poor: B. L. C. Wailes 252
I Am Confounded—I Am Ruined: Thomas Webber 253
How the Cotton Business . . . Is Managed: W. C. Smedes 254
An Evil That Exists: A. Proniewski 255
Hardly . . . Overpaid with a Dollar: J. B. D. DeBow 256
They Had Sold Out Their Stocks: Anonymous 257
A Few of Jackson Prices: Robert B. Hoadley 258
Every Thing in the Eating Line Is High Here: S. M. Meek 259
3) *Crisis by Rail* 259
Terrible Railroad Accident: Jackson *Daily Southern Crisis* 260
Less Risk in Fighting a Battle: Jackson *Daily Southern Crisis* 261
Get Out to Push Along the Cars: Arthur J. L. Fremantle 262
The Railroad Accident: Jackson *Daily Southern Crisis* 263
That Speculators and Railroad Men May Make a Fortune: Jackson *Daily Southern Crisis* 263
A Fancy for Blowing Up Something: Canton *Tri-Weekly Citizen* 264
4) *Industry Dies A-Borning* 264
Cumulative Evidences of . . . Great Resources: Jackson *Daily Southern Crisis* 265
Almost Exclusively Drawn From the State: Jackson *Daily Southern Crisis* 266
We Are in Great Danger: J. M. Wesson 267
The Material Is Excellent: *Official Records* 268

Chapter Thirteen: War by Makeshift 269
1) *Without Savor* 269
A Very Small Amount: *Mississippi House Journal* 270

Four Furnaces in Successful Operation: *Mississippi House Journal* 271
2) *Making Clothes* 271
Ma Never Made Any Cloth at Home Untill Last Year: Mathew N. Love Papers 272
Busy . . . Making Clothes for the Soldiers: Malinda Chambers 272
Trying Who Can Make the Prettiest Homespun: Kate Baker 272
The Homespun Dress: Arthur P. Hudson 273
What Difference . . . in Sending Cotton to Boston by Way of Nassau, or of Memphis?: *Mississippi House Journal* 274
"Meating" the Crisis: Natchez *Daily Courier* 275
Made with My Own Hands: Julia Dunbar 275
3) *"Do-It-Yourself" Household Hints* 276
Primitive Necessities and Simplicities: Sereno Taylor 276
I Never Knew But One Miscarriage: Fayette *Gazette* 277
Makes a Pretty Ornament: Natchez *Courier* 277
The Plan Usually Pursued: Natchez *Daily Courier* 278
Squirrel Skin Shoes: Meridian *Mississippian* 278
Receipt for Dyeing: James L. Power 279
4) *Table Fare* 279
We Must Learn to Live Within Ourselves: Natchez *Daily Courier* 280
Domestic Recipes: H. C. Clarke 281
C. C. C. B. S. & F.: Sereno Taylor 282
Mule at the Hotel de Vicksburg: Eugene S. Bolling 283
Every Article Was Produced at Home: Edward Fontaine 285

Chapter Fourteen: Folks at Home 286

1) *People in Need* 286
Another Army Besides That in the Field Must Be Supported: W. H. Hardy 287
A Deplorable State of Destitution: William L. Nugent 288
Ma, I Want a Piece of Bread: Greensboro *Southern Motive* 289

An Army of Barnacles . . . to Buy Up: Jackson *Daily Southern Crisis* 290
The Ladies Are Good Economists: J. B. D. DeBow 291
2) *Vigilance* 292
Our Post Master Holding It Under Lyncoln: Miles McGehee 292
Summoned Him . . . and He Will Not Do It: John Dickerson 292
Feeling a Little Delicacy in Resorting to Extreme Measures: O. J. Hood 293
Intend to Take Their First Shot at Jef. Davis: John T. Simmons 294
Every God Damn Plantation: How Hines 295
A Prey to Thieves: Richard T. Archer 295
3) *Woman's War* 296
A Woman's Gift—Never Surrender It: Natchez *Courier* 297
Sent to City Hall Hospital Jackson Miss—: Helen Thompson 298
In a Dying Condition: Jackson *Daily Southern Crisis* 298
Never Turn a Hungry Soldier Off: William L. Nugent 299
We Have Just Been to Church Praying for You: J. M. Love 300
I Do Feel Truly Thankful: Mrs. Thomas J. Taylor 301
The Silent Despair of the Women: Arthur J. L. Fremantle 303
Meet Me at Masons and Dixon Line: Albert D. Richardson 304
He . . . Has Condescended to Have One Lady: Kate Cumming 305
Bid My Gentle Sister Be Very Careful: William L. Nugent 306
Women (I Cannot Call Them Ladies): T. J. Wharton 306
They No Longer Encourage Them to Take to the Woods: *Official Records* 307
It Makes Me Mad to Think of Them: Percy L. Rainwater 308
The Lofty and Patriotic Spirit: *Mississippi Laws* 310
4) *The Amenities on the Home Front* 310

We Had a Great Deal of Fun: Percy L. Rainwater 310
One at a Time at Considerable Intervals: B. L. C. Wailes 311
Forbids Us Realizing the Usual Pleasures: Natchez *Daily Courier* 312
We Had a Lonesome Eggnog: Arthur M. Shaw 313
Quite a Lively Appearance: Natchez *Courier* 314
5) *Morale* 315
They May Stay at Home and Swindle Each Other: Natchez *Daily Courier* 315
With Any Amount of Powder Behind Him: Natchez *Daily Courier* 316

Chapter Fifteen: The Higher Life 317

1) *A Culture at Stake* 317
Forgotten Are the Amenities: W. P. Chambers 317
I Am One . . . Ruined: Frederick A. P. Barnard 318
A Daily Examination: T. Otis Baker 319
2) *The Written Word* 319
He Wrote a Great Many Copies: Lamar Fontaine 320
A Mutilated Private: Natchez *Daily Courier* 320
Bombardment of Vicksburg: Frank Moore 323
I Rise One Morning: Thomas J. Knight 325
While Resting in the Shade: Emmett Ross 326
3) *The Deviled Printer* 327
All Honor to the Press: Paulding *Eastern Clarion* 328
Our Little Half Sheet: Natchez *Courier* 329
The Last Sheet: Natchez *Courier* 329
A Variegated Dress: Natchez *Courier* 329
The Habits of a Turtle: Natchez *Courier* 330
All the Babies in the Entire South Are in Arms: Natchez *Courier* 331
The Publication of Such Rumors: *Official Records* 332
4) *Education* 332
The Dissolution Was Spontaneous: *Mississippi House Journal* 333
If Sufficiently Patronized: W. H. McReynolds 335
Twenty Odd Schollors: William K. Holland 335

The Fruits of Southern Scholarship: *DeBow's Review* 336
Iron, Steam Engines, and Books: L. J. McCormick 336
Greatly in Need of Books: S. R. Jones 337
5) *The Church Militant* 338
. . . on the Condition of the Country: James A. Lyon 338
That the God of Battles May Ever Preside: Synod of Mississippi 339
To Send Up with Renewed Fervency Your Supplications: William M. Green 340
The Harsh and Martial Style of the Music: William M. Green 340
Are Hereby Banished: Canton *Tri-Weekly Citizen* 341
He May Return to His Home: Natchez *Courier* 342
Oh Shame, Where Is Thy Blush!: Jesse L. Boyd 343
Ayes 5, Noes 18: Mt. Zion Baptist Church 343
Raise Us Up Friends: John P. Darden 344
6) *God and the Soldier* 345
Stilled We the Noises of the Camp: Edward Fontaine 345
Very Little of the "Sweet Day of Rest": T. J. Koger 346
Our Commanders Being Totally Regardless of the Day: A. F. Drake 346
We Have Prayer Meeting Every Night: Weymouth T. Jordan 348
His Honest Dust: W. D. Moore 349

Chapter Sixteen: The End Comes 350

1) *The Noise of the Malcontents* 350
Niles Records the Malcontents: Jason Niles 350
Rebellion Foul Dishonoring Word: James L. Alcorn 351
2) *They Would Not Give Up* 352
Generations Unborn Will Fight On: M. P. Lowrey 352
The Infernal Regions As a More Agreeable Alternative: Arthur J. L. Fremantle 353
Never Will I Be Content to Submit: William L. Nugent 354
3) *Toward Reconstruction* 354
Even the Old Union, As They Style It: *Official Records* 355

A Wide-Spread Desire . . . for Peace: New York *World* 356
Coming Out Right: Natchez *Courier* 356
The Great Body of the People on Both Sides Desire Peace Today: Canton *Tri-Weekly Citizen* 357
Our Mighty Have Fallen, and Our Weapons of War Have Perished: Edward Fontaine 358
Crickets Out of a Rotten Log: H. Cassedy 359
The Courteous Manner in Which You Have Discharged a Delicate Duty: Charles Clark 359
4) *Last Word* 360
Robert Tallon Died for States' Right: William H. Russell 360
A Long Farewell: J. R. Montgomery 361
The Honest Heart: Crystal Springs *Meteor* 361
You Have Been Good Soldiers; You Can Be Good Citizens: *Official Records* 362

ILLUSTRATIONS

		Facing Page
1)	The seceding Mississippi delegation	64
2)	"Brierfield"	65
3)	Election handbill	96
4)	Inauguration of Jefferson Davis	97
5)	The Rebel Flea	128
6)	Battle of Corinth	129
7)	Ship Island	160
8)	A Confederate prison over Pearl River	161
9)	Confederate scouts running the Federal pickets	161
10)	Map of Mississippi showing the fields of military operation	192
11)	Map of Vicksburg	193
12)	General Grant's headquarters on the Mississippi River	224
13)	Five locomotives built at Vicksburg by the Federal soldiers	224
14)	Cutting the canal opposite Vicksburg	225
15)	Destruction of property by Union troops	256
16)	Battle of Champion's Hill	256

Facing Page

17) Reoccupation of Jackson by the Confederates 257
18) Ruins of Jackson 257
19) Southern cotton burners 288
20) Troop train 288
21) Camplife in the Confederate Army 289
22) Southern refugees 289

INTRODUCTION

"From Bull Mountain, in the land of Itawamba, to the sea shore, and from the borders of Alabama to the waters of the Mississippi." Thus did the anonymous writer of the *Chronicles of the Fire-Eaters,* a humorous political pamphlet of the fifties, describe the boundaries of the state of Mississippi—the Mississippi that in the mid-nineteenth century was planting cotton in just about every spot except the top of Bull Mountain and the seashore, for Mississippi had become the chief domain of King Cotton. This state had its geographical divisions—hills, lowlands, and prairies—and each of these areas had developed its distinctive economic, social, and political character, depending largely on the amount of cotton it did or did not produce; for there was no crop but cotton, and Mississippi was its prophet.

Into the cotton province of Mississippi there came, in the 1860's, first secession, then war, and finally defeat. Each of these portentous developments had a profound impact on King Cotton's favored province, where a struggle that began as the breaking of a nation ended with the breaking of a state.

Those who lived through it all, and some who did not, have left a moving record of what they felt and what they saw and what they

thought in the thick of events. These are the canonical Confederate scriptures, written so close to the scene that there was no time-perspective to tidy them up, no aura of memory to prettify and romanticize the horrors that were experienced—only the candid record of the historical moment. We shall not be concerned with what was said and thought once the war was over—not even one month, one year, one decade, one score or even more years afterward; for such will be the burden of the second half of this two-volume series issued as a part of Mississippi's centennial observance of the war in which she and ten other Southern states undertook to win their independence from the Union.

The present volume will be made up, then, of contemporary day-by-day sources. The story of the Civil War has never been and doubtless never will be told more effectively than by those who witnessed it. What they observed and wrote in the heat of living and dying is epic stuff, invented like all good epics by the people themselves before the bards came along to color it up or the historians to take the color out of it. These on-the-scene recorders tell an uncontrived tale, not bothering as did later generations either to bend over backward to be objective or forward to be apologetic, but simply standing upright to talk of themselves and the world that was falling apart about them. The story recorded here will not, then, be *of* the times but *in* the times. The men and women of the sixties have written this book. They are the actors in the play. They speak the parts. All the historian who has assembled these pieces can do is appear from time to time like a Greek chorus to comment on the story.

MISSISSIPPI
IN THE CONFEDERACY
as they saw it

CHAPTER ONE

SETTING FOR A DRAMA

BEFORE THE WARTIME DRAMA ITSELF CAN BEGIN, THERE MUST BE A setting for the action. The curtain rises on Mississippi life at mid-century. Our informants are a group of witnesses, native and foreign, who observed Mississippi and Mississippians.

1) The Plantation Order

¶ Natchez and plantations date back nearly as far as the history of the white man in Mississippi; so that is where the story will begin. At mid-century the British geologist, Sir Charles Lyell, found in Natchez "a society most agreeable." A few years later came a Yankee, A. DePuy Van Buren, who spent a year in the "New Natchez," the Delta, which had begun to be exploited on a large scale in the fifties, thanks to levee building. It was now the booming plantation area.

Nothing but Fields of "Mimic Snow"

BY REFERRING TO the map of this State you will find that the Yazoo and Big Black run nearly parallel to the Mississippi. Mid-way, running be-

tween these, is a large ridge, or back-bone of land. From this there are ribs or ridges running out on either hand to the rivers. It is the same between the Mississippi and Yazoo. The rains dripping off these ridges, mingling with the soil as they go, turn torrents of muddy water into the gullies, which tumble it headlong into the rivers. Hence there are no clear streams here. They are all roily and of lazy current. How much of the beauty of the country is in the clear waters of its lakes and streams. I have seen no naiades sporting along the banks of Southern streams. Nor have I found here those playmates of my boyhood—bubling runnels and whimpering brooks.

Nothing is more beautiful than to view this long, winding valley from some high bluff of the uplands, that wall it in on both sides of the river. Far along, as far as the eye can reach, you see both up and down the stream, from a half to two miles wide, nothing but fields of "mimic snow," doted here and there with planters' residences, set in green trees and shrubs, which, with the neat, white-washed, negro cabins, ranged in rows near them, look like trim villas scattered along the vale. Much of the valley is yet open forest-land.

—A. DePuy Van Buren, *Jottings of a Year's Sojourn in the South* (Battle Creek, 1859), 50–51.

¶ In the late fifties the New York *Times* sent a sort of "roving reporter" to look at the South. He was the redoubtable Frederick Law Olmsted, who had much to say about Mississippians, both the planters and the farmers.

A Hundred Thousand to Ten Million

I ARRIVED SHORTLY after dusk at Woodville, a well-built and pleasant court-town with a small but pretentious hotel . . .

"What sort of country is it . . . between here and Natchez?" I asked. "I should suppose it would be well settled."

"Big plantations, sir. Nothing else. Aristocrats . . ."

I asked how rich the sort of men were of whom he spoke.

"Why, sir, from a hundred thousand to ten million."

"Do you mean that between here and Natchez there are none worth less than a hundred thousand dollars?"

"No, sir, not beyond the ferry. Why, any sort of a plantation is worth a hundred thousand dollars. The niggers would sell for that."

"How many negroes are there on these plantations?"

"From fifty to a hundred."

"Never over one hundred?"

"No; when they've increased to a hundred they always divide them; stock another plantation. There are sometimes three or four plantations adjoining one another, with an overseer for each, belonging to the same man. But that isn't general. In general, they have to strike off for new land."

"How many acres will a hand tend here?"

"About fifteen—ten of cotton, and five of corn; some pretend to make them tend twenty."

"And what is the usual crop?"

"A bale and a half to the acre on fresh land and in the bottom. From four to eight bales to a hand they generally get: sometimes ten and better, when they are lucky."

"A bale and a half on fresh land? How much on old?"

"Well, you can't tell. Depends on how much it's worn and what the season is so much. Old land, after a while, isn't worth bothering with."

"Do most of these large planters who live so freely, anticipate their crops as the sugar planters are said to—spend the money, I mean, before the crop is sold?"

"Yes, sir, and three and four crops ahead generally."

—Frederick Law Olmsted, *Journeys and Explorations in the Cotton Kingdom* (2 vols., London, 1861), II, 148, 156, 158–59.

An Impression of Greater "Respectability"

CONTINUING THE HORSEBACK journey commenced in the rich bottom-bearing soils which border the Mississippi river, I turned eastward, not far above Natchez, and pursued an indirect route towards Tuscaloosa in Alabama. The country grew less fertile, and the plantations smaller . . . The more common sort of plantations and the common middle-class planter, can hardly be seen by a tourist in any other way than that I now pursued, traveling in the interior, away from the rivers and the ordinary lines of communication, and independently of public conveyances; there is consequently less general knowledge of them, I appre-

hend, than of any other portion of the population of the South, yet of the class properly termed "the planters" they constitute probably nine tenths.

The characteristics of this . . . class of cotton-planters vary much. I shall, I think, be generally rightly understood if I say that the majority of them possess more dignity of bearing and manner, that they give a stranger an impression of greater "respectability" than the middle class of farmers at the North and in England, while they have less general information and less active and inquiring minds.

—Frederick Law Olmsted, *A Journey in the Back Country* (New York, 1860), 158–60.

A Night with a "Poor White"

It was raining, and nearly nine o'clock. The . . . cabin was open, and I rode up and conversed with the occupant as he stood within. He said that he was not in the habit of taking in travelers, and his wife was about sick, but if I was a mind to put up with common fare, he didn't care. Grateful, I dismounted and took the seat he had vacated by the fire, while he led away my horse to an open shed in the rear—his own horse ranging at large, when not in use, during the summer.

The house was all comprised in a single room, twenty-eight by twenty-five feet in area, and open to the roof above. There was a large fireplace at one end and a door on each side—no windows at all. Two bedsteads, a spinning-wheel, a packing-case, which served as a bureau, a cupboard, made of rough hewn slabs, two or three deer-skin seated chairs, a Connecticut clock, and a large poster of Jayne's patent medicines, constituted all the visible furniture either useful or ornamental in purpose . . .

At breakfast occurred the following conversation:

"Are there many people here who think slavery a curse to the country?"

"Oh, yes, a great many. I reckon the majority would be right glad if we could get rid of the niggers. But it wouldn't never do to free 'em and leave 'em here. I don't know anybody, hardly, in favor of that. Make 'em free and leave 'em here and they'd steal every thing we made. Nobody couldn't live here then."

These views of slavery seem to be universal among people of this class. They were repeated to me at least a dozen times.

—*Ibid.*, 197–203 *passim.*

¶ In 1860 a Mississippi parson, J. H. Ingraham, confounded the talkative "foreigners" from the North and abroad with his book, *The Sunny South.* It was a series of letters about the Cotton Kingdom, especially Mississippi, purportedly written by a Yankee governess.

Woodlands, Broad Cotton Fields, and Country Seats

WE HAVE AT length reached Natchez . . . in the bosom of the most opulent and cultivated portion of the South. I have already spoken of the town of Natchez, which possesses all the charming features of a tropical city. Its streets lined with the Pride of China tree, now in full flower, its verandah-ornamented residences, with their wide, airy halls and piazzas; the sweet gardens that fill all the atmosphere, even in the business streets, with the perfume of flowers; the quiet repose and comfort of the whole place; the indolent luxury of the nothing-to-do air of the citizens, who like all Southerners, never *bustle* about; the half foreign air descended to it from the old Spaniards, who first dwelt here, give to Natchez a *tout ensemble,* wholly different from a Northern town.

Then there are the handsome suburban villas embedded amid flower gardens, their white columns glancing here and there, from openings in the foliage of the umbrageous trees that shade them.

Many of the more wealthy cotton planters, whose estates lie on the river where it is unhealthy to reside, live in the vicinity of Natchez, in country houses, on which they lavish taste and expense without limit. There is, therefore, a beautiful wilderness of architectural and horticultural elegance around the city. The pleasant drives carry you winding along among these tasteful homes, now rolling over a graveled lawn-road, now traversing hedges enclosing gardens that contain nearly all the tropical plants; now catching sight of a summerhouse, now of statuary, and on all sides beauty.

It is in these homes, which extend a league or more around the town, that are to be found the families that have given to the society of Natchez so much celebrity. Here are to be found persons who have traveled abroad, and cultivated their tastes by European discipline. Their parlors are adorned with pictures from pencils of the first masters. Their halls are not deficient in fine statuary. Their private libraries are

often large and well chosen. The furniture, equipages, and style of living are all in keeping.

In Natchez itself there are but few wealthy persons; but the society is exceedingly good, and every stranger, who has enjoyed its hospitality, will have a grateful recollection of their tasteful and pleasant homes.

—J. H. Ingraham, *The Sunny South; or, a Southerner at Home* (Philadelphia, 1860), 259–60.

2) Education

¶ Public schools were scarce in ante bellum Mississippi, though there were some in the towns. Everybody who was anybody, even most of those who were not, had to pay for his schooling in neighborhood tuition schools, in academies, or under the instruction of tutors and governesses. Using his fictitious Yankee governess as the authority, J. H. Ingraham gave a description of the tutoring system prevailing in Mississippi in the fifties.

Teaching . . . Is Looked Upon As a Trade

Teaching here is looked upon as a trade, both in males and females. For a Southern lady to teach as a governess, she loses caste with many, though not, of course, with the sensible and right minded. I know a lady with two grown daughters who has a school not far from Vicksburg, who will not let her daughters assist her in teaching, lest it should be an obstacle in the way of their marrying *en regle*. This woman understands the character of the people. Now in New England, teaching is regarded directly the reverse. Our teachers there are a part of the "respectability" of society. Our professors are aristocrats. Some of our first ladies have been teachers when girls. In a word, a New England mind can scarcely comprehend how teaching youth can be looked upon as a lowering vocation.

The number of private tutors of both sexes throughout the South is very great. The distance at which planters dwell from towns renders it incumbent on them to employ teachers at home. The situation is pleasant or unpleasant according to the family and the disposition of the tutor. If he or she, for the sake of laying up something, is willing to endure

privation, and even "to lose position," for a year or two, why these trifles can be borne. The usual salary for a young lady is four hundred and fifty to five and six hundred dollars with board. Some receive more, especially as in the case of my fair friend, if music and French be included. Latin is sometimes required, but not often. In general, the planters keep their daughters under governesses till they are fourteen, and then send them to some celebrated school, North or South, to remain a year or two to graduate. The sons, also, at eighteen, and often earlier, are dispatched to Northern colleges. Few daughters "finish off" at home. Since the recent agitation upon the slavery question, the Mississippians are disposed to be shy of Northern teachers, and fewer will be employed.

Great attention is paid here to the manly education of boys. They are taught to ride fearlessly and sit a horse well. The two sons of the gentleman, eleven and thirteen years old, where we are now visiting, ride up to Natchez three times a week, to take fencing lessons, boxing lessons, and lessons in dancing. They are also taught pistol and rifle shooting. The eldest son, who has just turned his nineteenth year, has displayed to me for my amusement, some surprising exhibitions of his skill. With a pistol, I saw him shoot three humble-bees on the wing, at six paces distant. He will do this all day without scarcely missing a shot. With a double-barreled shot-gun, I have seen him repeatedly, to-day, hit two oranges which he threw into the air together, firing right and left, and putting balls through both before they touched the ground. He has an old gun which he calls "Sharp's rifle," with which I saw him shoot and bring to the ground, a vulture that was flying so high, it seemed no bigger than a sparrow. I was admiring the plumage of a beautiful red bird which was perched on the top of an oak, when he sent in for his rifle, and before I could prevent him he had taken its head off with a rifle ball and brought it to me saying, quietly, "There it is—you see it is a cardinal." If he goes out shooting, he disdains to kill birds at rest; but first starts them up and assuredly brings them down on the wing. This evening, he threw up two quarter-of-a-dollar pieces, and hit them both in the air with a double-barreled pistol. Yet this thoroughbred marksman is an intellectual, pale, oval-faced young man, with long, flowing hair, a slight moustache, and the elegant, indolent manners of a Chestnut street lounger. His eye is quiet, and his demeanor gentle, and one would hardly suppose, to look at his almost effeminate form, that it would be certain death to stand before him in a hostile *rencontre*. It is this training which

won for the immortal Mississippi Rifles, in Mexico, their great celebrity; when a corps of three hundred of them checked the advance of six thousand Mexican cavalry, and turned the tide of battle.

—*Ibid.*, 270–73 *passim.*

¶ Beyond the secondary level there were institutes, colleges, and universities, and even though wealthy Mississippians often used out-of-state colleges, the University of Mississippi, under the tutelage of the brilliant F. A. P. Barnard, had won national recognition in the fifties. *DeBow's Review* gave a description of the University in 1859.

In Admirable Working Condition

We are at *Oxford,* the seat of the famed University of Mississippi. At the invitation of the estimable and learned President, F. A. Barnard, and his agreeable lady, we take up our abode for a day or two at his mansion on the College grounds . . . Suffice it that the University is very prosperous, and under its present control in admirable working condition. The President and Faculty are very able. The grounds are immense. Some new and costly buildings are in course of construction. The new observatory will be one of the finest in the country. President Barnard devoted much time in exhibiting to us the extensive and costly apparatus, which has been selected under his auspices, and which is not to be excelled in any Southern institution. Some of the instruments, especially the electric machine and the electric clock (his own invention), are not surpassed anywhere in the world . . . The total number of students in the Law and undergraduate departments is 178, and the number of alumni to this date 198.

—*DeBow's Review,* XXVII (1859), 117.

3) Seeking the Economic Balance

¶ Mississippi in 1860 was very much of a rural state. There was little balancing of agriculture with industry. Cities, which thrived on facilities from industry, trade, and communication, were few and

far between. In between was the agricultural countryside, which had been planted to erosion. In 1860 the state geologist, famed soil chemist Eugene W. Hilgard, found much of the state's soil in poor condition.

"Tired" Soil

In some parts of the State, the deserted homesteads and fields of Broomsedge, lone groves of Peach and China trees by the roadside, amid a young growth of forest trees, might well remind the traveler of the descriptions given of the aspect of Europe after the Thirty Years War. And true enough, here, too, there has been melancholy waste of precious resources; the soil has been effectually stripped of all that was readily accessible; its *hidden* treasures which a little judicious management would readily have coaxed out of it, have been allowed to run to waste. Even now, the rich prairies, the garden-spots of Mississippi, are giving out under the operation of the same pernicious system; lands which, six years ago, could not have been bought at thirty dollars per acre, are now offered at ten. It is a peculiarity of the calcareous prairie soil, that it gives out all at once, with little warning; and whenever it does give out, it is among the most difficult to renovate.

I do not mean to say, that the *early* settlers *could* or *should,* under the circumstances which surrounded *them,* have pursued a different course, and commenced, at once, a regular system of agriculture. But for the roving disposition of these hardy pioneers of civilization, who will not stay to take any trouble with a "tired" soil, the "Far West" would still be a wilderness. But what was justifiable in them, is no longer so with their successors. As members of a christian commonwealth, it is their right to use, but not to abuse, the inheritance which is theirs, and to hand it down to their children as a blessing, not as a barren, inert incubus, wherewith to drudge through life, as a penalty for their fathers' wastefulness.

—Eugene W. Hilgard, *Report on the Geology and Agriculture of the State of Mississippi* (Jackson, 1860), 1–3.

¶ Farsighted Mississippians knew that the state urgently needed to develop its industry. In 1857, the *Mississippi Planter and Mechanic* was heralding a balancing of agriculture with industry.

All the Plenteous Elements

How COMFORTABLE IT would look and how comfortable it would feel to hear the hum of the spindles, the clatter of the loom, the ring of the anvil, the sound of the hammer, and the rumble of the flouring mills, adjacent to the board acres waiving with corn and cotton; hear the low of the herd as they come leisurely from the rich pastures to the call of the milkmaid; in a word, see within ourselves all the plenteous element of independence and thrift actively at work in our midst.

—*Mississippi Planter and Mechanic,* II (1858), 153.

¶ Should Mississippi build her railroads and factories, she might be ready for commercial secession from the Yankee lords of trade. This the Vicksburg *Whig* dreamed of in 1860.

Whether the South Will Awake

WHILST THIS JOURNAL would by no means advocate the commercial independence of the South, as a distinctive measure, intended as an initiatory step for dissolving the Union; still, we are free to declare that, in our opinion, the South ought, without further delay, to commence a system of measures for her own protection . . .

By mere supineness, the people of the South have permitted the Yankees to monopolize the carrying trade, with its immense profits. We have yielded to them the manufacturing business, in all its departments, without an effort, until recently, to become manufacturers ourselves. We have acquiesced in the claims of the North to do all the importing, and most of the exporting business, for the whole Union. Thus, the North has been aggrandised, in a most astonishing degree, at the expense of the South. . . .

What should we do? What remedy have we?

Why, in the first place, let us withdraw one-third, or even one-half of our capital from agricultural operations, and invest it in the establishment of manufacturies of cotton. Thus, we will greatly reduce the production of the raw material; and, as a necessary consequence, greatly enhance the market price of our great staple. The business of manufac-

turing the common cotton fabrics can be as profitably conducted here in Mississippi as it can be in Massachusetts. This fact has been demonstrated by the humble history of the few manufacturies already operating in our State. It has been proven that the business of making cotton goods in Mississippi pays from 10 to 12 per cent profit per annum on the investment. Now, suppose we had extensive establishments for producing common fabrics of cotton in every county of Mississippi, created by Southern capital, and owned and worked by our own people; we could clothe ourselves at a small expense, comparatively, and sell the Yankees our surplus cloth, and thus realize a profit, instead of buying for ourselves. Consider the enhanced price of cotton, consequent upon the reduced supply; calculate the profits of manufacturing at home; refer to the opportunity we would thus have of becoming stock raisers, and producers of the small grains and fruits which our climate and soil are capable of maturing; and who does not see, at a glance, how eminently advantageous and profitable such a system would be. Connected with this policy, let us encourage the mechanical arts. Let us fabricate here all of our carriages and wagons; all of our farming implements; every article of furniture required by our people; and thus secure to ourselves an accession of valuable citizens, those multiplied thousands of industrious, honorable, moral artisans, who are producers, instead of consumers, and who are valuable, indeed, to any community that can secure their presence. Let us sedulously cultivate the sentiment, so true in itself, that *labor is honorable and dignified*. Lastly, let us at once begin the business of direct importation and direct exportation, and thus keep at home the millions of dollars which we annually pay to the North.

* * *

It remains to be seen whether the South will awake from her ignoble slumber, and act for herself, or whether she will indolently remain inactive, and continue to be mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water," for the merchant princes of the North.

—The Vicksburg *Daily Whig*, Janaury 18, 1860, quoted in D. L. Dumond (ed.), *Southern Editorials on Secession* (New York, 1931), 13–16.

4) Secession Politics

¶ In 1851 Quitman managed to have a state convention called to consider secession, but the "Pacificator," Senator Henry S. Foote, who had favored the Compromise, carried the day for the Union and also won the office of governor, defeating Jefferson Davis, who was wearing the disunionist mantle of Quitman. For the next few years an uneasy quiet reigned, and Mississippians laughed about the Crisis of '51 as recorded in an amusing political satire, *Chronicles of the Fire-Eaters.*

The House Hold of the Unterrified Democracy

And it came to pass in the fifth month, on the second day of the month, that the chief men, and the heads of the provinces, and the leaders of the sects, and factions and parties of the Democracy, assembled together in the Great Hall of the Council House, in the city of Jackson.

* * *

4. And the wise men and scribes of the Democracy in the city of Jackson, and in all the provinces of the Tribe of Mississippi, said also, let us speak kindly unto all the people of every sect and party, and say unto them, behold the "finality" is now finally settled, and ye are no longer Fire-eaters, or Subterraneans, or Bonders, or Anti-bonders, or Filibusters, as ye were in the days of the strife and contention, between Henry [S. Foote], the Pacificator, and John, whose surname is Anthony [Quitman], and Jefferson [Davis], of Brierfield, and the other leaders of the Fire-eaters in the land.

5. Therefore, be ye united as brethren of the house hold of the Unterrified Democracy; let your strifes, and contentions, and divisions be named no more among you, but let the spirit of peace, and harmony and love abide with you.

6. Let none say any more I am a Fire-eater, or a Nullifier, or a Submissionist, or a Footite, or a Union man, but let Democracy be unto every one a "shibboleth," and whosoever will say I am a Democrat, give unto him the right hand of fellowship.

7. And if ye will do all these things, behold we will divide the spoils, and the loaves and fishes, and all knoweth surely that that is the soul and

spirit of the Unterrified Democracy, and the true "cohesive power" of their Union.

8. He that curseth the Democracy, let him be accursed, and he that blesseth, let him surely be blessed: Yea, we say unto you, bless but curse not: Blessed be the Democracy in general, and all its sects, and factions, and parties in particular.

9. Blessed are the Fire-eaters, for they shall never be frozen to death, but will always be able to keep up an *internal* heat for the good of their country.

10. Blessed are the Filibusters, for they shall receive ten fold that which they have paid for the Cuban bonds, and shall also have honor, and glory, and great riches, and spicy groves, and sugar plantations, and servants in abundance, when they conquer Cuba, and *"the rest of mankind."*

11. Blessed are the Bonders, for they shall go down to their graves with the Subterraneans, who have relieved them from the payment of their debts.

12. Blessed are the *Combed* Democracy, for they shall feel as though their heads were anointed with oil, and the wool was taken from over their eyes.

13. Blessed also are the Uncombed and the Unwashed Democracy, for they shall not have their hair pulled by the combing operation, and they shall never know the difference, but all shall appear natural, right and proper, and Democratic, and the wool over their eyes shall never hurt them.

14. Blessed are the Peace-makers, and the *Pacificators* especially, for they shall assuredly receive their rewards, but the Lord only knoweth what it shall be, or when it shall come, and they shall find out, and learn patience by waiting for the "good time a coming."

15. Blessed yea, thrice blessed, be Young America, that goeth forth as the *Angel* of deliverance, with one foot on the sea and the other foot on dry land, and crieth with the voice of the Little Giant [Stephen A. Douglas], Land! Land! Annexation! A-n-n-e-x-a-t-i-o-n-! C-o-t-t-o-n P-l-a-n-t-a-t-i-o-n-! C-o-t-t-o-n P-l-a-n-t-a-t-i-o-n-!-!-!

16. Blessed are the Subterraneans, for they are not afraid of being buried in oblivion; they shall sleep on like Rip Van Winkle, and the trumpet of Gabriel shall never awake them to a resurrection, and their idols of gold and silver, which they have stolen, shall be cast to the moles and the bats.

17. Blessed are the State-Rights-Whig-Secession-Democracy, for though they worship the images of [Henry] Clay and the God-like Daniel [Webster], yet they burn incense on the altars of the Democracy, and love the loaves and fishes, like the Unterrified.

18. Blessed are the Washed Democracy, for they feel as though they were pure, and good, and Democratic, and decent, and genteel, and orderly, and sometimes dignified.

19. Blessed are the Unterrified Democracy, for if they are hurt they never know what hurts them, and they are afraid of nothing but Railroads and Internal Improvements.

20. Blessed are the Hard-fisted Democracy, for their heads are never troubled with vexed questions, and they trust to their leaders to guide them in all things.

—*Chronicles of the Fire-Eaters* (Branson, 1853).

CHAPTER TWO

A STROKE FOR INDEPENDENCE

EVENTS MOVED SWIFTLY IN 1860–1861. BY 1860 NEARLY ALL MISSISSIPPIANS had become Democrats, but even the Democratic party was about to split. At the Democratic convention of that year, Mississippi and the rest of the Deep South walked out rather than accept a platform, favored by Stephen A. Douglas and the Northern Democrats, refusing to advocate the protection of slavery in the territories. The result was two Democratic parties, a Northern and a Southern, with John C. Breckinridge as the South's standard bearer. Although a moderate party, the Constitutional Unionists, entered the fray with John Bell as its candidate, the "Black" Republicans, taking advantage of the Democratic split, managed to win with Abraham Lincoln as their standard bearer.

1) The Politics of 1860

¶ What were Mississippians doing and saying in the crucial months of 1860, when the Southern Democratic candidate was going down to defeat and the election of Lincoln seemed inevitable? Here is a political strategist's view:

A Useless "War of Words"

Are not parties in the South making a useless "war of words" and slumbering most profoundly over the true issue? I think Lincoln will be elected. If he is, true issue will be, shall we resist at once, or submit. Or in other words shall the South prepare immediately for taking care of itself, or quietly commit their destiny to the keeping of the Black Republican Party, with every department of the Federal Government, to be used for our destruction?

—Joel H. Barry, September 5, 1860, Secretary of State's Correspondence (Mississippi Archives, Jackson), file F–22. Hereafter abbreviated Miss. Arch.

¶ Parson John Aughey was a Presbyterian evangelist in northeast Mississippi and a die-hard Unionist—in fact his Unionism would not die, and he eventually left the state. In 1863 he wrote a biased account of the "biased" speech that a Fire-Eater, Colonel James Drane, had delivered in the 1860 election.

Their Puritanical Fanaticisms and Hypocrisy Is Patent to All

My Fellow-Citizens—I appear before you to urge anew resistance against the encroachments and aggressions of the Yankees. If the Black Republicans carry their ticket, and Old Abe is elected, our right to carry our slaves into the territories will be denied us; and who dare say that he would be a base, craven submissionist, when our God-given and constitutional right to carry slavery into the common domain is wickedly taken from the South. The Yankees cheated us out of Kansas by their infernal Emigrant Aid Societies. They cheated us out of California, which our blood-treasure purchased, for the South sent ten men to one that was sent by the North to the Mexican war, and thus we have no foothold on the Pacific coast; and even now we pay five dollars for the support of the general Government where the North pays one. We help to pay bounties to the Yankee fishermen in New England; indeed *we* are always paying, paying, paying, and yet the North is always crying,

Give, give, give. The South has made the North rich, and what thanks do we receive? Our rights are trampled on, our slaves are spirited by thousands over their underground railroad to Canada, our citizens are insulted while travelling in the North, and their servants are tampered with, and by false representations, and often by mob violence, forced from them. Douglas, knowing the power of the Emigrant Aid Societies, proposes squatter sovereignty, with the positive certainty that the scum of Europe and the mudsills of Yankeedom can be shipped in in numbers sufficient to control the destiny of the embryo State. Since the admission of Texas in 1845, there has not been a single foot of slave territory secured to the South, while the North has added to their list the extensive States of California, Minnesota, and Oregon, and Kansas is as good as theirs; while, if Lincoln is elected, the Wilmot proviso will be extended over all the common territories, debarring the South for ever from her right to share the public domain.

The hypocrites of the North tell us that slaveholding is sinful. Well, suppose it is. Upon us and our children let the guilt of this sin rest; we are willing to bear it, and it is none of their business. We are a more moral people than they are. Who originated Mormonism, Millerism, Spirit-rappings, Abolitionism, Free-loveism, and all the other abominable *isms* which curse the world? The reply is, the North. Their puritanical fanaticism and hypocrisy is patent to all. Talk to us of the sin of slavery, when the only difference between us is that our slaves are black and theirs white. They treat their white slaves, the Irish and Dutch, in a cruel manner, giving them during health just enough to purchase coarse clothing, and when they become sick, they are turned off to starve, as they do by hundreds every year. A female servant in the North must have a testimonial of good character before she will be employed; those with whom she is labouring will not give her this so long as they desire her services; she therefore cannot leave them, whatever may be her treatment, so that she is as much compelled to remain with her employer as the slave with his master.

Their servants hate them; our's love us. My niggers would fight for me and my family. They have been treated well, and they know it. And I don't treat my slaves any better than my neighbours. If ever there comes a war between the North and the South, let us do as Abraham did—arm our trained servants, and go forth with them to the battle. They hate the Yankees as intensely as we do, and nothing could please our slaves better than to fight them. Ah, the perfidious Yankees! I cordially hate a Yankee.

We have all suffered much at their hands; they will not keep faith with us. Have they complied with the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law? The thousands and tens of thousands of slaves aided in their escape to Canada, is a sufficient answer. We *have* lost millions, and *are* losing millions every year, by the operations of the underground railroad. How deep the perfidy of a people, thus to violate every article of compromise we have made with them! The Yankees are an inferior race, descended from the old Puritan stock, who enacted the Blue Laws. They are desirous of compelling us to submit to laws more iniquitous than ever were the Blue Laws. I have travelled in the North, and have seen the depth of their depravity. Now, my fellow-citizens, what shall we do to resist Northern aggression? Why simply this: if Lincoln or Douglas are elected, (as to the Bell-Everett ticket, it stands no sort of chance,) let us secede. This remedy will be effectual. I am in favour of no more compromises. Let us have Breckinridge, or immediate, complete, and eternal separation.

—John H. Aughey, *The Iron Furnace; or Slavery and Secession* (Philadelphia, 1863), 14–19.

2) A Moses for the Flight Into Egypt

¶ The spokesman of Mississippi in its decision for secession was Governor John J. Pettus, a Kemper County Fire-Eater, upon whom fate tossed the mantle of Quitman. The London *Times* reporter, William Howard Russell, saw him in 1861.

This Grim, Tall, Angular Man

Mr. Pettus, the Governor of the State of Mississippi, was in the Capitol; and on sending in our cards, we were introduced to his room, which certainly was of more than republican simplicity. The apartment was surrounded with some common glass cases, containing papers and old volumes of books; the furniture, a table or desk, and a few chairs and a ragged carpet; the glass in the windows cracked and broken; the walls and ceiling discolored by mildew.

The Governor is a silent man, of abrupt speech, but easy of access; and, indeed, whilst we were speaking, strangers and soldiers walked in

and out of his room, looked around them, and acted in all respects as if they were in a public-house, except in ordering drinks. This grim, tall, angular man seemed to me such a development of public institutions in the South as Mr. Seward was in a higher phase in the North. For years he hunted deer and trapped in the forest of the far west, and lived in a Natty Bumpo or David Crocket state of life; and he was not ashamed of the fact when taunted with it during his election contest, but very rightly made the most of his independence and his hard work.

The pecuniary honors of his position are not very great as Governor of the enormous State of Mississippi. He has simply an income of £800 a year and a house provided for his use; he is not only quite contented with what he has but believes that the society in which he lives is the highest development of civilized life . . .

The Governor conversed on the aspect of affairs, and evinced that wonderful confidence in his own people which, whether it arises from ignorance of the power of the North, or a conviction of greater resources, is to me so remarkable. "Well, sir," said he, dropping a portentous plug of tobacco just outside the spittoon, with the air of a man who wished to show he could have hit the centre if he liked, "England is no doubt a great country, and has got fleets and the like of that, and may have a good deal to do in Eu-*rope;* but the sovereign State of Mississippi can do a great deal better without England than England can do without her."

—William H. Russell, *My Diary North and South* (Boston, 1863), 299–300.

¶ After Lincoln's election the question was not "what" but "when." Secession was certain to come; only the time was to be decided. Some Mississippians counseled delay to pursue cooperative secession with the other Southern States. Fire-Eaters like Pettus favored immediate action. Such was the burden of his address to the Legislature in November, 1860:

Go Down Into Egypt

THEN GO DOWN into Egypt while Herod reigns in Judea—it is the only means of saving the life of this Emanuel of American politics. And when, in after years, it shall be told you that they who sought the life of this Prince of Peace and Fraternity are dead, you may come up out

of Egypt, and realize all the fond hopes of patriots and sages, of peace on earth and good will among men, under the benign influence of a re-united Government, deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed. . . .

Permit me, in conclusion, again to refer to the great danger to the State which has brought you from your homes, and to exhort my countrymen not to be "caught by the fatal bait of temporary ease and quiet," not to submit to the great, disgraceful and certain evils, from a dread of others which may prove to be imaginary. If we falter now, we and our sons must pay the penalty in future years, of bloody, if not fruitless efforts to retrieve the fallen fortunes of the State, which if finally unsuccessful must leave our fair land blighted—cursed with Black Republican politics and free negro morals, to become a cess pool of vice, crime and infamy.

Can we hesitate! when one bold resolve, bravely executed makes powerless the aggressor, and one united effort makes safe our homes? May the God of our fathers put it into the hearts of the people to make it.

—*Mississippi Senate Journal* (Jackson), November, 1860, 11, 12.

¶ The Legislature was not long in making up its mind. On November 30, 1860, came a resolution. The words are reminiscent of the Declaration of Independence except that, where the aggrieved had once blamed King George, the source of troubles now was "the people of the Northern States"—a despot that was a whole people, not just one man:

The Proper Remedy

WHEREAS, THE CONSTITUTIONAL Union was formed by the several States in their separate sovereign capacity, for the purpose of mutual advantage and protection;

That the several States are distinct sovereignties, whose supremacy is limited so far only as the same has been delegated by voluntary compact to a Federal Government, and when it fails to accomplish the ends for which it was established, the parties to the compact have the right to resume, each State for itself, such delegated powers;

That the institution of slavery existed prior to the formation of the Federal Constitution, and is recognized by its letter, and all efforts to impair its value or lessen its duration by Congress, or any of the free States, is a violation of the compact of the Union, and is destructive of the ends for which it was ordained, but in defiance of the principles of the Union thus established, the people of the Northern States have assumed a revolutionary position towards the Southern States;

That they have set at defiance that provision of the Constitution which was intended to secure domestic tranquility among the States and promote their general welfare, namely: "No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due;"

That they have by voluntary associations, individual agencies and State legislation, interfered with slavery as it prevails in the slaveholding States;

That they have enticed our slaves from us, and by State intervention, obstructed and prevented their rendition under the fugitive slave law;

That they continue their system of agitation obviously for the purpose of encouraging other slaves to escape from service, to weaken the institution in the slaveholding States, by rendering the holding of such property insecure, and as a consequence its ultimate abolition certain;

That they claim the right and demand its execution by Congress, to exclude slavery from the Territories, but claim the right of protection for every species of property owned by themselves;

That they declare in every manner in which public opinion is expressed, their unalterable determination to exclude from admittance into the Union any new State that tolerates slavery in its Constitution and thereby force Congress to a condemnation of that species of property;

That they thus seek by an increase of abolition States "to acquire two-thirds of both houses," for the purpose of preparing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, abolishing slavery in the States, and so continue the agitation, that the proposed amendment shall be ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States;

That they have in violation of the comity of all civilized nations, and in violation of the comity established by the Constitution of the United States, insulted and outraged our citizens when travelling among them

for pleasure, health or business, by taking their servants and liberating the same, under the forms of State las, and subjecting their owners to degrading and ignominious punishment;

That to encourage the steeling of our property they have put at defiance that provision of the Constitution which declares that fugitives from justice into another State on demand of the Executive authority of the State from which he fled shall be delivered up;

That they have sought to create domestic discord in the Southern States by incendiary publications;

That they encouraged a hostile invasion of a Southern State to excite insurrection, murder and rapine;

That they have deprived Southern citizens of their property and continue an unfriendly agitation of their domestic institutions, claiming for themselves perfect immunity from external interference with their domestic policy;

We of the Southern States alone made an exception to that universal quiet;

That they have elected a majority of Electors for President and Vice-President on the ground that there exists an irreconcilable conflict between the two sections of the Confederacy in reference to their respective systems of labor and in pursuance of their hostility to us and our institutions, thus declaring to the civilized world, that the powers of this Government are to be used for the dishonor and overthrow of the Southern section of this great Confederacy. Therefore:

Be it resolved by the Legislature of the State of Mississippi, That in the opinion of those who now constitute the said Legislature, the secession of each aggrived State, is the proper remedy for these injuries.

—*Mississippi Laws,* 1860 (Jackson), 43–44.

3) A Convention Meets

¶ On December 20, 1860, Mississippians chose an overwhelming majority of strongly secessionist delegates to a convention to meet on January 7, 1861. The members knew very well what they were going to do before they did it. Some delaying tactics were employed by the handful of old-line Whigs and Unionists who attended the convention, but they got nowhere. Come January 9, Mississippi resumed in sovereignty.

A Mississippi writer with a fine secessionist name, John Quitman Moore, summed up the situation well in *DeBow's Review:*

The Painful and Exciting Drama

THE PAINFUL AND exciting drama now being enacted on the theatre of American politics . . . is none other than that revolution, ever wrought, and that triumph, ever gained, by the enthronement of the democratic principle . . . The dance, the song, the revel of the drunken chorus is heard in the distance and they tell the doom of the Cavalier; but out of the revolution springs counter-revolution, and the very passions relied upon by force and injustice to uphold and consolidate their power, are the earliest agents to conspire their overthrow. Twenty years the English people endured the absolution of Cromwell; twenty years the American colonies forebore to seek redress by force of arms; twenty years the Southern states have submitted to the persistent encroachments and lawless usurpations of a fanatical majority, and the two civilizations now find their histories written in the parallel. All revolutions have their ultimate foundation in the question of property, and the government that fails to protect it has already perished.

—"National Characteristics—The Issues of the Day," *DeBow's Review,* XXX (1861), 52–53.

¶ For Governor A. B. Moore of Alabama, Edmund W. Pettus recorded the story of what was happening in Jackson.

Determined to Conquer or Die

THE RAPIDITY WITH which information is now communicated from place to place and the almost hourly occurrence of most important events render the recitals of this communication a mere repetition of facts already familiar to the public mind, and though the events herein recited concern the recent dissolution of a great Government they have already lost much of their absorbing interest because of the rapid succession of other great political changes of a more recent date. The convention of the people of the State of Mississippi assembled at the city of Jackson on the 7th day of the present month, and the Hon. William S. Barry, of

Columbus, was elected president. Then, after other officers were chosen, the convention proceeded to the consideration of the great question which they had been empowered to decide. The object of my mission was made known to His Excellency, J. J. Pettus, the Governor of that State, in a formal note, and was by him communicated to the convention; and as commissioner from this State I was invited to and accepted a seat in the convention and during my stay at the capital of Mississippi I witnessed the proceedings of the convention, in its secret as well as its public sessions. The convention was composed of ninety-nine delegates, including many of the most distinguished men of the State, and its deliberations were conducted with the order, dignity, and solemnity fitting the deliberations of a sovereign people changing their form of government.

There was a large majority of delegates who favored the immediate dissolution of the political connection between that State and the Government of the United States, and a respectable minority was opposed to the separate action of the State, but no delegate favored the continuance of the union longer than was necessary to obtain the sanction of the Southern States. The debates arising from these differences of opinion among the delegates were conducted with great courtesy and forbearance. On the one side the majority did not resort to the parliamentary rules sometimes used to stifle debate, and on the other the minority opposed no factious opposition to the will of the majority. No bitter personalities marred the harmony of that body assembled not to honor or to punish individuals, but to direct the destiny of the State and to save its people from wrongs and dishonor.

On Wednesday, the 9th day of this month, a committee appointed for that purpose reported an ordinance declaring the State of Mississippi to be separated from the other States of the Union, and also giving the consent of the people of that State to the formation of a confederacy, on the basis of the present Constitution, with such States as had then or might thereafter secede from the then Federal Union. Various amendments were proposed and rejected, and about 5 o'clock in the evening the ordinance was passed by a vote of 84 to 14. During the call of the roll several of the delegates made remarks explaining their votes, and though some of these remarks were most eloquent and patriotic and were listened to by a large concourse of spectators, there was no symptom of applause or other disorder to disturb the solemnity of the scene. When the president announced the passage of the ordinance, prayer was offered in the most fervent and impressive manner to the great Ruler of Nations for the

peace, protection, and prosperity of the new republic. It was a scene of moral grandeur—the doing of a brave deed by a gallant people, trusting in God. . . .

The ordinance of secession was enrolled on parchment, and it was signed on the 15th instant by every delegate except two, who were absent from the convention. The people of Mississippi are no longer divided. They are of one mind, ready to spend their fortunes and their lives to make good that which their delegates have ordained. As the minority of the delegates made no factious opposition, so the minority of the people are not inclined to make a seditious resistance to the sovereignty of the State. Those who were opposed to changing the form of government are now, with a patriotism worthy of all honor, determined to conquer or die in defense of the rights and sovereignty of their State.

—*War of the Rebellion: A compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* (128 vols., Washington, 1880–1901), Ser. 4, I, 76–77. Hereafter cited as *Official Records.*

¶ The ordinance passed on January 9 read thus:

An Ordinance to Dissolve the Union

AN ORDINANCE TO dissolve the Union between the State of Mississippi and other States United with her under the Compact entitled "The Constitution of the United States of America."

The people of the State of Mississippi, in Convention assembled, do ordain and declare, and it is hereby ordained and declared as follows, to-wit:

SECTION 1ST. That all the laws and ordinances by which the said State of Mississippi became a member of the Federal Union of the United States of America be, and the same are hereby repealed, and that all obligations on the part of the said State or the people thereof to observe the same, be withdrawn, and that the said State doth hereby resume all the rights, functions and powers which, by any of said laws or ordinances, were conveyed to the government of the said United States, and is absolved from all the obligations, restraints and duties incurred to the

said Federal Union, and shall from henceforth be a free, sovereign and independent State.

SECTION 2ND. That so much of the first section of the seventh article of the Constitution of this State as requires members of the Legislature, and all officers, executive and judicial, to take an oath or affirmation to support the Constitution of the United States, be, and the same is hereby abrogated and annulled.

SECTION 3RD. That all rights acquired and vested under the Constitution of the United States, or under any act of Congress passed, or treaty made, in pursuance thereof, or under any law of this State, and not incompatible with this Ordinance, shall remain in force and have the same effect as if this Ordinance had not been passed.

SECTION 4TH. That the people of the State of Mississippi hereby consent to form a Federal Union with such of the States as may have seceded or may secede from the Union of the United States of America, upon the basis of the present Constitution of the said United States, except such parts thereof as embrace other portions than such seceding States.

Thus ordained and declared in Convention the 9th day of January, in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-one.

IN TESTIMONY *of the passage of which, and the determination of the members of this Convention to uphold and maintain the State in the position, she has assumed by said Ordinance, it is signed by the President and Members of this Convention this the fifteenth day of January, A.D., 1861.*

W. S. Barry, *President.*

Adams County—A. K. Farrar, J. Winchester
Attala—E. H. Sanders
Amite—D. W. Hurst
Bolivar—M. H. McGehee
Carroll—J. Z. George, W. Booth
Claiborne—H. T. Ellett
Coahoma—J. L. Alcorn
Copiah—P. S. Catching, B. King
Clarke—S. H. Terral
Choctaw—W. F. Brantley, W. H. Witty, J. H. Edwards
Chickasaw—J. A. Orr, C. B. Baldwin
Covington—A. C. Powell
Calhoun—W. A. Sumner, M. D. L. Stephens
DeSoto—J. R. Chalmers, S. D. Johnston, T. Lewers
Franklin—D. H. Parker
Green—T. J. Roberts
Hinds—W. P. Harris, W. P. Anderson, W. B. Smart
Holmes—J. M. Dyer, W. L. Keirn

Harrison—D. C. Glenn
Hancock—J. B. Deason
Issaquena—A. C. Gibson
Itawamba—R. O. Beene, A. B. Bullard, W. H. H. Tison, M. C. Cummings
Jasper—O. C. Dease
Jackson—A. E. Lewis
Jefferson—J. S. Johnston
Jones—J. H. Powell
Kemper—O. Y. Neely, T. H. Woods
Lawrence—W. Gwin
Lowndes—George R. Clayton
Leake—W. B. Colbert
Lauderdale—J. B. Ramsey, F. C. Semmes
Lafayette—L. Q. C. Lamar, T. D. Isom
Marshall—A. M. Clayton, J. W. Clapp, S. Benton, H. W. Walter, W. M. Lea
Madison—A. P. Hill
Monroe—S. J. Gholson, F. M. Rogers
Marion—H. Mayson
Noxubee—Israel Welsh
Neshoba—D. M. Backstrom
Newton—M. M. Keith
Oktibbeha—T. C. Bookter
Perry—P. J. Myers
Pike—J. M. Nelson
Panola—J. B. Fizer, E. F. McGehee
Pontotoc—C. D. Fontaine, J. B. Herring, H. R. Miller, R. W. Flournoy
Rankin—Wm. Denson
Sunflower—E. P. Jones
Simpson—W. J. Douglas
Smith—W. Thompson
Scott—C. W. Taylor
Tallahatchie—A. Pattison
Tishomingo—A. E. Reynolds, W. W. Bonds, T. P. Young, J. A. Blair
Tunica—A. Miller
Tippah—O. Davis, J. H. Berry, J. S. Davis, D. B. Wright
Washington—J. S. Yerger
Wilkinson—A. C. Holt
Wayne—W. J. Eckford
Warren—W. Brooke, T. A. Marshall
Winston—J. Kennedy, W. S. Bolling
Yallobusha—F. M. Aldridge, W. R. Barksdale
Yazoo—H. Vaughan, G. B. Wilkinson

—*Journal of the Mississippi State Convention,* . . . , January, 1861 (Jackson, 1861), 119–22.

¶ On the same day its president, W. S. Barry, delivered a vigorous closing address.

More Is Required in the Future Than Has Been in the Past

GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION: It becomes my duty to declare this body adjourned until the public necessities require its assembling again. The action of this Convention is of vast importance. Its record is a part, for good or evil, of the history of the country. In obedience to the will of the people, you have accomplished the work of destruction; but the courage, the thought, the wisdom, necessary to destroy are not always equal to the task of re-building. More is required in the future than has been in the past. May we realize the hope of being transferred to a government more satisfactory, more stable, more just. What lies before us will test the heroism, the higher, the nobler qualities of our race, inherited from revolutionary sires. I would be very unjust to my own feelings did I not express my sense of gratitude for the manner in which I have been sustained in all the duties of my office. Your deportment has rendered my labors light. I wish you all the certainty of a cordial welcome and approval of your conduct, when you return to your constituents, and, what is better than public approbation, the consciousness of having discharged your duty; and I take pleasure in testifying to the patience and industry with which you have devoted yourselves to the public service. Renewing my thanks for your uniform courtesy to myself, I now declare the present session of this Convention adjourned.

—*Ibid.*, 90.

4) The Public Celebrates

¶ When the State of Mississippi left the Union, excitement was rampant in Jackson. The correspondent of the New York *Herald* was there to watch it.

The Lone Star Is Prominent

MR. BURT, COMMISSIONER from South Carolina, is speaking, with the "lone star" flag pendant in the hall.

The Convention was occupied this morning in the discussion of unimportant local measures.

The following were the transactions of the Convention in secret session yesterday:—

The formal reception of the Commissioners from abroad.

The resignation of Mr. Gholson, Judge of the United States Court.

The adoption of a resolution recognizing South Carolina as sovereign and independent.

The adoption of a resolution that the postmasters, officers and agents continue until otherwise ordered.

The ordinance was signed at half past ten in the morning.

The Convention will probably adjourn to Vicksburg on account of the Legislature wanting the capitol.

Mr. Burt's speech was warmly applauded.

The ordinance declares that all laws, regulations and contracts of the United States relative to the mail service, shall be continued in full force.

The Governor has ordered the military to be in readiness at a moment's warning. A call has been issued for Saturday night to complete the organization of the military of the State.

The churches are decorated with evergreens, and the lone star is prominent.

—New York *Herald*, January 12, 1861.

¶ The ladies of Jackson presented to the convention a flag which soon became a wartime symbol. It was the "Bonnie Blue Flag" that bore "a single star." This flag, which traced its respectable revolutionary ancestry all the way back to the West Florida Revolution, was sometimes known as the "Lone Star Flag" and consisted of a white star on a blue field. On the night after the presentation of the flag, the Irish comedian Harry McCarthy gave the original performance of what, with considerable amending to suit subsequent historical developments, was to be one of the most popular songs of the Confederacy, "The Bonnie Blue Flag."

The Bonnie Blue Flag

We are a band of brothers, and native to the soil,
Fighting for the property we gain'd by honest toil;
And when our rights were threaten'd, the cry rose near and far,
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag, that bears a Single Star!

Chorus: Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern Rights; hurrah!
Hurray! for the Bonnie Blue Flag, that bears a Single Star!

As long as the Union was faithful to her trust,
Like friends and like brothers, kind were we and just;
But now, when Northern treachery attempts our rights to mar,
We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag, that bears a Single Star.

(*Chorus*)

First, gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand;
Then came Alabama,* who took her by the hand;
Next, quickly Mississippi, Georgia and Florida,
All rais'd on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

(*Chorus*)

Ye man of valor, gather round the Banner of the Right,
Texas and fair Louisiana join us in the fight;
Davis, our loved President, and Stephens, Statesmen rare,
Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

(*Chorus*)

And here's to brave Virginia! the Old Dominion State
With the young Confederacy at length has link'd her fate;
Impell'd by her example, now other States prepare
To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

(*Chorus*)

Then here's to our Confederacy, strong we are and brave,
Like patriots of old, we'll fight our heritage to save;
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer,
So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

(*Chorus*)

Then cheer, boys, cheer, raise the joyous shout,
For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out;
And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given—
The Single Star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be Eleven.

* This is in error. Mississippi was the second to secede. South Carolina was first; Florida, third; Alabama, fourth; Georgia, fifth.

Chorus: Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern Rights; hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag has gain'd th' Eleventh Star!

—John K. Bettersworth, *Mississippi: A History* (Austin, 1959), 559–60.

¶ In Natchez the Fire-Eating *Free-Trader* and the conservative *Courier* could not agree on the public reaction.

Sadness and Gloom

THE SECESSION ORDINANCE was received yesterday with almost unanimous disapproval and condemnation. "Hasty," "ill-judged," "wrong," were the terms generally applied to it. Our citizens, generally, felt that the Convention had sacrificed everything, and obtained nothing.

The Free Trader yesterday announced that in honor of the event, bells would be rung, cannon fired, and an illumination would occur with fireworks.

To the credit of the city we mention that none of these things took place. No bells were rung; no cannon were fired; no fireworks were set off, and no house was illuminated.

Sadness and gloom, instead of rejoicing, marked both day and night.

* * *

The Free Trader was jubilant yesterday on secession. It rejoiced, while wise men, and old men, and thoughtful men, grieved. It announced, with cannon flourishes, Mississippi as an independent Republic; but such was the force of habit, that it paraded the United States flag over the announcement.

* * *

We have lived to hear guns fired in honor of an attempted dissolution of the American Union. Thank God, we had tears to shed; tears of bitter grief and of indignant reproach—alike against the fanaticism of the North which has given the excuse or apology for the act, and against the wild madness of partizans at the South, who, ever hating the Union, have precipitated the cotton States into revolution.

—Natchez *Courier*, January 11, 1861.

¶ Tishomingo County in northeastern Mississippi had been strongly Unionist. Now apologies were forthcoming. Governor Pettus received a letter:

Such a Silly Vote

I HAVE THOUGHT for some time past, I would visit Jackson this winter, but really I would be ashamed to see my old friend now, Since Tishomingo has voted such a silly vote; I was fully aware for some months past of the intense union feeling existing in this county . . . I live in a *healthy* Neighborhood, if my county is *sickly;* but I am happy to say a great Change is now going on here in the county & believe we have now a majority. I was very fearful at one time the union Sentiment would carry the State, but thank God, we can now cut loose from Yankeyism & I breath freer & deeper now.

—A. B. Dilworth to Pettus, January 24, 1861, Gov. Corr. (Miss. Arch., Jackson), file E–51.

5) Meanwhile, in Washington

¶ The news of Mississippi's secession brought preparation in Washington for the departure of the state's congressional delegation. It was nearly the end of January before Jefferson Davis himself left the city. Before he did so, he had pressed the case of secession and the action of his state vigorously in the Senate. There was a sadness about it all; and Davis was made sadder by his increasing fear that peaceable secession was impossible. There would soon be war, he felt . . . This he said in a moving and eloquent address to the Senate on January 10.

The Places Which Have Known Us

THE TIME IS near at hand when the places which have known us as colleagues laboring together, can know us in that relation no more forever. I have striven to avert the catastrophe which now impends over the country, unsuccessfully; and I regret it. For the few days which I may remain, I am willing to labor in order that that catastrophe shall be as little as possible destructive to public peace and prosperity. If you desire

at this last moment to avert civil war, so be it; it is better so. If you will but allow us to separate from you peaceably, since we cannot live peaceably together, to leave with the rights we had before we were united, since we cannot enjoy them in the Union, then there are many relations which may still subsist between us, drawn from the associations of our struggles from the revolutionary era to the present day, which may be beneficial to you as well as to us.

If you will not have it thus; if in the pride of power, if in contempt of reason and reliance upon force, you say we shall not go, but shall remain as subjects to you, then, gentlemen of the North, a war is to be inaugurated the like of which men have not seen. Sufficiently numerous on both sides, in close contact with only imaginary lines of division, and with many means of approach, each sustained by productive sections, the people of which will give freely both of money and of store, the conflicts must be multiplied indefinitely; and masses of men, sacrificed to the demon of civil war, will furnish hecatombs, such as the recent campaign in Italy did not offer. At the end of all this, what will you have effected? Destruction upon both sides; subjugation upon neither; a treaty of peace leaving both torn and bleeding; the wail of the widow and the cry of the orphan substituted for those peaceful notes of domestic happiness that now prevail throughout the land; and then you will agree that each is to pursue his separate course as best he may. This is to be the end of war. Through a long series of years you may waste your strength, distress your people, and get at last to the position which you might have had at first, had justice and reason, instead of selfishness and passion, folly and crime, dictated your course.

Is there wisdom, is there patriotism in the land? If so, easy must be the solution of this question. If not, then Mississippi's gallant sons will stand like a wall of fire around their State; and I go hence, not in hostility to you, but in love and allegiance to her, to take my place among her sons, be it for good or for evil.

I shall probably never again attempt to utter here the language either of warning or of argument. I leave the case in your hands. If you solve it not before I go, you will have still to decide it. Towards you individually, as well as to those whom you represent, I would that I had the power now to say there shall be peace between us forever. I would that I had the power now to say the intercourse and the commerce between the States, if they cannot live in one Union, shall still be uninterrupted; that all the social relations shall remain undisturbed; that the son

in Mississippi shall visit freely his father in Maine, and the reverse; and that each shall be welcomed when he goes to the other, not by himself alone, but also by his neighbors; and that all that kindly intercourse which has subsisted between the different sections of the Union shall continue to exist. It is not only for the interest of all, but it is my profoundest wish, my sincerest desire, that such remnant of that which is passing away may grace the memory of a glorious, though too brief, existence.

* * *

If you will, the angel of peace may spread her wings, though it be over divided States; and the sons of the sires of the Revolution may still go on in friendly intercourse with each other, ever renewing the memories of a common origin, the sections, by the diversity of their products and habits, acting and reacting beneficially, the commerce of each may swell the prosperity of both, and the happiness of all be still interwoven together. Thus may it be; and thus it is in your power to make it. [Applause in the galleries.]

—Dunbar Rowland (ed.), *Jefferson Davis, Constitutionalist, His Letters, Papers and Speeches* (10 vols., Jackson, Miss., 1923), V, 31–33.

¶ On January 20 the senator wrote his friend, former President Franklin Pierce:

I Have Often and Sadly Turned My Thoughts

I HAVE OFTEN and sadly turned my thoughts to you during the troublous times through which we have been passing and now I come to the hard task of announcing to you that the hour is at hand which closes my connection with the United States, for the independence and Union of which my Father bled and in the service of which I have sought to emulate the example he set for my guidance. Mississippi not as a matter of choice but of necessity has resolved to enter on the trial of secession. Those who have driven her to this alternative threaten to deprive her of the right to require that her government shall rest on the consent of the governed, to substitute foreign force for domestic support, to reduce a state

to the condition from which the colony rose. In the attempt to avoid the issue which had been joined by the country, the present administration has complicated and precipitated the question. Even now if the duty "to preserve the public property" was rationally regarded the probable collision at Charleston would be avoided. Security far better than any which the federal troops can give might be obtained in consideration of the little garrison at Fort Sumter. If the disavowal of any purpose to coerce So. Ca. be sincere the possession of a work to command the harbor is worse than useless.

When Lincoln comes in he will have but to continue in the path of his predecessor to inaugurate a civil war and, leave a soi disant democratic administration responsible for the fact. Genl. Cushing was here last week and when we parted it seemed like taking leave of a Brother.

I leave immediately for Missi. and know not what may devolve upon me after my return. Civil war has only horror for me, but whatever circumstances demand shall be met as a duty and I trust be so discharged that you will not be ashamed of our former connection or cease to be my friend.

—*Ibid.*, 37–38.

¶ On January 21 Davis gave his farewell address. The words uttered, he sat down with his head in his hands, weeping . . .

We Will Vindicate the Right As Best We May

It has been a conviction of pressing necessity, it has been a belief that we are to be deprived in the Union of the rights which our fathers bequeathed to us, which has brought Mississippi into her present decision. She has heard proclaimed the theory that all men are created free and equal, and this made the basis of an attack upon her social institutions; and the sacred Declaration of Independence has been invoked to maintain the position of the equality of the races. That Declaration of Independence is to be construed by the circumstances and purposes for which it was made. The communities were declaring their independence; the people of those communities were asserting that no man was born—to use the language of Mr. Jefferson—booted and spurred to ride over the rest of mankind; that men were created equal—meaning the men of the political community; that there was no divine right to rule; that no man

inherited the right to govern; that there were no classes by which power and place descended to families, but that all stations were equally within the grasp of each member of the body-politic. These were the great principles they announced; these were the purposes for which they made their declaration; these were the ends to which their enunciation was directed.

* * *

I find in myself, perhaps, a type of the general feeling of my constituents towards yours. I am sure I feel no hostility to you, Senators from the North. I am sure there is not one of you, whatever sharp discussion there may have been between us, to whom I cannot now say, in the presence of my God, I wish you well; and such, I am sure, is the feeling of the people whom I represent towards those whom you represent. I therefore feel that I but express their desire when I say I hope, and they hope, for peaceful relations with you, though we must part. They may be mutually beneficial to us in the future, as they have been in the past, if you so will it. The reverse may bring disaster on every portion of the country; and if you will have it thus, we will invoke the God of our fathers, who delivered them from the power of the lion, to protect us from the ravages of the bear; and thus, putting our trust in God, and in our own firm hearts and strong arms, we will vindicate the right as best we may.

—*Ibid.*, 43–44.

6) A Confederacy Is Formed

¶ On February 9 Jefferson Davis was selected president of the provisional government of the Confederate States, which had been organized at Montgomery, Alabama. (In the fall of 1861 he was elected by the people, the first and only president of the Confederacy.) Davis, who had been sobered by the experiences of secession, assumed his position of leadership with trepidation. On February 15 he spoke from a gallery at Montgomery:

The Safe Harbor of Constitutional Liberty

Fellow Citizens and Brethren of the Confederate States of America—for now we are brethren, not in name, merely, but in fact—men of one

flesh, one bone, one interest, one purpose, and of identity of domestic institutions. We have henceforth, I trust, a prospect of living together in peace, with our institutions a subject of protection and not of defamation. It may be that our career will be ushered in, in the midst of storms —it may be that as this morning opened with clouds, mist and rain, we shall have to encounter inconveniences at the beginning; but as the sun rose, lifted the mist, dispersed the clouds, and left a pure sunlight, Heaven so will prosper the Southern Confederacy, and carry us safe from sea to the safe harbor of constitutional liberty. (Applause). Thus we shall have nothing to fear at home, because at home we shall have homogeneity. We have nothing to fear abroad, because, if war should come—if we must again baptise in blood the principles for which our fathers bled in the Revolution, we shall show that we are not degenerate sons, but will redeem the pledges they gave to preserve the sacred rights transmitted us, and show that Southern valor still shines as brightly as in the days of '76—in 1812, and in every other conflict.

I was informed by friends that your kindness only required that I should appear before you, fatigued, as I am, by travel—hoarse and unable to speak at length—and I came out merely to assure you of my gratitude for these manifestations of good will. I come with diffidence and distrust to discharge the great duties devolved on me by the kindness and confidence of the Congress of the Confederate States. I thank you, friends, for the kind manifestations of favor and approbation you exhibit on this occasion. Throughout my entire progress to this city I have received the same flattering demonstrations of generous support. I did not regard them as personal to myself, but tendered to me as an humble representative of the principles and policy of the Confederate States. I will devote to the duties of the high office to which I have been called all I have of heart, of head and of hand.

If, in the progress of events, it shall become necessary, and my services shall be needed in another position—if, to be plain, necessity shall require that I shall again enter the ranks as a soldier, I hope you will welcome me there.

Now, friends, again thanking you for this manifestation of your approbation, allow me to bid you good night.

—Charleston (S. C.) *Mercury*, February 19, 1861, as quoted in Rowland (ed.), *Jefferson Davis, Constitutionalist*, V, 48–49.

CANTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

¶ Several days later, on the twentieth, Jefferson Davis confided to his wife:

Beyond Them, I Saw Troubles

I HAVE BEEN so crowded and pressed that the first wish to write to you has been thus long deferred.

I was inaugurated on Monday, having reached here on Saturday night. The audience was large and brilliant. Upon my weary heart was showered smiles, plaudits, and flowers; but, beyond them, I saw troubles and thorns innumerable.

We are without machinery, without means, and threatened by a powerful opposition; but I do not despond, and will not shrink from the task imposed upon me.

All along the route, except when in Tennessee, the people at every station manifested good-will and approbation by bonfires at night, firing by day; shouts and salutations in both.

I thought it would have gratified you to have witnessed it, and have been a memory to our children.

Thus I constantly wish to have you all with me. . . . Here I was interrupted by the Secretary of the Congress, who brought me two bills to be approved. This is a gay and handsome town of some eight thousand inhabitants, and will not be an unpleasant residence. As soon as an hour is my own, I will look for a house and write to you more fully.

—*Ibid.*, 53–54.

¶ In Natchez the Whiggish *Courier* and the fire-eating *Free Trader* were still squabbling—this time about Davis' popularity:

We Live Under an Oligarchy

WE PRETEND TO be an honest exponent of popular sentiment! If against our own opinion, we acknowledge it; if concurring with it, we are the more gladful. We have no wish to disappoint or to deceive.

The *Free Trader* of yesterday speaks of Natchez as ablaze with excitement, and as rejoicing over the new reign. Never were wilder words spoken or more injudicious paragraphs sent forth. They were printed

not for home consumption, but for abroad influence. We owe it to truth, (and we regret the necessity to do so,) to deny any such public sentiment here.

So far from the news of the appointment of Mr. Davis as Provisional President being received with alacrity, it was received with regret. Neither in character nor in politics, has he any hold upon the confidence of the people. He has at last attained what he has been struggling for for ten years past—a Presidency. We may admire the ingenuity with which he has attained his object, and yet despise the tricks by which he has crawled to it.

There was no sound of rejoicing here at Natchez, either on account of the formation of such a Southern Confederacy, or the appointment of such rulers. The word sprung too often from one to another, "Are we to have no showing? Are the people to have no choice? Can a Convention alter Constitutions? impose taxes? appoint Constitution makers? inaugurate Presidents? Are they oligarchs, and are we nothing?" And each citizen had to confess that there was no reply to these questions. We live under an oligarchy that has not yet dared to trust the people with a say as to its consent. Right as the South is upon the great question at issue, its position has been compromitted by the events of the last two months. The consent of the governed is an essential element of Government. The people of the South-West might have voted for all that has been done, but their consent has not yet been either asked or obtained.

—Natchez *Courier,* February 13, 1861.

¶ All over Mississippi there were nostalgic regrets over the national parting of the ways, even among the strongest secessionists. One of those who were saddened by the death of the old Union was Edward Fontaine, an Episcopal rector and a man of many parts, who was later to become an army officer.

Its Eagle Is Dead! We Weep Over It

WE HEARD A SALUTE of 9 guns in Jackson announcing the election of Col. Jefferson Davis—of this State—President of the Southern Confederacy by the Convention now in session in Montgomery Ala.

The United States of America—

This once glorious Republic is now no more. . . . Unlike all other gov-

ernments, which have passed away, it has fallen without the shock of foreign or civil war.—The glorious banner which has waved victoriously over so many battle fields, is rent, its stars are scattered, its olive is withered, its arrows are broken and its Eagle is dead! We weep over it. The god of nations, who constructs new forms from the ruins of others, fervently pray, may remould another happier and more permanent Republic from the wrecks of the Sublime fabric which has suddenly fallen. But I fear that it will be long before we can rear another government whose flag will excite the hopes of the oppressed, and fire the patriotic devotion of the free, like that which fanaticism and fratricidal strife have folded forever and consigned to the grave.

—Edward Fontaine, Diary, February 9, 1861, Edward Fontaine Collection (Owned by Miss Mary Elizabeth Fontaine, Clarksdale, Miss.).

¶ Benjamin L. C. Wailes, a planter from the Natchez area who had made the state's first agricultural and geological survey back in the fifties, could not accept secession gracefully. He told his diary about it.

A Strange Desecration

This is the anniversary of the Birth of the Immortal Washington and is to be celebrated in Natchez by Military parade, torch light procession & illuminations to night and the reading of his farewell address with a glorification of the distruction of our glorious Union and republic the admiration and hope hitherto of the world—A strange desecration of the day. But in this fast and enlightened age Young America regards the parent and greatest patriot that ever lived nothing more than an *Old Fogie*. May a kind Providence save us from the madness and folly of the People who seem determined to prove themselves incapable of self government.

—B. L. C. Wailes, Diary, February 22, 1861 (Miss. Arch. and Duke University Library).

7) The End of the Republic of Mississippi

¶ In March the Mississippi convention returned to consider ratification of the Confederate Constitution. The hypercritical correspondent of the New York *Herald* observed the scene apathetically.

Here Is the Mississippi Convention

The Mississippi State House, upon a shaded square in front of my window, is a faded, sober edifice, of the style in vogue fifty years ago, with the representative hall at one end, the senate chamber at the other, an Ionic portico in front, and an immense dome upon the top. Above this is a miniature dome, like an infinitesimal parasol upon a gigantic umbrella. The whole is crowned by a small gilded pinnacle, . . .

Ascending a spiral stairway, and passing along the balustrade which surrounds the open space under the dome, you turn to the left, through a narrow passage into the representative hall. Here is the Mississippi Convention.

At the north end of the apartment sits the president, upon a high platform occupying a recess in the wall, with two Ionic columns upon each side of him. Before him is a little, old-fashioned mahogany pulpit, concealing all but his head and shoulders from the vulgar gaze. In front of this, and three or four feet lower, at a long wooden desk, sit two clerks, one smoking a cigar.

Before them, and still lower, at a shorter desk, an unhappy Celtic reporter, with dark shaggy hair and eyebrows, is taking down the speech of the honorable member from something or other county. In front of his desk, standing rheumatically upon the floor, is a little table, which looks as if called into existence by a drunken carpenter on a dark night, from the relics of a superannuated dry-goods box.

Upon one of the columns at the president's right hangs a faded portrait of George Poindexter, once a senator from this State. Further to the right is an open fire-place, upon whose mantel stand a framed copy of the Declaration of Independence, now sadly faded and blurred, a lithographic view of the Medical College of Louisiana, and a pitcher and glass. On the hearth is a pair of ancient andirons, upon which a genial wood fire is burning. . . .

On the left of the president is another fire-place, also with a sadly blurred copy of the great Declaration standing upon its mantel. The members' desks, in rows like the curved line of the letter D, are of plain wood, painted black. Their chairs are great, square, faded mahogany frames, stuffed and covered with haircloth. As you stand beside the clerk's desk, facing them, you see behind the farthest row a semi-circle of ten pillars, and beyond them a narrow, crescent-shaped lobby. Halfway up the pillars is a little gallery, inhabited just now by two ladies in faded mourning.

In the middle of the hall, a tarnished brass chandelier, with pendants of glass, is suspended from the ceiling by a rod festooned with cobwebs. This medieval relic is purely ornamental, for the room is lighted with gas. The walls are high, pierced with small windows, whose faded blue curtains, flowered and bordered with white, are suspended from a triple bar of gilded Indian arrows . . .

They impress you by their pastoral aspect—the absence of urban costumes and postures. Their general bucolic appearance would assure you, if you did not know it before, that there are not many large cities in the State of Mississippi. Your next impression is one of wonder at their immense size and stature. Of them the future historian may well say: "There were giants in those days."

All around you are broad-shouldered, herculean-framed, well-proportioned men, who look as if a laugh from them would bring this crazy old capitol down about their ears, and a sneeze, shake the great globe itself. The largest of these Mississippi Anakim is a gigantic planter, clothed throughout in blue homespun. You might select a dozen out of the ninety-nine delegates, each of whom could personate the Original Scotch Giant in a traveling exhibition. They have large, fine heads, and a profusion of straight brown hair, though here and there is a crown smooth, bald, and shining. Taken for all in all, they are fine specimens of physical development, with frank, genial, jovial faces. The speaking is generally good, and commands respectful attention. There is little *badinage* or satire, a good deal of directness and coming right to the point, qualified by the strong southern proclivity for adjectives . . .

The members, like all deliberative bodies in this latitude, are mutual admirationists. Every speaker has the most profound respect for the honest motives, the pure patriotism, the transcendent abilities of the honorable gentleman upon the other side. It excites his regret and self-

distrust to differ from such an array of learning and eloquence; and nothing could impel him to but a sense of imperious duty.

—New York *Herald,* quoted in Albert D. Richardson, *The Secret Service, the Field, the Dungeon and the Escape* (Hartford, Conn., 1865), 81–85.

¶ On March 29 the Confederate Constitution was approved by the convention. Mississippi was back in a "union."

The State of Mississippi Hereby Accedes

An ordinance to adopt and ratify the Constitution adopted by the Convention at Montgomery, Alabama.

Section 1. *Be it ordained by the people of Mississippi in convention assembled,* And it is hereby ordained by authority of the same, that the Constitution adopted by the Convention at Montgomery, in the State of Alabama, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, for the permanent Federal Government of the Confederate States of America, by and the same is hereby adopted and ratified by the State of Mississippi, acting in its sovereign and independent character, and the State of Mississippi hereby accedes to and becomes a member of the Confederacy provided for in said Constitution.

Adopted, March 29, 1861.

—*Journal of the Mississippi State Convention, . . . March, 1861,* 77.

CHAPTER THREE

A WAR BEGINS

WOULD THERE BE A WAR? MISSISSIPPIANS WERE NOT SURE, BUT there were rumors of conflict, particularly as the inauguration of Lincoln approached. On March 4 Lincoln served notice that he was determined to save the Union. In April Southerners fired on Fort Sumter when Lincoln attempted to re-enforce it. Stephen D. Lee, who before the war ended was to fight—and also marry—in Mississippi, relayed the first order to fire. Sumter fell. Lincoln declared the South to be in a state of rebellion. The war was on!

1) Volunteers by the Thousands

¶ Everybody was rushing to arms. There were more volunteers than Governor Pettus could handle, many more than Jefferson Davis could. Off they went, underage or ancient, determined to fight . . . certain that they could win the war in a few months. One of the volunteers was Henry A. Garrett, a law student at the University of Mississippi, who, after watching the events of the spring of 1861, eventually concluded that he had better quit school and "join a Horse Company." He did.

I Cannot Study

MARCH 25, 1861. . . . "The stirring drum and ear-piercing fife" startle the man of peace as he walks the usually quiet streets of Oxford, now

filled with men in whose mein we read "war, war, war!!!" But I hope that Lincoln will listen to the calm dictates of reason and not hurry the country into ruin, for if one blow is struck or one drop of Southern blood spilled, we may look for dreadful consequences. We all know the Southern heart and how it rebels at anything like oppression. God grant that the sin of wholesale murder may not in mercy be added to the dark catalogue of crimes brought upon us by the fanaticism of the Black Republicans.

* * *

[Early April, 1861.] Matters look dreary in the political world. The [Lincoln] administration seems bent on war and in a few days we will know what is to come. The Citizens and Students are beginning to have a "feud" between them. This evening they came to blows and several shots were harmlessly fired at Students. This is only the beginning of the end and we will hear of many subsequent difficulties between them I fear.

April 13th, 1861. The telegraph brings cheering news tonight. Gen. Beauregard the Commanding Officer at Charleston, sent Maj. Anderson word to surrender as this Government could wait no longer and the letters to him from Washington had been intercepted and proved to be treacherous to the Montgomery Administration. Anderson refused and Beauregard commenced bombarding Fort Sumpter and at 3 P.M. today, the Stars and Stripes of the United States gave place to the glorious flag of the Southern Confederacy which now waves triumphantly over the Conquered Fortress. "God shield the right" in the terrible contest thus commenced. The action at Fort Sumpter will determine the policy of the hesitating border States, and soon we hope that 8 more stars will be added to our flag.

It seems that the whole South has sprung to arms and Mississippi alone has tendered 12,000 men to Gov. Pettus. Tennessee, not yet one of the Confederation, has offered President Jeff Davis 7,000 men and Heaven seems to be smiling upon this Southern enterprise. We are called "Rebels" by the Yankees, but like our sires of '76, we glory in the name. When the news of Sumpter's capture was received, the whole town of Oxford was ablaze with . . . enthusiasm, and the peal of the thundering cannon spoke the joy of the people. Everyone seems willing to fight and to welcome the bloody beasts of Lincoln "to hospitable graves."

* * *

May 21, 1861. After long neglect of my old friend, I come back to tell in its faithful pages some of those incidents which have transpired in the

last two weeks and which go to make up the history of my life. I reached home on the 5th of May and joined the Adams Troop, a Company composed of the flower of Adams County's sons. . . . We have been in Camp twice in the last two weeks. . . . The first taste of a soldier's life was not very palatable but when we reflect on the causes which brought us from luxurious homes to the camp, we are braced up with the consoling thought that ours is a holy and just cause and that the God of Battles will be on our side.

* * *

June 1, 1861. . . . I have become engaged to Jennie . . . It is hard to leave home when so many strong ties bind me to it, but the call of my country must be obeyed as the voice of God and if I fall I do so with the consciousness that I have done my whole duty as a citizen, if not as a man. . . . The company has received marching orders and we shall probably leave tomorrow. I am ready to go. But it is hard to tell my beloved Grand-Mother, Aunts and Uncles and Cousins and friends goodbye. According to the chances of War I can not hope to return safe and sound. The "sharp steel may sever the chords of life or the hissing bullet sing our sudden requiem" at any moment. But 'tis useless to repine. The stern decree of Fate is "go and God speed you in the *holy errand*."

I leave behind me a Grandmother and Aunt who have supplied my dead mother's place, a cousin who is less a cousin than a sister and a host of friends, male and female, whose friendship has been a lasting source of pleasure. But most of all I leave *her* behind who has taught me to love her. Just as the tops of the Garden trees of Bliss are sown me, the door is closed upon my advance. But I know she loves me and if the Good Lord spares me to come back to her, I shall see the very violets in the Garden.

Farewell, a long farewell, to my Journal. Perchance I may resume my tale of life when I come back from the wars.

—Henry A. Garrett, Diary, 1861 (Manuscripts Division, Library of Congress).

¶ Some overzealous volunteers, convinced that the war was not being fought fast enough, complained to the authorities in Jackson, especially when equipment and supplies were lacking:

The Love of My Country Leads Me

THERE ARE FIFTY in the company now, as enthusiastic as those who love freedom should be. We are perfectly willing to buy our uniform, and every thing else that is necessary.

If the state does not reject us, there are about ten who wish to join. We can have a splendid company.

Cruel and mortifying indeed would it be to cast us out. Some have brought uniforms, swords & c, and gone to great expense, in preparing ourselves for the field. The ladies are going to present us with a very fine Flag. They have met, and elected one to deliver it, and I think it would be throwing a damper over their noble impulses.

Our motto is "Ducit amor Patriae"—"the love of my country leads me."

—C. B. M. McCaleb to Pettus, March 22, 1861,
Adjutant General's Correspondence (Miss. Arch., Jackson), file L–75.

¶ In the Delta, Irish levee workers were rushing to the colors.

Able-Bodied Irishmen—Good Material for Soldiers

ON THE RIVER we are comparatively unprotected, and there are now engaged in working the Levee in Washington County about 1,000 able-bodied Irishmen good material for soldiers. Most of these men confess a willingness to fight for the South, and if any arrangements can be made by which they could be mustered in *active service* I have no doubt they would make efficient soldiers.—

As this is a matter of some importance to us, I would be pleased to hear from you on the subject—A recruiting officer would do well in our County—

—William L. Nugent to Pettus, April 18, 1861,
Gov. Corr., file E–51.

¶ Amid shouts, farewells, singing, tears, kidding, and even horseplay, Mississippians vied with one another in this business of going off

to the wars. In May, 1861, Pettus frantically wrote to Davis about the deluge of volunteering.

A Fever to Get Into the Field

THE TROOPS FROM Mississippi at Pensacola are sending to me for tents, clothing, arms, medicine, &c. I am sending them whatever is in my power to furnish. The expenses of forwarding our troops, arms, ammunition, tents, camp equipage, clothing &c., has so depleted our treasury that I am unable to pay the expenses of calling the remaining troops into camp for instruction, which they very much need. Is it proposed by the Confederate Government to refund to the States these advances made by them for the troops sent into service? If so, please have me informed when and how. We have now about eighty companies anxious to get into service and clamoring to be ordered into camp for drill and instruction. The ten cavalry companies provided for in our ordinance were promptly filled, some of them well armed, and drilling daily. They began to despair of being called for, and are asking to be permitted to change their arms for infantry; but I will not trouble you with the detail of these matters. Suffice it to say, all Mississippi is in a fever to get to the field, and hail an order to march as the greatest favor you can bestow on them, and if you take the field they could not be restrained.

—*Official Records,* Ser. 4, I, 277.

¶ In June the Natchez Fencibles set out for battle.

We Have No Heart to Speak of It

WE HAVE NO heart to speak of it. It was one of the most touching scenes we have known in a life-time. There was no military display about it, and yet the Fencibles were escorted by the Light Guard, the Troop, the Cadets and the Quitman Guards. No one wanted to make a display, but generously surrendered the evening to private adieus, individual farewells, and the general "God bless you." The big tears stood upon the cheeks of stalwart men, while the convulsive sobs of wives and sister, and the touching child-like notes of "Good-bye, Father," sounded most mournfully through the air.

Talk as one will, it is a hard thing—this parting from wives and chil-

dren and parents; nor is it any disparagement to human nature, or to man's courage, if it is acknowledged! We saw tears last night upon the cheeks of men who would face a cannon's mouth. It was worth a life to know that there was so much real humanity about as could have caused last evening's exhibition; worth still more to know that there is a spirit of stern patriotism that regards these separations as nothing when made in the cause of patriotic duty.

We weep—but to rejoice.

* * *

One of the most gratifying incidents that occurred yesterday was the approach of a little boy about nine years old to Captain Blackburn, of the Fencibles, with a note containing $20 from himself, and $5 from his little sister—a gift from those children of their own money to that gallant corps. It brought tears in the eyes of Captain Blackburn when he received it; nor were tears absent from the crowd when the simple but expressive gift of childhood was mentioned.

—Natchez *Courier*, April 26, 1861.

¶ Someone in Natchez wrote a poem . . . one of many such.

A Banner Song for the Volunteers

COME, LET OUR glorious banner float,
The gift of grateful beauty;
Whene'er "the Call," we'll gaily spring
To do a soldier's duty.

Our banner fair a Vow records,
On which we build reliance;
To guide our aim, to bless our arms—
Defence, but not defiance!
Chorus—Come let, &c.

Let Victory spread her crimson wing
At Despot's dark invoking;
For we to arms will never spring
Unless at dire provoking.

No lust of foreign conquest stains
The volunteer's affiance;
We would but guard our native plains;
Defence, but not defiance!

Like other dogs, the dogs of war
Have different modes of fighting;
Of one, the bark is worst by far,
Of 'tother worst the biting.

On such a fight, the money down
I'll bet with safe reliance,
And name the stake, OUR SOUTHERN RIGHTS!
Defence will beat defiance!

—*Ibid.*, May 4 ,1861.

¶ Jackson was furnishing the officers, the backwoods, the men—so said the angry Brandon *Republican.*

Willing to Serve in the Army As Officers

The Brandon (Miss.) *Republican* says that it will put the town of Jackson against all North Mississippi, for the number of those willing to serve in the army as officers. "When they want to raise a company in Jackson, it says, they get enough together to fill all the offices, meet and elect them, and then go into the eastern counties and hunt men to fill up the ranks. It is the most patriotic town in the new Confederacy. A friend informs us that George L. Potter, Esq. is the only man over eighteen in the place that has not made application for an office."

—*Ibid.*, May 15, 1861.

¶ William Howard Russell came to take a look for the London *Times.* He was inclined to lift an eyebrow.

Unlike . . . the Staid People of the North

June 16, 1861 . . . at six o'clock I proceeded by the train for Memphis. The carriages were, of course, full of soldiers or volunteers, bound for

a large camp at a place called Corinth, who made night hideous by their song and cries, stimulated by enormous draughts of whiskey and a proportionate consumption of tobacco, by teeth and by fire. The heat in the carriages added to the discomforts arising from these causes, and from great quantities of biting insects in the sleeping places.

* * *

[June 17.] It was a relief to get out of the train for a few minutes at a station called Holly Springs, where the passengers breakfasted at a dirty table on most execrable coffee, corn bread, rancid butter, and very dubious meats, and the wild soldiers outside made the most of their time, as they had recovered from their temporary depression by this time, and got out on the tops of the carriages, over which they performed tumultuous dances to the music of their band, and the great admiration of the surrounding negrodom. Their demeanor is very unlike that of the unexcitable staid people of the North.

The enthusiasm for the Southern cause among all the people is most remarkable,—the sight of the flag waving from the carriage windows drew all the population of the hamlets and the workers in the field, black and white, to the side of the carriages to cheer for Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy, and to wave whatever they could lay hold of in the air. The country seems very poorly cultivated, the fields full of stumps of trees, and the plantation houses very indifferent. At every station more "soldiers," as they are called, got in, till the smell and heat were suffocating.

These men were as fanciful in their names and dress as could be. In the train which preceded us there was a band of volunteers armed with rifled pistols and enormous bowie-knifes, who called themselves "The Toothpick Company." They carried along with them a coffin, with a plate inscribed, "Abe Lincoln, died——," and declared they were "bound" to bring his body back in it, and that they did not intend to use muskets or rifles, but just go in with knife and six-shooter, and whip the Yankees straight away.

General Clarke, of Mississippi, who had come over from the camp at Corinth, was on board, and I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance. He spoke with sense and firmness of the present troubles, and dealt with the political difficulties in a tone of moderation which bespoke a gentleman and a man of education and thought. He also had served in the Mexican war, and had the air and manner of a soldier. With all his

quietness of tone, there was not the smallest disposition to be traced in his words to retire from the present contest, or to consent to a reunion with the United States under any circumstances whatever.

* * *

[June 18.] By and by, a number of sick men were brought down on litters, and placed here and there along the deck. As there was a considerable misunderstanding between the civilian and military doctors, it appeared to be understood that the best way of arranging it was not to attend to the sick at all, and unfortunate men suffering from fever and dysentery were left to roll and groan, and lie on their stretchers, without a soul to help them. I had a medicine chest on board, and I ventured to use the lessons of my experience in such matters, administered my quinine, James's Powder, calomel, and opium, *secundum meam artem,* and nothing could be more grateful than the poor fellows were for the smallest mark of attention. . . .

Presently the General came on board, and the Ingomar proceeded on her way back to Memphis. General Clarke, to whom I mentioned the great neglect from which the soldiers were suffering, told me he was afraid the men had no medical attendance in camp. All the doctors, in fact, wanted to fight, and as they were educated men, and generally connected with respectable families, or had political influence in the State, they aspired to be colonels at the very least, and to wield the sword instead of the scalpel.

Next to the medical department, the commissariat and transport were most deficient; but by constant courts-martial, stoppages of pay, and severe sentences, he hoped these evils would be eventually somewhat mitigated. As one who had received a regular military education, General Clarke was probably shocked by volunteer irregularities; and in such matters as guard-mounting, reliefs, patrols, and picket duties, he declared they were enough to break one's heart; but I was astonished to hear from him that the Germans were by far the worst of the five thousand troops under his command, of whom they formed more than a fifth.

—Russell, *My Diary North and South,* 301–17 *passim.*

¶ How the volunteering spirit fared on the Gulf Coast is told in picturesque fashion by William Price of Shieldsboro.

We Will All Take a Ride

DEAR BROTHER I seat my self this morning to let you no that I am well at this time and hoping these few lines ma come safe to hand and fine you all injoying the same good blessing I received your few lines a saturday last which giv me grat pleasure to hear that you was all well We hav moved twice since we went to pass christian but we expect to stay here in hancock county for a few months and I wat you to write to me and tell all friends and relations and the pretty girls to write to me and I will answer So giv my best lov and respects to all who ma inquire after me so nuthing more onley your affectionat brother until deth

* * *

Notice to all single men

O you southeron man come join the southeron band for we are going to fight the yankes to drive them from our land for justis is our motto and providence our guide so hop in to the wagon and we will all take a ride

—William Price to T. J. Price September 24, 1861, Cole Papers (Owned by Miss Bonnie L. Cole, Bogue Chitto, Miss.).

Volunteers sang, as Russell declared. One of the more ribald ditties that came out of the war was recorded by Arthur P. Hudson in his *Folksongs of Mississippi.*

For I'm a Rambling Soldier

O LILLIE, O LILLIE, it's for your sake alone
That I leave my old parents, my house, and my home,
That I leave my old parents you've caused me to roam,
For I'm a rambling soldier, and Dixie is my home.

Chorus

Jack o'Diamonds, Jack o'Diamonds,
I've known you of old;
You've robbed my poor pockets
Of silver and gold.

And, Whiskey, you villain,
  You've been my downfall;
You've kicked me and cuffed me,
  But I love you in spite of all.

They say I drink whiskey. My name is my own,
And those that don't like me can let me alone.
I'll eat when I'm hungry, I'll drink when I'm dry,
And when I get thirsty I'll lay down and cry.

Chorus

It's beefsteak when I'm hungry
  And whiskey when I'm dry,
Money when I'm hard up,
  And heaven when I die.
O baby, O baby,
  I've told you before,
Make me up a pallet,
  I'll sleep on the floor.

My foot's in my stirrup, my bridle's in my hand.
I'm going to leave my Lillie, the finest in the land.
Her parents don't like me; they say I'm too poor,
They say I'm unworthy to enter her door.

Chorus

If the ocean was whiskey
  And I was a duck,
I'd dive to the bottom
  And get one sweet sup;
But the ocean ain't whiskey
  And I ain't a duck;
So I'll play Jack o'Diamonds,
  And then I'll get drunk.

I've rambled and gambled my money all away;
I'm with a rambling army, and with it I'll stay.

It's with this rambling army, dear Lillie, I roam,
For I'm a rambling soldier, and Dixie is my home.

—Arthur P. Hudson, *Folksongs of Mississippi and Their Background* (Chapel Hill, 1936), 258–59.

2) Baptism by Fire

¶ First they joined; then they were in the field, as calls came for service in Pensacola, Virginia, and Kentucky. There were even threats to the Mississippi Gulf Coast. This first year was not easy on the raw recruits, what with sickness, homesickness, and battle-sickness.

The first Mississippians to set out for the scene of action were called for duty at Pensacola. One of those who went was Lamar Fontaine, whose exploits in battle and in song (he claimed the authorship of *All Quiet on the Potomac* and wrote several other war ballads) became a legend. His father recorded the "son's going away."

An Attack on Fort Pickens

TUES. [MARCH] 26TH. Fair sultry. Wind SE. A report came that an attack had been made upon Fort Pickens by the Confederate Troops in consequence of an attempt to reinforce it. My son Lamar who now belongs to the Mississippi Rifles was ordered to join his company and march immediately. We assembled my family, and after fitting him with necessanies for the campaign, joined in prayer for the protection & guidance of our Heavenly Father, & bade him farewell.

—Edward Fontaine, Diary, March 26, 1861.

¶ In April Edward Fontaine heard the news of Sumter. Then, events moved swiftly.

*Civil War Commenced on the 13th April**

Second Sun. after Easter [April 14]. . . . A telegraphic dispatch informs me that Civil War commenced on the 13th April at Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor. Seven batteries were opened upon it by the Confederate troops as soon as it was known that the villanous administration at Washington had ordered its reinforcement by a large fleet of war vessels.

May the merciful god pardon our national sins, stop this war, & give us peace. . . .

Wed. 17th. Fair. Wind S.E. Fort Sumpter was captured by the Confederate troops 13th April. Singular not a man was killed on either side, thanks to a kind providence. . . .

Sat. 20th. Fair, beautiful day wind S.E. Set off from home to Mr. Bullock's via Jackson confident that the Northern States will attempt to invade us through Illinois from Cairo & by the Mississippi River. I wished to talk with Gov. Pettus about guarding the Mississippi River. I was glad to find that he was absent, having gone to Vicksburg to attend to its defence. . . .

Spent the night at Mrs. Bowman's house [in Jackson]. Gov. Pettus called on me and spent an hour with me. . . .

Thur 25th. All expecting & preparing for war—but cheerful calm & determined to meet the storm. May the merciful god avert it. The whole South is now United. Mr. Holstead told me that he saw yesterday 1700 men collected at Cairo to prevent arms &c from being brought South. There will soon be I have no doubt as many thousands at that point. All the South is now a unit.

—*Ibid.*, April–May, 1861.

¶ Edward himself left in June.

I Turned a Farewell Gaze

[June 3, 1861.] From the Burt Rifles, a company formed in Jackson Miss, I received a telegraphic dispatch from Corinth Miss. Sat. June 1st 1861, informing me that it was their wish that I should command them in case their Captain E. R. Burt should be elected Col. of the 18th Regt.

* The firing on Fort Sumter actually began on April 12.

Miss Volunteers encamped at that place, & requesting me to send them an immediate reply. I reflected that I was a minister of the gospel & the Rector of the parishes, devotedly attached to me, & whose churches could not be supplied in my absence, also that I was Captain of a fine Company of Planters Guard's, ready to do military service at home when the enemy invades us; & finally that a large family and all their interest require my presence. I therefore promptly sent them through Mr. Geo. Feam a refusal to accept the distinguished but perilous honor conferred upon me. On my return from Raymond Monday June 3rd I met my wife in Jackson, & found that Mr. Feam had not sent my answer to the company. Many solicited and begged me to take charge of the Company. The most of them are young gentlemen of good families, educated, and engaged in useful business. None of them are Drones in Society.

Gov. Pettus, Chief Justice Smith, & Confederate Judge Ham's, have sons in the company. I reflected that soon or late the whole strength of the Southern States must be brought into action, & we all must fight. Educated at West Point, & having more knowledge of military affairs than many civilians whom the emergency has elevated to important commands, & whose ignorance endangers the safety of our army, notwithstanding the many ties that bind me to a home which is to me a paradise, I could not feel satisfied to remain in peace, & in the fruition of every domestic blessing, while Maryland is occupied by our invaders and Virginia my native state is pierced by their swords and threatened with immediate subjugation. Great efforts must be made by hosts of heroes to drive them back, & keep them far from my home. I could not ask my weeping wife to do what is impossible,—give her consent. I counted the cost, & deliberately resolving to offer my life as a sacrifice, if such a sacrifice is required, and preferring death, to a life to be spent in a subjugated country. I telegraphed my acceptance of the command of the company. I rapidly made my preparation for the campaign, packed up my clothing, a Bible, prayer Book, & a copy of Hardee's Tactics, took Levi with me; & parted with the rest of our slaves, after giving them an exortation to obey their mistress & give her no trouble. They wept bitterly & promised all I asked. Then came the heart rending soldiers' adeiu, with children, mother & the last dear pledge of our love—our little Jack too young thank God to sympathize with his parents' grief. With dimmed eyes I turned a farewell gaze upon fields, orchards, gardens, and all the numberless delights of my charming abode, & felt pangs unutterable—from which I pray an eternal deliverance for myself & every patriot—but

of these idols I must think no more until the God of love & peace, restores them to me.

—*Ibid.*, June 3, 1861.

¶ Fontaine was sent to Virginia, where he (and his son Lamar) participated in the first Battle of Manassas (Bull Run). He wrote his wife about the carnage.

I Accidentally Bloodied the Corner of This Letter

THE GREAT BATTLE of Stone Bridge is over, we are victorious; but I write this letter amid the dying & the wounded. A barn here, at McLean's ford, & a corn crib, both used as a temporary hospital are filled with our wounded. I accidentally bloodied the corner of this letter with the blood of Archie McLaurin, who is lying on a table before me. His arm has just been amputated by Dr. Barnett our neighbour, and is lying on the floor at my feet.

. . . I pledge you my word, I felt no fear during the awful combat, but was as calm & clearheaded (as if I had been giving orders on my plantation). But we are just now very uncomfortable. We are now here without tents in a hard rain. We have not taken off our clothes for four days. I am dirty as a hog. Holes are in my shoes and no change of clothing is at hand, & we have no time to get anything from Manasas. Such is war, & the price of glory. God grant us peace, & you & ours every blessing. Yr afte husband

—Edward Fontaine to wife, June 21, 1861, Edward Fontaine Collection.

¶ Another Mississippian, Captain James W. Moorehead of Brooksville, who was not on the scene of Manassas, told about his first weeks of war in Virginia and of his belated view of the Manassas battlefield:

Dead . . . Lying Thick As You Ever Saw

JULY 18TH RECEIVED orders to pack up and leave for Mansas where the yankees are consentrating Started on our march to that point a two

o'clock Received orders from General Bouregard to come withe all hast he was expecting a attact evry minuit Marched all night and waded . . . at day light the Shanondoah two or three hundred yards wide and two large creeks the evening before

July 19 started again for Manassas stopteed at two oclock and lay up all evening went out into the mountains 2 miles to a Mrs Ashbys the cleaverst people I ever saw gave away two hundred pounds of butter to the soldiers it just a peared just like they could not doe enough for us came back to camps about dark found all packing up for a move went about helf a mile and lay in a meddow field all night

July 20 rained all night in the evening marched 2 miles to Piedmont to the railroad herd them fighting at Manassas all day 28 miles to the Battlegrond at 2 oclock news came to us Bouregard had gained the day a heap of rejoicing in camp lay all night on our armes

July 22 took cars at two cars run together on the 20th and killed two soldiers took the engineer and hung him taken up two yankees taring up the track took the carrs at two oclock in the night for Manassas landed at Manassas about day light Marched out to Bull Run that evening through the rain and there lay on the Battle field such a sight I never saw in my life the dead war lying just as thick as ever you saw a wheatfield after it was tied up and not shocked. . . .

July 25 . . . walked through the principle part of the Battle Ground such havock and destruction I never saw in my life I saw where caverley charged on the yankees ran them into a lane and the Artilery raked the land and just killed everything in the land Saw a yankee captain have his leg cut off and died in operation and went throgh centerville saw a grate many prisners and armes taken from the yankees five hundred wagons and two thousand horses Staid all night with the Blues drank some fine sweete milk it was the first had tasted since I left home

—James W. Moorehead, Diary, July 18–25, 1861 (Mississippi State University Library, Starkville).

¶ Among the many ballads that grew out of wartime experiences was a highly popular one that poked fun at the Yankees routed at Manassas.

Never Got to Mananasses Plain

YANKEE DOODLE HAD a mind
To whip the Southern traitors,
Just because they did not choose
To live on codfish and potatoes.
Yankee Doodle do,
Yankee Doodle dandy;
And so to keep his courage up,
He took a drink of brandy.

Yankee Doodle drew his sword
And practiced all his passes,
And come, boys, we'll take another drink
When we get to Mananasses.
Yankee Doodle do,
Yankee Doodle dandy
Never got to Mananasses plain
And never got his brandy.

Yankee Doodle, all for shame;
You're always intermeddling.
Leave the guns alone; they're dangerous things;
You'd better stick to peddling
Yankee Doodle do,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
When you get to Bully Run
You'll throw away the brandy.

—Hudson, *Folksongs of Mississippi,* 262–63.

¶ At Vicksburg a Delta planter, William L. Nugent, was catching the war fever.

I Feel That I Would Like to Shoot a Yankee

AFTER RATHER A pleasant trip on the packet I reached this place, and have been engaged all the evening looking at the parades & evolutions of several companies that are going off for the wars. The emotions and thoughts that swelled my heart, as I looked at the stalwart frames of

those who had embarked their all in the service—of their Country, were conflicting and nearly overwhelming. And along with these feelings there is a kind of vindictive Spirit that impels me to want to engage in the service of my country right away. I feel that I would like to shoot a Yankee, and yet I know that this would not be in harmony with the Spirit of Christianity, that teaches to love our enemies & do good to them that despitefully use us and extort us. The North will yet suffer for this fratricidal war she has forced upon us—Her fields will be desolated, her cities laid waste, and the treasures of her citizens dissipated in the vain attempt to subjugate a free people. Our armies will yet teach the Quakers of the Keystone state that they are not inaccessible. The two boats Prince & Charm go up tomorrow with the Warren Artillery & Swamp Rangers. They go up the Arkansas or St. Francis River on the way to Missouri, and from their appearance will acquit themselves with credit . . .

You must not think, my dear wife, that I forget you while my head is so much engaged in cogitations about the war. The persuasion that it will be the cause of a temporary separation from you is very afflicting to me indeed. I cannot think of leaving for the war without sad emotions. I could much more readily die if I had the satisfaction of leaving an heir behind me to take my name and represent me hereafter in the affairs of men. What boots this tho'? One cannot die too soon in the discharge of his duty, and then the chances are rather favorable to escape. The God who protects me in the peaceful walks of every day life, can avert from my person the balls & bullets of the enemy.

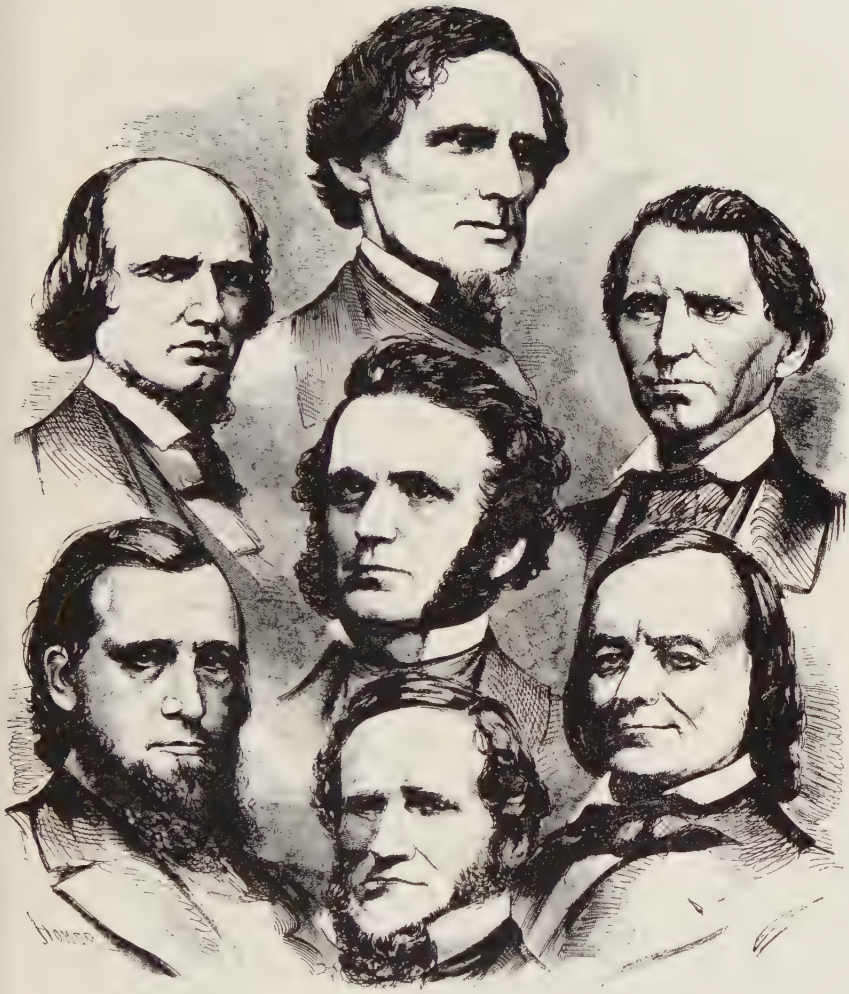
—William L. Nugent to his wife, August 19, 1861, Howorth Papers (Owned by Mrs. Joseph M. Howorth, Cleveland, Miss.).

¶ From Attala County came Bruce Henderson, who found himself doing service in Kentucky in the fall of 1861. He wrote his mother, Mrs. John Henderson:

Ever Man Is Anxious for the Time to Come

DEAR MOTHER I will write you afew lines to let you know that I am well and finely. We have just returned from five days travel we left camp

on the 25 in the rain went to the ford had it to wade went on in the rain 18 miles stop for the night dried ourselves as well as possable slep in the Stable loft Started next morning still raining went to barbersville a little town that our me[n] took aweek or to a go Staid all night Slep in the union mens beds. About mid night our Col got orders for us to go to Laurel bridge that the enemy was waiting for us we got up and cooked one days rations it was very cold for the time of the year about 10 oclock the cavalry brought news that the enemy was Just ahead We had to halt and load our guns We had to make quick time forabout 10 miles late in the evening the cavalry brought new[s] that the enemy was Just ahead our Col went ahead abut it he came back asfast as his horse could bring him we knew that somthing was the matter he run past the Tennisseeans which was in frunt of us he then called for company A to doubel quick We went a ½ mile when we flanked out as scouts he then waved his sword over his head and said come ahead my brave Mississippian they ran ahead of the Ten—but the courdly Scamps left before we could get to see them our company went throgh there camps we got to wagons and 4 horses the cavalry run them to a little [town] called Fondon and folered them through it they tore there flags down and plundered there houses night came on we came back about amile and camped for the night next morning as we were fixing to start back to the cam[p] the cavalry said that the enemy was coming on us very fast we were in a line in afew minutes and took our position to await the coming foe we waited for them about two hours but they would not come our force was about 15 hundred in all but the worst of all was while we were forming the line our Col was shot accidentaly though not dangerously he would not leave the field till Col [R]ains thretened to arrest him he said that if we said so he [would] go but if not he would stay and die with us he realed in his sadle while he was talking to us we told him to go, he then left us but told us he would watch and if needed him he would come. Cap Terry then took command The boys were not scard atall they were smoking yankey cigars while standing in line of battle it is a grant sight to see to line formed ever man is anxious for the time to come. I was a little excited at firs but soon got over that while we were waiting I laid down and went to Sleep. I Stood the ——— finely my feet got alittle [sore?] the last day though not much some of the boys gave entierly outhere



Harper's Weekly

1) THE SECEDING MISSISSIPPI DELEGATION:

Reuben Davis	Senator Jefferson Davis	Otho R. Singleton
Lucius Q. C. Lamar	Senator Albert G. Brown	John J. McRae
	William Barksdale	

Harper's Weekly

2) BRIERFIELD, Jefferson Davis' mansion in Mississippi. The home was later used as a schoolhouse by the freedmen.

feet was so sore it is late and I must colse write soon look over all misstakes give my love to all.

—Bruce Henderson to his mother, October 2, 1861, McAlister Papers (Owned by J. M. McAlister, Atlanta, Ga.).

¶ A North Mississippi youth, Thomas B. Webber, of Byhalia had left his store in the spring and gone off to the army. Fall found him at Camp Esau near Pensacola on the Florida Coast, bored to death. On October 3 he wrote in his diary:

I Will NEVER AGAIN Belong

Dragging out another miserable day of the 4 more months which I am compelled to remain in the Army at this place in disgraceful idleness We are often asked if we will enlist for the war or for another term of twelve months I only hope that a false patriotism will never again induce me to put myself at the mercy of such a damnable despotism as governs the army. When my term is out I will then be as God made me free and equal in freedom with all men and I will never again do any thing to suppress my freedom speech and action.

I will *never again* belong regularly to the army though I will do my country good and efficient service and on the battlefield.

—Thomas B. Webber, Diary, October 3, 1861 (Duke University Library).

¶ Some did go home to stay . . . forever. For these, poems were written:

The Soldier's Death-Bed

In a distant land, 'neath a stranger's roof
Is a wounded soldier sleeping;
Madly thro' his swollen veins,
The fevered pulse is leaping.

A ghastly cut is on his brow—
From which the life-blood gushing,
Telleth, the cold hand of Death
His heart's slow throbs is hushing.

The quiet Moon about his form
Her silver myths is wreathing;
Thro' the open casement stealing in,
The cool night-wind is breathing.
A smile flits o'er the pallid face;
Perchance, fond dreams are straying;
And Memory on the quiv'ring chords
Of her broken lute, is playing!

Think ye *he* dreams of the battle-field—
Of its dead men, grim and gory?
Think ye *he* hears the victor 's voice
Shout forth their fresh won glory?
No, no! he wakes; he tries to speak—
Faintly his voice is sighing—
"Eva, my own precious one,
Come nearer—I am dying."

Father, mother, sister, brother—
Cease thy prayers, thy weeping;
Far away 'neath Virginia's soil
Thy soldier-brave is sleeping—
Gentle "Eva," thou "precious one,"
Calm the anxious thoughts that burn;
The lover, to whom thou bad'st "farewell,"
Will never, never, more return.

Yet gentle hands have soothed his pain,
And soft eyes o'er him bending
Gave to his fevered brain the thought,
That *thine* were with them blending.
Hard tho' the lesson is to learn.
Let this, thy solace be—
He fought, and bled for his *Country's good,*
For his home, and LIBERTY!

—Natchez *Courier,* November 30, 1861.

¶ And the war went on. At Christmas the Captain Wood's Company were given a flag blessed by the bishop, and they assisted at Christmas Mass:

This Standard Sanctified by the Blessing of Heaven

STANDING AT THE Episcopal seat, the Bishop chanted the prayer appointed by the Church—invoking God, the source of all blessings, and the strength of them that conquer, to sanctify this standard with His heavenly blessing, that it may be a terror to the enemy, and an assurance of victory to them who follow it: "For it is Thou, O God, that rulest over war—and givest help to them who trust in thy heavenly protection." The banner was subsequently sprinkled with Holywater; after which Captain Wood entered the sanctuary, approached the Bishop's seat and received from him the blessed flag, with the following words: "Receive this standard sanctified by the blessing of Heaven; may it prove terrible to the enemies of Christ, and may God give you grace to bear it safely and unharmed through the thickest ranks of the foe." At the conclusion, Capt. Wood received from the Bishop the kiss of peace, and then saluting his gallant band, waved before them the consecrated flag.

—*Ibid.*, December 28, 1861.

3) Ordeal by Politics

¶ It was not easy for Mississippi politicians to forget their politics. All year long Pettus was running for re-election. In August his friend, Robert S. Hudson, gave him some advice, which the Governor promised to take. Whether he did so or not, Pettus was soon to win his second term:

That You Have Been Too Slow

I REGRET TO FIND pretty formidable opposition to your re-election, and that too from your former friends and supporters. I also deeply regret to find considerable prejudice against you in the country. I can find no specific charge or particular act alledged against you in support of this opposition or prejudice—but a sort of general complaint to the effect that you have been too slow, have not taken as much responsibility as

you ought and did not pay every distinguished attention to the persons, camps & wants of our volunteers at Jackson while they were there. In other words that you should have usurped authority where you had none, and that you should have exhausted your private fortune on the State Treasury for the volunteers and encamped them in the Capitol & Executive Mansion, and have made their stay in Jackson a sort of grand pageantry and jubilee. I mention this to you merely to advise you as well as I can as to the character of complaint.

As I know nothing myself forfeiting your claims to re-election, believe that you have at least been faithful, and under such circumstances that precedent and custom entitle you to a re-election I shall cheerfully give you my support and such influence as I possess in any neighborhood and among my friends generally.

Permit me to suggest to you the propriety of a canvass of those counties where you may find most opposition & prejudice—which I think is indicated by the names on the call for McAfee—or a small circular might answer the purpose. Challenge proof of your failure to do anything necessary to be done where the power was confered on you that you have not done—and demand to know if they would have you do more, line Lincoln, by a usurpation of power. I think that a few persons have gotten up this opposition and faned it into a sort of flame before it was met, and that upon meeting it promptly and energetically it will subside.

It seems to me that a call from the Governor or admonition through the newspapers upon persons owning plantations & not residing upon or very near them to reside on their plantations might not be amiss. The planters or their overseers will have to go to war, and the slave population will be much more subordinate to the authority of the master, and much more content, faithful and devoted under him, than under any body else. I think it would have a most salutory effect upon the slave population.

Pardon me for these suggestions.

—Robert S. Hudson, August 20, 1861, Gov. Corr., file E–53.

¶ One of the sorest subjects was the frustrations of the First Mississippi Brigade's commander, General James L. Alcorn, old-line Whig and no particular friend of Pettus or Davis. Alcorn had taken

troops to Kentucky, where he undertook also to recruit among the pro-Southern element there. Ill equipped and raw as his recruits were, Alcorn's brigade was soon in trouble. Naturally the blame fell on him. In October he wrote to Pettus.

My Own Honor Is Dearer to Me Than Country

I WISH TO leave for Mississippi, and ask your permission to fix the 27th instant as the day for my departure. This post is an important one, and should not be commanded by one who has not the confidence or is distasteful to the Government at Richmond. My service as brigadier-general of Mississippi is due that State only. If the Confederate Government wished me, I would be appointed. This not being done, I am an intruder. My self-respect, my own honor, is dearer to me than country or life itself. The hope of being able to make an early movement has lured me; that hope dissipated, common decency requires me to leave this command. Besides, to stay here and labor and toil as I do, struggling with disease and death, to be superseded presently, or, if continued, to be a mere interloper, a nondescript, every impulse of my nature says, "No; death first." My command will complain, but this will soon be hushed, for now they are bound. I shall leave with them my son, a captain of a company, as hostage that my heart is with them.

—*Official Records,* Ser. 1, IV, 464–65.

¶ By October 21 he was crying for relief from his command.

A Hermaphrodite in the Service

LET ME IMPRESS upon you the necessity of sending a competent officer to command this post; the senior colonel is disqualified; the army will be demoralized under his command; he is clever enough, but is indolent, and requires to be looked after. I had about as soon be shot as to leave here, but would rather be shot than remain a hermaphrodite in the service. I have a young man now under arrest for making or using threatening and abusive language on the streets towards myself and the army; among other things, that he intended to shoot myself. Such language should not be permitted, and I shall, unless I find imprisonment

at hard labor sufficient to suppress it, make some examples of severity that will be sufficient for the purpose. It is openly avowed that our indulgence results from our conscious weakness. The course of indulgence pursued you will find must be changed; sooner or later, it must be changed. This you will find; I think the sooner the better. I don't think I am disposed to tyranny, but a sensible, firm, efficacious, decisive, and prompt authority is necessary to the occasion. I make suggestions, believing that I may do so without offense; always obedient, however, to my superiors.

—*Ibid.*, 467–68.

¶ Alcorn's main difficulty was his unpopular politics, and Confederate officers, perhaps with the consent of Davis and Pettus, apparently ignored his authority. At the end of the year Alcorn reported on the Mississippi effort. He was soon to resign and go home to sulk.

The Privilege of Fighting As a Mississippi Brigade

My command is mostly armed with double-barrel sporting pieces of a good class. I have ammunition for two-thirds of the command, and expect soon to be supplied. Shall ask a small requisition of ammunition and a few tents from the Confederate Government, but ask it only as a loan, to be replaced within a few days. I shall endeavor to ask nothing of the Confederate Government but subsistence for my troops, hospitals for my sick, lumber to protect my men from the chilling earth, and the privilege of fighting as a Mississippi brigade with its general officer, who shall, with the command, be subject alone to the orders of the major-general commanding. I have a brigade quartermaster (Capt. R. W. T. Daniel), who will make requisitions, signed by myself, for the wants of the command, and endeavor so to keep his accounts as to avoid complication. The troops will be paid by the State of Mississippi, the accounts being left for future adjustment between the Confederate Government and the State.

—*Ibid.*, VII, 783.

¶ Politics were going to take a back seat in the months to come, for at last war was really coming to Mississippi. The movements that

were to lead to Shiloh were already shaping up. General Albert Sidney Johnston was calling for volunteers in November, and the Natchez *Courier* patriotically reported it thus:

Now's the Day and Now's the Hour

OUR COUNTRY NEEDS the services of all its patriotic sons, and laggards should not be found. The Recruiting Officer, Lieut. McCall, C. S. A., is at the Mallery House in this city, prepared to muster in volunteers. Will the few hundreds of patriotic young men in Natchez, Adams and the adjoining district, who have not yet gone into active service, still cling to home and its luxuries when their services are needed in the tented field? Such is not the spirit of Mississippians. Now's the day and now's the hour. Capt. Dougherty's company, now or soon to be in quarters, and Gen. Wood and associates, who will go into camp next week, offer the rare facilities of quarters, clothing and provisions! A roll is opened at the Courthouse. Let no man screen himself behind his wealth or his poverty.

—Natchez *Courier,* November 2, 1861.

¶ Politics or not, Mississippians were still hot for the cause. One of the colorful ballads of the patriotic Mississippi Rebels was "Wait for the Wagon."

Our Wagon's Plenty Big Enough

OUR WAGON'S PLENTY big enough;
It's running gear is good.
'Tis stuffed with cotton round its sides
And made of Southern wood.

Chorus

Wait for the wagon,
The new Jeff Davis wagon.
The South is our wagon,
And we'll all take a ride.

—Hudson, *Folksongs of Mississippi,* 262.

CHAPTER FOUR

FROM DESPAIR TO TRIUMPH, 1862

THE YEAR 1862 SAW THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH grow into a deadly serious affair. The swashbuckling spirit of the previous year, when volunteers were all over the place, was now somewhat subdued. Soldiers worrying over the folks at home were not always ready to re-enlist after their first year. To a people whose lives centered in the crops there was a feeling that a neglected cornfield was almost as unpatriotic as a neglected battlefield. As early as the spring of 1862 the Confederacy was running short of manpower; so Congress had to pass a conscription act in April.

Meanwhile, the war had come close to home for Mississippians. When Mississippi troops had fought in Virginia and Florida and Kentucky in the war's first year, war itself had not yet touched Mississippi soil. Then things went badly in Tennessee; soon Confederate troops were gathering at Corinth to oppose General Ulysses S. Grant, who was concentrating forces at Pittsburg Landing for a great battle which was to come on April 6–7 at Shiloh Church. Here General Albert Sidney Johnston was killed, and the Yankees were victorious. Here much Mississippi blood was shed.

Soon the retreating Confederates were at Corinth, where General P. G. T. Beauregard was re-enforced by Mississippi's own Earl Van

Dorn. Then on May 30 Corinth fell, and Van Dorn was shortly afterward placed in command, following Beauregard's withdrawal to Tupelo. Before the year was over much of North Mississippi had been overrun by the Yankees. Holly Springs, Oxford, and Water Valley were occupied by the Federals. An unsuccessful Confederate attempt in the fall to recapture Corinth followed the repulse of General W. S. Rosecrans by Sterling Price at Iuka on September 19.

But what happened in Northeast Mississippi was less vital at this point than what happened at Vicksburg, which Grant was determined to take at any cost. In the spring of 1862 the Federals took New Orleans and began moving up the Mississippi. On May 18 David G. Farragut was in sight of Vicksburg, while another Federal fleet appeared north of the city under Admiral David Porter.

Vicksburg was poorly defended, and only the timely efforts of Governor Pettus enabled the city to resist its besiegers. On July 18, three days after the valiant Confederate ram, the "Arkansas," assailed the entire Union squadron, the Federals withdrew. But Grant still had his eyes on Vicksburg, and another expedition under General W. T. Sherman was readied at Memphis. After a number of delays, thanks to Nathan Bedford Forrest's raids in West Tennessee, Sherman reached the Vicksburg area in December with 33,000 men.

December threatened to be bleak indeed. Yet, on December 20, Van Dorn marched into Holly Springs in a brilliantly executed raid. Then in the waning hours of December, Stephen D. Lee with about 2,500 Confederates routed Sherman in the Battle of Chickasaw Bayou. Thus, Mississippi and the Confederacy were enabled to start 1863 on a note of triumph—the last note of triumph war-weary Mississippians were to know except for the magnificent doings of General Forrest in North Mississippi late in the war, after the cause was to all intents and purposes already lost.

1) State Rights and Individual Rights

¶ The year 1862 started with General Alcorn in a tizzy. His "Mississippi Brigade" had been ordered by General Beauregard to Union City, Tennessee, and he was mad about it. So on January 4 he wrote to Governor Pettus, the commander-in-chief of Mississippi troops, and raised the issue of state rights:

I Don't Understand This War

I DON'T UNDERSTAND this war. It is doubtless my obliviousness, but so it is, I don't wish to be the tail of the Kite any longer, an appendage that drags heavily in the mud, flapping and sloshing around, liable at any moment to have my brains knocked out without being able to see the reason of things, so turn over the sixty day troops hereafter organized to some one else, unless they are troops for Mississippi only on Miss. Soil, not to be controlled by any Confederate officer, but by State authority only.

I don't wish you to consider this letter official but as a matter of merely thinking you would like to hear from us.

—James L. Alcorn to Pettus, Gov. Corr., file E–56.

¶ Captain T. J. Koger of Brooksville took a different view about the matter of Confederate control at Bowling Green:

If We Were Only Confederates

THE HOPE OF a fight here in the 60 days has faded away, away, away, it is gone. The yankees had not crossed Green River on yesterday, and if they crossed to-day they could not be here in 20 days if unobstructed and unopposed, so that all chances of a fight are gone. I don't pretend to have any opinion of my own, I simply give the opinion of others. There is in consequence of this feeling, a good deal of discontent among our men, a restless uneasiness—a notion that they have been imposed upon. We are still with out any hospital system. We have a hospital of our own, & a disgrace it would be to decent swine, I despair of improving anything, if we were not under our own general, something might, nay would have been done. But as it is, I give it up. With men wiser in their own conceit . . . there is no such thing as teaching & no chance of improvement, and while I am agreeably disappointed in camp life, I believe it would not only agree with me, but actually improve my health, yet I am altogether out with 60 day volunteering. It won't do unless soldiers command us and we are in the Confederate service. Here we are still the "Army of Miss" and a grand humbug it is. If we were only Confederates we would send our men to the regular hospital, & they would

be furnished with medicines etc needed by them. Just about the time our enlistment ends, our medical staff will be organized & fit for work. But many a poor fellow will go to his long home before that day comes, I fear.

—T. J. Koger to wife, January 7, 1862, Koger Papers (Miss. Arch., Jackson).

¶ The issue that soon brought the state rights question squarely into the open was the draft. As volunteering slowed down in the winter of 1861–1862, conscription seemed inevitable if the Confederate army were to be manned. Most soldiers wanted to stay in state service where they could remain close to home and escape the more rigid discipline of Confederate commanders; so there were difficulties galore in transferring state militia to Confederate service. Nevertheless, Governor Pettus did his best to organize militia companies before the draft went into effect. The argument as to which government would control them could wait. In March, 1862, T. Wiggin at Caledonia wrote his brother "Hue" of his experiences enrolling for the militia:

This Draft Is Scaring Him to Death

I HAVE BEEN very busey enrolling the Melitia of this District. I got through on Friday & Saturday made my report. We have in this District . . . about 150 men. You ought to bee up hear next Saturday to see me muster them My commission gives me the titel of first O.S. and Rank as Capt. Yesterday when I was in Town I wanted to returne my Commision, but they would not receive it They said I hd to augernize the Melitia fourth with so I will prosede to augernize them on next Saturday the 15 instant I have got every mans name in the Destric enrolled. I have had a good deal of fun while I was enrolling. Some wanted to know what I was gowing to do I would tell them if the presant call for vol. was not filled up fourth with we would have to stand a *draff* which is true if the 7000 are not maid up, and that very soone thare is some of the boys taulking about vol. but they are mitey slow. I think some 5 or 6 has vol. . . . So if they get them all full way we will get clear of a draff, but if 300 hundred dont tourn out of this County they will be draffted show.

. . . Suck-Egg is have chills onece and a while he looks very slim & then this draff is scearing him to death. I tell you it is scearing lots of them You cant gow a mile but what you hear of them complaining of pains & so on.

—T. Wiggin to "Hue," March 9, 1862, Honnoll Papers (Owned by Mrs. Avie C. Honnoll, Caledonia, Miss.).

¶ But there were patriots still, draft or no draft. The Natchez *Courier* published a poem shaming the slackers.

A Natchez Maiden to Her Betrothed

OUR FATHERS WRUNG from Britain's teeth, the right
To Freedom on each Southron hill and plain;
But Northmen, once our brothers, needs must fight
To make us fawn and cringe as slaves again!
My Love *a slave?* A coward's thought and creed!
I shake it off as I would shake a reed
Whereon a scorpion twirled! My Love *a slave?*
Far better, love! to weep above they grave.
Go! arm thyself, and join the strong fight!
There is no *wrong* a freeman may not *right.*
Swear! swear! that on thy native hills, God-given,
Thou'lt tread them *as a master,* and wilt never
Surrender them to slaves! 'Tis writ in heaven:
"The South IS free and SHALL BE FREE *forever!"*

GAMMA

—Natchez *Courier,* April 12, 1862.

¶ The Woodville *Republican* published an aged volunteer's letter.

Many Old Gentlemen

I EXPECT TO GO in the company which Judge C. P. Smith is making up at Jackson. Many old gentlemen, who, like myself, have sons in the war, will go in that company if it is made up; if he fails, *I will pay my own*

expenses, furnish my own gun, and go as an independent. My heart has long been in this war, and I will carry my body there.

—Clipping from Woodville *Republican,* undated.

¶ After the defeat at Shiloh and with enemy troops threatening the state from the north as well as along the Mississippi River, Pettus ordered the enlistment of "minute men" to stem the tide of invasion. Here he found opposition both from the Confederate government, which felt Pettus was depriving the Confederate Army of recruits, and from the people, who were worried about their crops and their families. On June 6 Brigadier General Richard Winter of the Second Brigade, Mississippi Militia, wrote Pettus a "private" letter about these matters:

What Is to Become of My Little Crops?

THE PEOPLE ARE loyal patriotic & true, but they view with great solicitude the workings of this late order. In the poorer portion of the Brigade they say "what is to become of my little crops, & wherewith shall we feed, not only our own family but the families of the volunteers (and they are numerous) which have been left on our hands & under our protection? We have sent off our stalwart young men to do battle for the county upon the solemn promise to look after their wives & little ones and dispell famine & suffering from their domicils, but under this late order I am to be taken away from the tending of my crop & the crops of those left under my protection. Want & famine is to threaten not only the wives & weeping ones of those in the tented field, but the supply for the army itself is in danger of being rendered meger by reason of the diserted fields & untilled crops."

In the richer portion of the Brigade the question is constantly asked "what is to become of my wife & children when left in a land swarming with negroes without a single white man on many plantations to restrain their licenciousness by a little wholesome fear or visit with condign punishment any act of wrong or insubordination? Will the crops of corn be made & housed which our immense army will most certainly need if left to the management of such an improvident & thriftless class as our negroes? Would it not a thousand times be better that the *unarmed volunteers* now in nearly every town in our state should be prepared &

put in the field before other troops now needed on the plantations should be ordered out to add to the expense of the government and assist in consuming the already too diminished commissary stores now in our possession?"

These and many other such questions Governor are asked me daily. You can see the force of them as much as I can.

—Richard Winter to Pettus, June 6, 1862, Gov. Corr., file E–57.

¶ Not the last word but one of the most orthographically fantastic ones on the subject of military service was written on July 18, 1862, by someone who merely signed himself "H.I.K.:"

Some of Us Have to Gow Off to Wor and Others Stay Bak Home

Oniabel Govener Petes of the Stait of Miss Sir it apeares hard that som of us have to gow off to wor and others stay bak home swaring the will not go and there is not Jeff Davisis nor Bourgardes a nuff to get them to ware heare is Mr. ———, at Mrs ——— his mother an-laws a yeung stout man got moor then a most eney of us to defend thinkes him self a bove the comon solgers that we poor ones that have to go and leive our famelis who is as dear to us as his think very hard of it heare is Mr. ——— of harlins creak who is also a stout abel young man at home braggin how he is beeting the Confedrecy when wee think that wee have a mutch to a tend to as ether of the a bove naimed wee hope that if you have eney authority to have thes men in the feel you will not neglect it if not and eney one has wee hope you will inform them whare the may bee found yours respicfuly,

—H.I.K. to Pettus, July 18, 1862, Gov. Corr., file E–57.

2) War Comes to Mississippi

¶ The Battle of Shiloh brought war into Mississippi in its bloodiest form. On the sixth of April the Confederates seemed so certain of

victory, only to retreat in despair on the seventh, their great Albert Sidney Johnston dead and General P. G. T. Beauregard attempting to create order out of chaos. From her post office in Corinth Mrs. Walter A. Overton observed the events of the seventh and eighth, fearing all the time for the safety of her soldier husband, John, who turned up unhurt on the ninth.

I Fear We Were Badly Worsted To Day

THIS HAS BEEN an eventful day. There has been one of the hardest fought battles to day that has been during this unholy war. Our forces have beaten back the vile enemy beyond his camp under his gun boats. Our forces occupy their camps to night. The loss has been very severe on both sides. We have taken 500–1000 prisoners. General Johnson was killed. I am very uneasy about John. I fear he is among the killed and wounded. We are all well.

It has rained some to day, and last night. There has been another severe battle to day. Our forces had to fall back. I started to the battle field this evening but could not get there. I stopped at Atkins' and helped to dress the wounded until 11 o'clock. The road is crowded with troops making their way back to Corinth. I fear we were badly worsted to day.

—Mrs. Walter A. Overton, Diary, April 6–7, 1862 (Miss. Arch., Jackson).

The story of what was happening was told in many places. Mississippians read about it in a year's retrospect when H. C. Clarke, the Vicksburg printer, published a *Diary of the War for Separation* later in the year.

The Fighting Was the Most Terrible

APRIL 6–7. BATTLE OF SHILOH, TENN. The Confederates, under Gens. Beauregard and Johns[t]on, advanced from their encampment and attacked the enemy. The battle commenced early on Sunday morning. The fighting was the most terrible of any during the war, both sides contending with great desperation. Towards evening the Federals commenced falling back and retreated to their gunboats on the Tennessee river, being severely defeated, leaving behind nearly all their batteries(18) which

were taken by the Confederates. General Prentiss, with 3000 men, were taken prisoners. An immense number of guns, army stores, &c., were captured by the Confederates.

The lamented General Albert S. Johnson was killed early in the evening. During the night of Sunday, the Federals were largely reinforced by General Buell with 25,000 troops, and on Monday morning the battle was renewed with vigor, and continued throughout the day. The Federals were again repulsed and defeated, retiring to their gunboats. The Confederates moved back to their positions after accomplishing a most brilliant success . . . The Confederate forces in the two days' fight numbered 38,000 men. The Federal force on the first day's fight was over 58,000, on the second day the Federals were reinforced to 70,000 men. The Confederate loss was 1,728 killed, 8,012 wounded and 959 missing; Federal loss, 2,500 killed and 9,800 wounded and 3,700 taken prisoners. The Federals suffered severely in the loss of officers, nearly all being killed, wounded and captured.

—H. C. Clarke, *Diary of the War for Separation* (Vicksburg, 1862), 92–93.

¶ Shiloh had its ballads. One was "The Soldier Boy of Shiloh," which Yankees started and Rebs borrowed. It appears in a later chapter. The ballad "Shiloh Hill" seems to have been of Southern origin.

The Wounded Men Were Crying

COME ALL YE valiant soldiers,
A story I will tell;
'Tis of a noted battle
You all remember well.
'Tis of a noble struggle,
Your hearts will anguish fill.
It is the famous battle
That was fought on Shiloh Hill.

It was the sixth of April
Just at the break of day,
When the drums and fifes were playing
For us to march away.

The feeling of that hour
  Did my heart with anguish fill.
It was the famous battle
  That was fought on Shiloh Hill.

The wounded men were crying
  For help from everywhere,
While others who were dying
  Were offering God their prayer:
"Protect my wife and children
  As consistent with Thy will."
Such were the prayers I heard
  That night on Shiloh Hill.

—Hudson, *Folksongs of Mississippi*, 260–61.

¶ At Corinth, on May 2, General Beauregard sought to rally his forces in defense of the city, which was finally abandoned at the end of the month.

Our Fathers Were at the Battle of Corinth

Soldiers of Shiloh and of Elkhorn:

We are about to meet once more in the shock of battle the invaders of our soil, the despoilers of our homes, the disturbers of our family ties. Face to face, hand to hand, we are to decide whether we are to be freemen or the vile slaves of those who are free only in name, and who but yesterday were vanquished, although in largely superior numbers, in their own encampments on the ever-memorable field of Shiloh.

Let the impending battle decide our fate, and add one more illustrious page to the history of our Revolution, one to which our children will point with noble pride, saying, "Our fathers were at the battle of Corinth."

I congratulate you on your timely junction, your mingled banners. For the first time in this war we shall meet our foe in strength that should give us victory.

Soldiers, can the result be doubtful? Shall we not drive back into the

Tennessee the presumptuous mercenaries collected for our subjugation? One more manly effort, and, trusting in God and the justness of our cause, we shall recover more than we have lately lost. Let the sound of our victorious guns be re-echoed by those of the Army of Virginia on the historic battle-field of Yorktown.

G. T. BEAUREGARD,
General, Commanding.

—*Official Records,* Ser. 1, X, part 2, 482.

¶ Captain T. J. Koger of the Forty-first Regiment was among the Mississippians at Corinth. His frank account of the humor and heartaches of the scene is given below:

I Am Not Despondent of Success Still

I DON'T KNOW WHEN I wrote last nor where exactly to begin to pick you up. But I'll begin away back. On Tuesday and Wednesday we spent day & night in the trenches. On Thursday morning at 2½ oclock & before light we marched out & marched out of the fortifications & with glad heart we sped on toward the yankee camps. We got within ½ or ¾ a mile of them, we turned right & left & formed a line of Battle. Our Regt was on the left wing right on the road & my Co next the road. Col. Tucker ordered Co "A" forward as skirmishers. So we spread out 5 paces from man to man. We sped on rapidly expecting to open the fight and have first place in the *Battle of Corinth.* But we soon reached our pickets & were ordered to halt & then we were posted as pickets & then from sunrise to 5 PM we laid down & watched the yanks in a creek bottom, about 100 yards from the line of yankee pickets they as well as ourselves dodging behind trees, logs & stumps. About 2 the Col ordered me to advance my line to the creek. So out we set & about 20 paces, the yankees fired on us within less than 80 yards. We drove them back & they shot 40 guns at us but no damage was done. We went on & took their line of posts & then finding ourselves exposed to a cross fire we . . . were soon ordered to fall back. At 3½ or 4 were relieved. . . . Thursday night, we left the woods about 9 PM & got to Corinth about 10 and then every thing was in confusion. Baggage in lots, mess chests, camp-kettles, stools, trunks, carpet sacks and every thing else piled

together for burning, blankets, quilts, all kind of bed fixings, tin plates, tin pans, cups, knives, forks, all kinds of clothing piled up for burning. Every body in motion. In the entrenchments from 5 to dark drums had been beating & troops shouting & screaming to make the impression that these had been reinforced & so lead the yankees to hold on & not attack the next day. They had placed C Battery in fair reach & had shelled Corinth all day Thursday & these shells reached very near the R R depot and some were thrown close over it. So on Thursday night at 12 we evacuated Corinth & started south in retreat. We marched till day light. . . . Having given you this much as to generals I go back to some items of interest. First as to taking guns from the yankees. Now I was on picket on Thursday where (in a creek swamp) there had been a heavy skirmish on Wednesday. Near by our lines were 40 to 50 knapsacks, yankee and confed. (the last chiefly) with blankets & c. scattered around. We found a dozen bayonets & 3 guns & a splendid Enfield rifle. We brought them along when we left our line. I carried mine till I got too weary to wag & I tore the lock off & threw it away. I gave the Enfield Rifle to a young man & told him to bring it and I would on the first opening make him a Sergeant. He couldn't carry it, but crooked it around a tree & threw it aside. So with every thing. The roads were strewn with blankets, knapsacks, coats, pants, shirts, pocket hdkfs & all things conceivable as forming part of a soldiers equipment. Some threw away everything except clothing on their backs, & some their guns, & many I fear their ammunition. And yet it was not a run, we had no fear of yankees attacking us. . . . We have been so occupied & engaged that we had no time for preparing rations & have suffered from Hunger. Yesterday I ate ⅓ of a biscuit & gave the rest to a sick man & I found a piece of hard bread in the dirt & ate it, about night I got a small piece of corn bread from Col Hearn & this morning Howard Evans of Mobile a bro of Miss Augusta, a Lieut in Hodges Co in our Regiment gave me a small piece of corn bread & meat & this is really all I have had since Thursday night. I had some biscuit & beef but gave it all away. I bought 2 eggs for 10¢ silver & gave them to some sick men. Last night they gave the men some meat & *flour*. We could boil meat, but to cook flour for 56 men in *one little skillet* was a slow business, especially as many had scarcely eaten any all day long. But all who chose to sit up, got something by patient waiting, or rather impatient waiting—. All along as we came, as the day grew hot, men would fall out of line & lay themselves under the trees by the road side. They would rest awhile and press forward to

join their Regt. This was a difficult job as they were not allowed to fall in with others *in the road,* but had to take the woods & run ahead as best they could . . . It was very dreadful on the men, blistered feet, sore shoulders, dusty and dirty. Water scarce & only in puddles along the creek bottoms, muddy & warm, but the boys drank it greedily & constantly. For myself I stood it well. I marched at the head of my Co all time, but then I did not have any baggage, except a latern & shawl & sword & canteen. . . . No knapsack or gun. One of my shoes burst at the side & dust got in & there is a large blister on the bottom of my right foot & 3 or 4 on my left. I feel better this morning than I did yesterday & as we rest today I hope to be able to travel tomorrow. I have several broken down men this morning. We have no tents, no cooking utensils, water buckets or any thing else to cook with & nothing to cook, if we had them. I have not slept in a tent for 8 days, on the ground under trees & in open fields. But my health is excellent and I do not despair of the country yet. We can fight them for a generation yet, & still fight them. (Only make bread enough and meat for us, thats all). There is no apprehension of attack here, sorry there is not, we would whip them beyond all recovery here, but they wont come. Many sick, but all our sick are sent home & now we are doing what we ought to have done long ago, training & disciplining an army for . . . operations. The *Men* who can lie without tents & march afoot are the *Men* who are to fight our battles & win our independence. And I believe we shall win it yet. I know not our next movement, but I do not think, but that we shall move forward again & strike some healthy blow in the right direction. I am not despondent of success still.

—T. J. Koger to wife, no date, Koger Papers.

3) On the River

¶ While Shiloh and Corinth were dimming Confederate hopes, other perils loomed from the South. The Gulf Coast had tasted invasion. In December, 1861, General Ben Butler had occupied Ship Island and had renamed its fort for his home state, Massachusetts. Landing parties appeared at Biloxi and Pass Christian in April, 1862. General Mansfield Lovell reported the incidents from his post at New Orleans, which itself was soon to fall.

The Enemy Landed a Force

I HAVE THE HONOR to report that on the 3d instant the enemy landed a force of 500 men at Biloxi, having three steamers off the town. We had seven companies of the Third Mississippi Regiment at Handsborough and three at Pass Christian. I arranged with Commodore Whittle that the steamers Carondelet, Pamlico, and Oregon should engage these vessels while we attacked their troops at daylight on the 4th, but their fleet was re-enforced by two vessels at night, which re-embarked their troops, and, having engaged our ships with superior forces, they proceeded to Pass Christian, landed 1,200 men, with several pieces of artillery, and drove away our three companies, burning their camps and destroying a portion of their clothing and stores.

Our men, finding themselves greatly overmatched and outflanked, retreated without loss of life to Gainesville. Colonel Deason proceeded with his seven companies of infantry, one of cavalry, and a battery of artillery to Biloxi, which he found abandoned by the enemy. I subsequently ordered the troops to rendezvous at Pass Christian, where they now remain, but on account of the difficulty of supplying them by water I shall probably bring them to this city.

—*Official Records,* Ser. 1, VI, 502.

¶ With New Albany under enemy control, the Yanks headed for Vicksburg. Back in November Edward Fontaine had come home from Virginia, peeved at his failure to be promoted by Davis, and Pettus had promptly made the parson chief of ordnance. Fontaine was soon inventing shells, giving Pettus advice, and conferring with the people of Vicksburg about their defense:

I Did All I Could to Alarm Our Authorities

WED. NOV. 20TH. Fair. Drew plans of shells & sent them to the President. One a triangular pyramidal pointed shell for perforating & exploding iron clad ships & strong floating batteries. Another combining the destructive properties of solid shot, red hot shot, & explosive shells, for firing vessels & forts. A shell charged ¾th with fuse powder, and resin or tar.

& ¼th with rifle powder. The fiery matter ignited by the discharge blazes out at 3 apertures, & burns slowly until it reaches the dry powder, which bursts the shell, & blows out a passage to admit the air to support the fire kindled. I wish them tested in Richmond. These inventions I hope will be useful. Drew diagrams of my fish model boat or ship for a patent.

Fri. 22nd. Rain. Went to Vicksburg. Attended a meeting of the Citizens, & the officers of the Corporation, and addressed them about an hour. Gave them the plan of the enemy's campaign, & our means for thwarting it; advised them how to act in case of their successful descent of the River as far as Vicksburg. Urged them to ascertain what guns pistols, & other weapons, and what ammunition each citizen possessed, by an inspecting committee to organize immediately into companies, make cartridges supply themselves with arms of some kind; drill daily and be prepared to defend their home, liberties and lives. To gather their strength and make their fortifications bomb proof—& in every way prepare for a death struggle with the foe. I then asked for a committee of gentlemen to visit the fortifications with me. . . . We inspected the fortifications & I pointed out their defects & the additions which ought to be made, dined, returned by the evening train to Jackson reported to Gov. Pettus. Wrote a letter to be sent to Gov. Moore of La. urging the erecting of a fort on the La. side of the Mississippi River a short distance above Vicksburg.

Fri. 6th. Fair. Warm. Urged the governor to permit no more troops to be sent out of the state; but to order all that could be raised down to the coast to prevent any Yankees from landing there. I also wrote an earnest letter to the Hon. J. P. Benjamin Secy of War to detach the coast from Genl. Lovell's command, & place it under the charge of an officer with a full Brigade with 1000 Cavalry, & two batteries of horse artillery. Also to detach from his command the Mississippi River between Vicksburg & Manchac Bayou & place it in command of an officer who will give it his exclusive care.

Thur. 19th Dec. 1861. Fair. Sultry day. Went to Vicksburg with Mr. Bullock. We examined all the ground, & I was compelled to report to the governor that unless Louisiana aided us in the work, or the Confederate States would assume it, the State of Mississippi could not make Vicksburg impregnable, & the River impassable to a large force of the enemy, such an one as could capture or pass by Columbus & Memphis. Our works would have to be stronger than those at these points. Fortifications

on both the Louisiana and Mississippi banks of the River with obstructions between them are necessary. I therefore recommended him to attempt nothing unless the State of Louisiana would cooperate with us.

Fri. [January] 17th. Drizzly A.M. Cloudy P.M. Made some very interesting experiments before the gov. & this state officers with ignited balls fired from a Belgian Rifle, & made in our arsenal. One which I shot into a green tree burnt 35 minutes. 8 others all took effect, and set fire to the boxes and barrels which they struck.

Wed. [April] 23. Fair warm. Sent to Genl. Beauregard the plan I had devised for the defense of the Mississippi River—last fall. I learned from Lieut. (or passed midshipman) Sinclair, C. S. Navy, who commanded a gun on the Virginia in the victory of Hampton Roads, that the triangular pointed shot I invented and sent to the Department at Richmond have been adopted, and are now on the Virginia & will be used in her next battle. They are made steel pointed, weighing 140 lbs.

Thurs. April 24th. The news was telegraphed that the Yankee gun boats had passed the Forts, (Jackson & Lt. Philips) and were ascending the River to attack New Orleans. I immediately telegraphed Genl. Lovell urging him to seize all the freight, passenger & ferry boats, to crowd them with wet cotton bales to protect the men & engines, to fill them with troops, & board these hostile gun boats at all hazards. It is practicable, but I doubt Lovell's capacity & courage to strike this blow which alone can save the city.

Sat. April 26th/62. I wrote last fall, most earnestly urging Gov. Moore of La. to cooperate with Govr. Pettus in erecting fortifications; but finding that nothing could be done, and that all my suggestions & warnings to Gov. Moore, Genl. Polk & the Secretary of War were unheeded, I feared that our state might be heavily invaded from New Orleans & Vicksburg, & I did all I could to alarm our authorities and to get them to act promptly, but in vain. Our Confederacy is now cut in twain by the Yankee occupancy of the Mississippi River, and all the horrors of war are upon us here in Central Miss.

Thur. [May] 22d. Yesterday the enemy's gun boats were in sight of Vicksburg & had summoned the city the reported replies to the summons were quite Spartan. The Mayor's answer was: "If you want the city come and take it." That of Genl. Smith CSA was "Mississippians don't know how to surrender."

—Edward Fontaine, Diary, 1862, *passim.*

¶ By June the prospect of a Yankee investment of Vicksburg, defense of which the Confederate government was slow to undertake, set Pettus to work on his own initiative, seizing guns and ordering militia companies to the city. Although criticized for his action, he went stubbornly on. On June 27, as the enemy squadrons from New Orleans and Memphis converged on Vicksburg, General Earl Van Dorn was placed in command of the defenses of the city. Here is Van Dorn's summary report written in the following September. It includes the account of the exploits of the famed Confederate ram, the "Arkansas," on July 15:

Mississippians Were There

PRIOR TO MY assuming command the attacking force of the enemy was confined to Porter's mortar fleet and Farragut's gunboats (with their attendant army in transports), which had ascended the river from New Orleans. . . .

The evacuation of Fort Pillow and the fall of Memphis opened the new danger of a combination between the upper and lower fleets of the enemy. This junction was effected early in July, and thus an added force of more than forty gunboats, mortar-boats, rams, and transports lay in menace before the city. On July 12 it opened fire and kept up a continuous attack until the bombardment of the city ceased. Having received authority from the President to use the ram Arkansas as part of my force, some days prior to July 15 I issued an order to Capt. [I. N.] Brown to assume command of her and prepare her for immediate and active service. From all reliable sources I learned that she was a vessel capable of great resistance and armed with large offensive power. Making the order imperative, I commanded Captain Brown to take her through the raft of the Yazoo and after sinking the Star of the West in the passage to go out and attack the upper fleet of the enemy, to the cover of my batteries. I left it to his judgment to determine whether on reaching the city his vessel was in a condition to proceed down the river and destroy the lower mortar fleet. Captain Brown properly substituted a vessel of inferior quality in place of the Star of the West, entered the Mississippi, and on the memorable morning of July 15 immortalized his single vessel, himself, and the heroes under his command by an achievement the most brilliant ever recorded in naval annals. I deeply regret that I am

unable to enrich my report by an authentic account of the heroic action of the officers and men of the Arkansas. . . .

With the failure to destroy or take the Arkansas the siege of Vicksburg practically ended. The attack on the batteries soon ceased, and the enemy, baffled and enraged by an unexpected, determined, and persistent defense, vented his wrath in impotent and barbarian efforts to destroy the city. On July 27 both fleets disappeared—foiled in a more than two months' struggle to reduce the place.

The casualties on our side during the entire siege were 22 killed and wounded. Not a gun was dismounted and but two were temporarily disabled.

I deem it eminently proper to say to the Department that neither the spirit which resolved to dispute at Vicksburg the jurisdiction of the Mississippi River nor the energy which successfully executed that resolution was local in its character. Nor was it a spirit bounded by State lines or circumscribed by State pride. It was a broad, catholic spirit, wide as our country, and unlimited as the independence which we struggle to establish. The power which baffled the enemy resided in the breasts of the soldiers of seven States, marshaled behind the ramparts of Vicksburg. Mississippians were there, but there, too, also were the men of Kentucky, of Tennessee, of Alabama, of Arkansas, of Louisiana, and of Missouri, as ready to defend the emporium of Mississippi as to strike down the foe at their own hearth-stones.

—*Official Records,* Ser. 1, XV, 15–16, 18.

¶ The Yanks did not soon get the "Arkansas" off their minds. Here one tells of it.

We Look Forward to His Approach with Some Anxiety

July 15th

THIS MORNING A LARGE iron clad ram suddenly made his appearance coming down the Yazoo river, and getting down effectually secceeded in running the gauntlet of the Western fleet, and the portion of our fleet which were passed the entire fleet the vessels of which were all lying

without steam and consequently not under command, nevertheless their guns being brought to bear upon his Ramship, did him considerable damage, not sufficient however but that he was enabled to proceed on his way, coming to anchor under cover of the batteries in front of the City. The reported loss of the Ram in this daring yet successful undertaking was 7 men. The most intense excitement soon prevailed throughout all the vessels of the fleet and the mortar boats. The few troops who were encamped on the opposite side of the river brought their artillery down to the bank, and got ready to receive the Ram should an attempt be made to run her below the City. During the afternoon, one of the mortar schooners (the S. C. Jones) getting aground about a mile below the City, was blown up by her commander. In the presence of two powerful fleets and an army force of 3 or 400 strong, this is one of the most disgraceful, not to say cowardly acts which has been committed during the war. It was made still more so by its being done in open daylight and in full view of the enemy.

At 6 P.M. information reached the Brooklyn that Flag officer Farragut intended coming down this evening with all the vessels of our fleet which were above the batteries.

About Sundown both fleets moved into action. It was arranged also that the Brooklyn and the two gunboats from below should come up and keep off a part of the fire of the Batteries, while the ships and other vessels ran past. On the approach of the Brooklyn, the rebels opened fire from 9 different batteries and from the Ram which laid alongside one of the wharves, and kept it up unceasingly until about 10 P.M. when the Flagship Hartford, and all the other vessels of the fleet had succeeded in passing the City, though with considerable loss, being under a terribly raking fire from the enemy. The flagship "Benton" of the western fleet, together with the Federal Ram, "Sumpter," accompanied the fleet down. The former received some damage from two rifled cannon balls, which penetrated her iron sides, and the latter was intended to operate against the Rebel Ram Arkansas, should her services become necessary. Several houses in the City was burnt by our shells, and the damage otherwise done must have been by no means inconsiderable from the number of broadsides which we poured into it in passing.

July 16th

At anchor below Vicksburg. The Western fleet above it. The Ram Arkansas is still seen at the wharf undergoing repairs.

July 17th

Sharp bombardment of the works by the Western fleet. Afternoon, the enemy opened fire upon the lower fleet which caused us to drop out of range to avoid their shots.

July 20th

During the past two days, occasional firing by the vessels of the upper fleet. Today being Sunday religious services are held as usual on board the Brooklyn and other ships, during which time Com. Davis of the upper fleet kept up a rapid fire upon the enemy, they replying from the summit Batteries.

July 21st

The enemy's Ram Arkansas is still at the wharf at Vicksburg, having steam up, and we look forward to his approach with some anxiety. A vigilant lookout is kept upon his movements.

July 22d

Weather intolerably hot and disagreeable. In the afternoon Commander Bell delivered an address to the crew of the Brooklyn, stating to them among other things that it had been arranged between Flag officer Farragut and Flag officer Davis, of the western fleet, who had previously held a conference upon the subject, that an attack would be made the following morning (tomorrow) by the ironclad gunboat Essex, upon the Rebel Ram Arkansas; also that the Brooklyn and other ships of our fleet would get underway early in the morning, and endeavour to distract the fire of the enemy's batteries, while this undertaking was being accomplished; and that in the event of non-success attending the efforts of the Essex to capture and destroy the Ram, that then it would be seen what could be done towards bringing about this happy event by the ships and vessels of our fleet. To this end it was recommended by him that every thing be prepared and got in readiness to receive and effectually destroy this bugbear. This peroration of Commander Bell was received with demonstrations of applause by the crew of the Brooklyn who proverbially regardless of any and all considerations of danger, when their duty called them to unite in subduing the impassioned fierceness of the enemies of their country, at once entered with spirited fervor and enthusiasm in making the necessary preparations. Hawsers were got ready; whips were wove wherever they might best prove necessary or expedient for the purpose of tricing up anchors or grapnels; ammunition was placed in a position, so as to be made instantly available for the furtherance of any design, or to meet any possible exigency which might accur; this done, men were

stationed at different parts of the ships to carry into execution the orders given them in the event of an encounter with the blear-eyed monster Ram.

July 23d

This morning at 4 A.M. in accordance with preconcerted arrangements, all hands were called to quarters on board the Brooklyn, and getting underway the fleet moved toward the City. At this time the Western fleet were already having a close engagement with the batteries. Our fleet in due time arrived at the scene of operations and paid our compliments to the enemy by delivering in rapid succession of each other several broadsides, which succeeded in distracting their fire. After having been under fire for about an hour the gunboat Essex had so far succeeded in injuring the Ram as to drive him ashore, having struck him three times.

—J. T. Billenstein, Journalized Cruise of the U. S. Steam Sloop of War, "Brooklyn," July 15–23 (Manuscripts Division, Duke University Library).

¶ Ten days after the "Arkansas" struck terror into the Yankee fleet, the Federal squadrons withdrew. On the twenty-fifth Pettus, still ordering troops to Vicksburg, telegraphed Van Dorn confidently:

Not Now As Formerly with Doubts As to the Result

I HAVE ORDERED THE companies of minute [men] from Bolton to the Capt. to the numbers of ten companies one regiment will be formed there in a few days & another will be formed at Bolton, as soon as the companies can be armed. I have ordered one forth of the militia in the two remaining Brigades to be detailed & put in camp as soon as possible. No other lot of arms has been received from Richmond but I expect them every day. I hear the heavy guns from your beleaguered city frequently but not now as formerly with doubts as to the result.

—Pettus to Van Dorn, July 25, 1862, Van Dorn Papers (Manuscripts Division, Library of Congress).

4) Valor in the Autumn

¶ The gunboats were gone from Vicksburg for awhile, but Yankee troops were all over North Mississippi. In September an effort was made to dislodge them. General Sterling Price won a brilliant victory over General W. S. Rosecrans at Iuka on September 19. Price reported it thus:

They Were Finally Staid . . . by the Darkness

I IMMEDIATELY ADVANCED MY headquarters to Guntown, and having ascertained that Rosecrans was at Iuka with about 10,000 men, I on the 11th instant marched in that direction with my whole army. My cavalry, under General Armstrong, arrived before the town on the 13th and my infantry and artillery arrived there by a forced march at sunrise on the 14th. The enemy had, however, evacuated the place during the night, abandoning a large quantity of valuable army stores, all of which fell into our hands.

* * *

Early on the morning of September 19 I received dispatches from General Van Dorn, saying that he acceded to my proposition [to march jointly toward Tennessee] and requesting me to move immediately toward Rienzi. I at once replied that I would move my army as quickly as I could in the direction proposed by him, and issued orders for the instant loading of the trains and for the marching of the army early next morning.

During the early part of the afternoon of the same day my pickets on the Jacinto road were driven in. About 2:30 o'clock they reported that the enemy were advancing on that road in force. I ordered General Little to send Hebert's brigade to meet them and soon afterward directed Martin's brigade to follow it. Both brigades moved to the field gladly and gallantly. They met the enemy, commanded by Rosecrans in person, within a mile of the town. The line of battle was instantly formed and the fight began, and was waged with a severity which I have never seen surpassed. I had myself gone to the field, accompanied by General Little and my staff. Discovering that the enemy's force, which turned out to

be their right wing, about 8,000 strong, under Rosecrans in person, was much greater than I had been led to believe, I directed General Little to bring forward his two other brigades, which were some 2 miles distant. Just there he fell, pierced through the brain with a Minié ball.

Meanwhile Hebert's and Martin's brigades carried on the unequal contest not only successfully but gloriously. They drove the enemy from every position a distance of more than 600 yards, capturing 9 pieces of artillery and taking about 50 prisoners. They were finally staid in their triumphant progress by the darkness just as the First and Third Brigades of Little's division reached the field, eager to avenge the death of their friend and commander. The division bivouacked upon the field of battle.

I had proposed to renew the battle in the morning and had made my dispositions accordingly, but having ascertained toward morning that the enemy had by means of the two railroads massed against me a greatly superior force, and knowing that my position was such that a battle would endanger the safety of my trains even if I should be victorious, of which I had but little doubt, I determined to adhere to my original purpose and to make the movement upon which I had already agreed with General Van Dorn. Orders were issued accordingly, and the wagons trains having been put in motion, the troops were withdrawn from the battlefield a little before sunrise, the enemy manifesting no desire to renew the bloody conflict and firing only two or three shots at my cavalry rear guard. Every wagon and all of the valuable stores that we had taken, together with many of the sick and wounded, were safely brought away.

—*Official Records,* Ser. 1, XVII, part 1, 121–22.

¶ In September James Robinson of Camden wrote his sister Elizabeth about the goings on at Iuka and afterward:

We . . . Eat a Belley Full and Stretched Out and Went to Sleep

I SEAT MY SELF to rite you an other letter I have not received no letter Since I rote I seen very hard times since I rote I bin up to Iuka we expeced a fight there but the yankees run a way from there they left a

good deal there that we got but the yankees were reinforce untill there was so many that we had to leave we lost a great deal in the retreat I lost everything that I had the march up there was very hard but the one comeing back was worse we all escaped narowy I was not in the fight the reason I was not I was owt on picket if they had bin 15 minutes later taking us of picket we would had a fight boot race or bin taken prisners There only 1 killed and 2 wounded in our companey Sam Mackkay that was killed and Seel Guiton was wounded and taken prisner There was killed and wounded in The regiment a bout 50 odd owt 250 that was in the fight it was an awful Scene to winenz of all the *tunes* it cowld be heard on the battle field that there was more yankees killed than was of us our regiment taken. . . . the fare that we had up there and back was broiled beef the rowt was a bowt 60 miles and the way we came back to baldwin was about 70 miles when we got back to baldwin we was so hungrey five of us stole a big old Sow the captain was into it he got the Salt we coked it nice with dumplings and eat a belley full and Stretched out and went to Sleep

—James Robinson to Elizabeth Robinson, September 24, 1862, Lawrence Papers (Owned by Mrs. M. O. Lawrence, Pickens, Miss.).

¶ On October 3–5 Van Dorn, with whom Price had joined forces, made an all-out but futile attack on Corinth. During the battle there occurred a Confederate charge on Fort Robinette on October 5, one of the most famous of the war. A Yankee soldier, Cyrus F. Boyd, of the Fifteenth Iowa Infantry tells in his diary the story of the Battle of Corinth and of the bloody charge:

Such Bravery Has Never Been Excelled

Oct 4th [1862] The enemy could be heard all night bringing up his artillery and the rolling of wheels and the commands of the officers could be distinctly heard A little before daylight a Rebel shell came from a gun in the edge of the wood that went over into the town—another soon followed and soon the cannonade opened in good earnest Our Fort opened on a Rebel battery and soon silenced its fire Several shells came over to wake us up and a number of men in the 11th Iowa just in rear of us were wounded

Fort Williams contains 5, 34 and 64 pounders and she put some heavy shells over into the woods which must have made havoc among the enemy We were warned to lie close to the ground and look out for a *charge* Fort Robinette on our right and distant about 400 yards kept up a heavy fire upon the woods in front the enemy answering occasionally

About 10 o'clock a heavy roll of musketry was heard to the North and looking over in front of Robinette we could see thousands of gray uniforms swarming from the woods and climbing over the fallen timber Every one came as best he could towards the works The cannon at Robinette poured charge after charge into their ranks but they faltered not and on they came and soon reached the work[s] The gunners stood to their pieces and many of them *fell there* A few ran back to the rear where the Infantry lay about 200 yards from the fort. The "Stars and bars" floated over Robinette but only for a brief time of a few seconds. The Infantry rose from their lair and with fixed and glistening bayonets and one discharge from their muskets rushed on the victorious legions [and] with a *cheer* killed or captured all that were left No sooner had the smoke cleared away than the second assaulting force emerged from the woods and bore down on Robinette with the most *terrific yells* The guns from the fort loaded with grape and canister mowed them down by hundreds But when the advance had almost reached the fort the gunners this time abandoned their pieces and ran back to the Infantry. The Rebs headed by an officer who had come up a winding road on horseback now reached the redoubt and began climbing over its walls and some ran around the embankment and got possession of the guns and had them *turned* on our men when a long *blue* line of uniforms could be seen rising out of the grass and bushes and with a *cheer* rushed on the victorious enemy Muskets were clubbed and many were killed with the bayonet The ranks of the rebels melted like snow and most of them stood their ground and died in and around the little fort

It was a bloody contest and we could see men using their bayonets like pitch forks, and thrusting each other through How glorious the old flag looked as it again floated over the works in the smoke and breath of battle

Finaly those of the enemy who did not fall or surrender started for the woods across the abatis or by the meandering roads for the shelter of the timber It was every fellow for himself and the "devil take the hindmost" No description is adequate to picture the gauntlet of death that

Election, Wednesday, November 6th, 1861.

FOR PRESIDENT,

JEFFERSON DAVIS,

OF MISSISSIPPI.

———:o:———

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS,

OF GEORGIA.

———:o:———

Electoral Ticket.

FOR THE STATE AT LARGE,

JOHN R. EDMUNDS, Halifax.
ALLEN T. CAPERTON, Monroe.

FOR THE DISTRICTS.

1st District—JOS. CHRISTIAN, Middlesex.
2d " CIN. W. NEWTON, Norfolk City.
3d " R. T. DANIEL, Richmond City.
4th " WM. F. THOMPSON, Dinwiddie.
5th " WOOD BOULDIN, Charlotte.
6th " WM. L. GOGGIN, Bedford.
7th " BEN. F. RANDOLPH, Albemarle.
8th " JAMES W. WALKER, Madison.
9th " ASA ROGERS, Loudoun.
10th " S. C. WILLIAMS, Shenandoah.
11th " SAMUEL McD. REID, Rockbridge.
12th " H. A. EDMUNDSON, Roanoke.
13th " JAMES W. SHEFFY, Smyth.
14th " HENRY J. FISHER, Mason.
15th " JOS. JOHNSON, Harrison.
16th " E. H. FITZHUGH, Ohio.

FOR CONGRESS,

ROGER A. PRYOR.

Mississippi Archives

London Illustrated

4) Inauguration of Jefferson Davis as President of the provisional government of the new Southern Confederacy, February 18, 1861. The oath of office was administered by Howell Cobb, president of the provisional Confederate Congress.

these fugitives ran. Very few reached the timber *alive* Robinette belched forth her fearful burden of shell and grape in their rear and our fort threw in a flanking fire of heavy shell while a field battery between us and Robinette raked the bal[ance] of the ground and the Infantry poured after them a deadly rain of musket balls

With no guns and coats and hats gone I saw a scattering few reach the timber and escape from the "jaws of death" Although they are enemies of our government and our flag I could not help but *pity* these poor fellows who thus went into *certain* and *sure destruction* here When the smoke had cleared away we learned that the enemy had fled in confusion They had been *cut to pieces* in the most intense meaning of that term. Such bravery has never been excelled on any field as the useless assaults on Robinette The prisoners tell us that Van Dorn commanded and that he was *drunk* and ordered his men to drink whiskey and *gun powder* and then ordered them to take the works at any cost *however great**

In front of Robinette lie hundreds of dead. 126 dead men lie within 40 feet of the fort. Most of them are in the ditch surrounding One dead man lies just on the slope of the work stiff in death with a hammer in one hand and a lot of *rat tail files* in the other His mission had been to *spike the cannon* They are so tightly gripped that the fingers can scarcely be opened Several others I saw with their muskets *gripped* in their dead hands as tight as a vise could hold Thus they perished with the most unearthly look on their dying faces Col Rogers of a Texas Regt who led the charge lies dead with his slain horse within a few feet of the fort and his Adjt only a few yards from him All around them were heaps of slain—principaly Texas and Arkansas men

Price, Van Dorn, Villepigue and all the transmissipi troops were here and it was one last desperate effort to retrieve their losses in the Mississippi Valley. But this is the worst set back they have met. . . .

Have orders to be ready to march at daylight tomorrow morning Genl Rosecrans our commanding General came around this eve and was almost taken from his horse by the soldiers The *wildest enthusiasm* prevailed and every man seems ready to pursue the enemy We have had but few battles so well managed as old "Rosa" has managed this one

The dead have been buried this eve and we did not even get to see those of our Regiment as details from other Regiments buried them

[*] Footnote by editor notes these charges proved false.

Some of the enemy penetrated into the town and more than 100 were captured in the *bakeries and stores* We are tired and hungry to-night and the excitement and fatigue of the two days battle and its glorious termination entitles us to a *rest*

—Mildred Throne (ed.), *The Civil War Diary of Cyrus F. Boyd, Fifteenth Iowa Infantry, 1861–1863* (Iowa City, 1953), 73–76.

¶ For the next two months there was much maneuvering in North Mississippi. Grant hoped to go overland to Vicksburg; but Pemberton, making his headquarters at Grenada, held the Yankees at bay. Meanwhile, Nathan Bedford Forrest was harassing Grant in West Tennessee. Then, on December 20, Van Dorn carried out a surprise raid on Holly Springs. He reported it laconically, thus:

I Surprised the Enemy

I SURPRISED THE ENEMY at this place at daylight this morning; burned up all the quartermaster's stores, cotton, &c.—an immense amount; burned up many trains; took a great many arms and about 1,500 prisoners. I presume the value of stores would amount to $1,500,000. I move on to Davis' Mill at once. Morgan attacked Jackson [Tenn.] day before yesterday. Yankees say he was repulsed. They are sending reenforcements there. I will communicate with him.

—*Official Records,* Ser. 1, XVII, part 1, 503.

¶ The Yankee commander, Colonel Robert C. Murphey, was subsequently discharged from the service on January 8, 1863, for his "cowardly and disgraceful conduct." According to Major John J. Mudd, the bottle figured prominently in the Yankee rout:

The Drunkenness or Inefficiency of Commanding Officers

I CANNOT CLOSE THIS report without expressing the opinion that this disaster is another added to the long list occasioned by the drunkenness

or inefficiency of commanding officers. I cannot doubt but that the place could have been successfully defended by even half the force here had suitable precautions been taken and the infantry been concentrated, their officers in camp with them and prepared to fight. This was not done; but on the contrary they were scattered in four or five different sections of the place, their officers quietly sleeping at the houses of rebel citizens, who were no doubt apprised of the advance of the enemy and would be of course unusually agreeable and polite and lavish with their wines and brandies.

—*Ibid.*, 513–14.

¶ North Mississippi Confederate forces were now concentrated at Grenada. Holly Springs, Oxford, and Water Valley were still under occupation. Grant meanwhile was still eying Vicksburg, and General Sherman had been dispatched to capture the city, arriving at Christmas. It was Brigadier General Stephen D. Lee, who with less than 3,000 troops, repelled Sherman's 33,000 men on the twenty-ninth and sent them packing shortly after the New Year. This was the Battle of Chickasaw Bayou. As Lee reported it:

The Enemy Left in Great Confusion

THE ENEMY LEFT in great confusion, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. About 80 of their wounded were treated in our hospital. Their dead on the field numbered 200. Many of their wounded were allowed to be carried off by their infirmary corps immediately after the fight. In this day's fight their casualties could not have fallen short of 1,000. Immediately after the battle the fire of their sharpshooters was redoubled. They would not allow my command to care for their wounded.

The troops under my command behaved with great gallantry—officers and men.

—*Ibid.*, 683.

5) The End of a Year of Crises

¶ After his success in seeing to the defense of Vicksburg, Pettus went right on with his militia recruiting, much to the disgust of the Con-

federate authorities. There were complaints galore from other sources, particularly the makers of crops. On one occasion when J. Z. George, a general of the militia, wrote Pettus about furloughing the men at harvest time, Pettus scribbled on the general's letter: "Will try and arrange for the African militia to gather the crops"—a not very subtle way of putting the job up to the slaves.

There was a feeble attempt to "reorganize" the militia when the legislature met in November, but in the end Pettus was to retain most of his authority over state troops. Some indication of the reaction of public opinion to the policies of everybody in high places, Pettus included, is found in a letter of November 3 from R. C. Saffold, who lived at Raleigh in Smith County:

There Is Much Despondency and Fault Finding

Dear Sir, Believing you to be alive to the best interests of the country, I propose merely to state a few facts that have come under my observation, hoping through your influence some corrective may be applied. I find in my travels through the country, that there is much dispondency and fault-finding.

The Exemption Act passed by Congress is the handle at which most of the malcontents grind their never ceasing complaints. I think, and have thcught from the first that the act was impolitic, and has done far more than Lincons Emancipation Proclamation to injure us. It is truly alarming to hear what is said on the subject, To wit, that a large portion of our army is pledged never to fight while that law remains in force & that they will lay down their arms in the face of the enemy. I do not pretend to endorse the truthfulness of these statements, but I am certain, that very many of the men who have never been in the war, are anxious for peace on any terms, rather than enter the army, and every possible pretext is being resorted to by such persons to prejudice the Government. There is another class whose influence is especially pernicious, To wit, men who are in the pay of the Government, and who are skulking duty, this class especially brings contempt upon the authorities & the Government. Lastly the Speculators generally, or especially the (apparently privileged) foreigners, Dutch, Jews, etc. seem determined to leave nothing undone to win us, And our own people seem not slow to follow the example. And if something is not done by the Legislature to open the corn cribs that are now closed against the widowed and orphan, and soldiers families,

who are destitute, I know that we are undone. Men cannot be expected to fight for the Government that permits their wives & children to starve, which is certain to be the case, unless some sure & speedy remedy be provided; county-aid will not reach the case, as many of the counties are poor & have made nothing scarcely. Speculators in bread have proven themselves an even match for the rulers of France, and so they will for ours, if some restraining power is not speedily interposed. You will readily understand, that when it comes to starvation, when the mother sees her children dying of actual starvation, and corn in sight but not to be had because of the demon, love of gain, our county is certainly lost. The women of the county say give them back their husbands & sons that they may at least starve (die) together. I know full well the difficulty of Government interference in the matter of speculation, but, you will readily see, that the question of bread is different from all others, as we cannot practice stoicism, or economy upon that subject beyond a given point, which places the purchaser wholly at the mercy of the shylock who closes his cribs and says that not one bushel will he sell unless he is paid his exorbitant prices, knowing that hunger will extort his price however extortionate it may be, I fear this question more than all others, at this time, because, I fear it is not sufficiently appreciated amid the thunder of cannon & the collision of armies, upon these silent and apparently unnoticed causes depend the fate of nations. Sometimes I am almost given to think that the slaveholder is a doomed man, especially, when he closes his corn house against the hungry "Quem Deus Vult"
Excuse this intrusion upon your valuable time for I mean well & wish well to you & the county.
P.S. & N.B. I could bear the loss of the negroes, but Oh God! to have a Dutch Yankee for a task master, Heaven forbid!

—R. C. Saffold to Pettus, November 3, 1862,
Gov. Corr., file E–58.

¶ On December 9 James Phelan, Mississippi member of the Confederate Senate from Aberdeen, frantically wrote to President Davis.

Plant Your Foot Upon Our Soil

I DOUBT NOT YOU have ascertained from more authentic sources the unhappy condition of affairs in this State. The army, if I am correctly in-

formed, is in a most deplorable state as to its *morale* and organization. . . . Pemberton has not impressed himself either upon the people or the army; while the flank movement from Friar's Point, by which his retreat was forced, and which, it is declared, might have been prevented, has dealt a staggering blow upon those who desired to brace him with the public confidence. It seems that but few even know that General Pemberton is at the head of the army, and his want of prominence of itself at such a crisis depresses the spirit of the people. It is yet called "Van Dorn's Army;" and the universal opprobrium which covers that officer, and the "lower than the lowest deep" to which he has fallen in the estimation of the community of all classes, you cannot be aware of. . . .

I imagine but one event that could awaken from its waning speak the enthusiastic hopes and energy of Mississippians. Plant your own foot upon our soil, unfurl your banner at the head of the army, tell your own people that you have come to share with them the perils of this dark hour, and appeal to every Mississippian who is not "so base that would be a bondman to rally to your side in rolling back the insolent foe who invades our homes, and I believe a shout would welcome your presence and a multitude respond to your appeal that would make the invader quail before the uproar of such a popular tempest. If ever your presence was needed as a last refuge from an "iliad of woes" this is the hour. It is not a point to be argued. It may be you would admit Pemberton to be even an abler general than yourself. All such suggestions may be truth, but it does not then change the fiction, as available as fact to the popular sentiment, that you can save us or help us save ourselves from the dread evils now so imminently pending.

—*Official Records,* Ser. 1, XVII, part 2, 788–89.

¶ One thing Davis could do: he could, as Phelan insisted, come home to his people. This he did at Christmas time. He visited the scene of action at Vicksburg, and on December 27, at high noon, he addressed the legislature. Davis' voice was crying in a wilderness. He did much to arouse Mississippi spirits, but Julia Le Grand and many outsiders bitterly resented the fact that the speech was largely for Mississippi consumption:

Addressed Wholly to Mississippians

Much dissatisfaction was felt here [New Orleans] for a time over President Davis' speech at Jackson. It was partial and addressed wholly to Mississippians, though the army by which he was surrounded was composed of men from all States. The battle of Chickasaw Bayou was fought by Louisianans and Georgians. These men were entitled, even as exiles from home, to kindly mention—but no word of praise, except to Mississippians. The women of Vicksburg were approved because they expressed wishes that the town should be shelled rather than surrendered. The women of New Orleans rushed in numbers to sign a paper imploring that this city should never be given up. They were fearless, they said; we signed it and would have been glad enough to have resistance made. I have always felt that Davis was a partisan, rather than a father of his country; a politician rather than a statesman. I heard him speak once and was not satisfied.

—Julia Le Grand, *Journal* (Richmond, 1911), 148–49.

¶ Jeff Davis' heartening remarks were widely reported in the press:

Everything Else Was As Dust in the Balance

The issue involved in this war was no ordinary one. The question is will you be free, or will you be slaves of the most depraved and intolerant and tyrannical and hated people upon earth? This was the real question to be decided. Everything else was as dust in the balance. A people who had demonstrated their utter incapacity for self-government, who have destroyed their own liberties in the vain effort to deprive us of ours, seek to be our masters, and inflict upon us such galling chains as have no parallel in the annals of tyranny. Mississippi is the object of their peculiar hatred: upon her is to be visited their refined vengeance. But our cause is just and vengeance belongs to the Lord! We will resist the power of the enemy. Discard all other considerations but the public defense, and victory will again be ours.

—Natchez *Daily Courier*, January 1, 1863.

CHAPTER FIVE

VICKSBURG

All battles led to Vicksburg, and in 1863 came the climax of Grant's persistent efforts to capture Mississippi's and the South's citadel on the Mississippi River.

Back in the East, Richmond had managed to escape endless attacks. So far, Vicksburg had had a bit of luck itself, but time was running out. Somehow the Confederate government could not do for the President's home state what it could do for Virginia. To make matters worse, Davis, who could let personalities interfere with his good judgment, depended too much on John C. Pemberton to save Vicksburg and waited too late to send to the relief of the city the abler Joseph E. Johnston, whom the President hated.

Perhaps Davis never even realized what the loss of Vicksburg would mean. He seems never to have comprehended how antithetic was the winning of battles in Virginia while losing them in Mississippi.

At any rate, Governor Pettus did. Mississippians knew their homes were at stake. They also feared that, with Vicksburg gone, the cause of the Confederacy would ultimately be lost. In his desperation Pettus did what nearly anyone charged with the leadership of a state would have done. He took things into his own hands when the Confederacy seemed to be faltering. This he did by keeping a firm hand on his militia, whom he charged with defending the state in the absence of adequate Confederate forces. A terrific controversy ensued, and Pettus was denounced both from Richmond and within the state.

But Vicksburg was already lost anyway. Grant would have sat it out until doomsday, and he had the men and the means to carry out a strategy of attrition. So, on July 4, Vicksburg fell; and so did the hopes of the Confederacy and of Mississippi.

1) A Frantic People

¶ The new year of 1863 brought full realization that Grant had no intention of backing away from Vicksburg. Mississippi leaders and the public in general faced with much misgiving the task of dislodging the Yanks. Pettus, of course, was determined to defend his state as before, even if he had to do it with his poorly trained, inadequately supplied, and unpaid militia.

The memory of Pettus' timely defense of Vicksburg in 1862 was hard to forget. The correspondent of the Mobile *Register and Advertiser* put it thus:

The Preserver of Vicksburg

ALTHOUGH HIS FRIENDS advised him against the defense of Vicksburg, he remained steadfast and unmoved. They warned him of the responsibility, of the almost certain failure of the attempt. He had but a few days before, by order of Gen. Beauregard, sent all his heavy ordnance to Fort Pillow. But fortunately for the South two large guns on that day reached Jackson intended for our gunboat the Mississippi. She having been destroyed, Gov. Pettus at once took possession of these guns, gave his receipt for them, placed them upon the cars with forty-four volunteers and started to Vicksburg. He was told before leaving Jackson that he should have inscribed upon the guns, "Presented by the Governor of Mississippi to Abraham Lincoln," that Lincoln's gunboats would have them in ten days. He replied that they might be taken in less time, but that they should never be surrendered until they had once been fired at the foe.

He had telegraphed to the commander of the district for ammunition, but could get none. He then telegraphed to General Beauregard who promptly sent him a sufficient supply. All the guns and ammunition that were sent to Vicksburg were sent to Gov. Pettus, which to my mind is significant that military men were shunning the responsibility.

It was said by every one that if New Orleans could not be held with all her defenses and appliances of war, how ridiculous it was to attempt to hold Vicksburg. Gov. Pettus was told that the feeble resistance he could make at Vicksburg would only exasperate the enemy, and thereby cause the useless destruction of the city, and the greater depredation upon the property of the State; that in the event of a failure, which was almost certain, he would receive the curses and execrations of all who might suffer from this ridiculous and unnecessary defense. He was not to be swerved from his duty by the cupidity or threats of croakers, but assuming the responsibility, he planted his batteries on the hills of Vicksburg, where they now remain. But for his timely and resolute action, the Mississippi would have been surrendered; the enemy would have had uninterrupted navigation of the Mississippi, and our gallant army been forced, ere this, east of the Alabama river, which result would have proved disastrous indeed to the cause of the South.

When our cause shall have triumphed, and the muse of history has recorded her calm judgment, then will this unflinching, unassuming man, "the Preserver of Vicksburg," receive his just award.

—Quoted in Natchez *Daily Courier*, March 27, 1863.

¶ On February 13 Pettus received a nasty letter about the militia and its so-called draft-dodging:

To Git Out of the Cussed Draft

I WANT YOUR HONOR to appint me to git a cumpiny horse troops. The infurnil melisha offcisers and Sheriff bother me to deth and if you will appint me to git a hoss cumpiny I can dodge the draft and then it ain't worth while to git any hoss cumpiny and myself and neighbors can git off They tell me you have got the Jefferson and Adams County and the Klaiburn and Amit boys of in this way by lettin them volunteer in hoss cumpinies to git out of the cussed draft. Why not let all do it Guvener. Pleese write me to Satartia soon and obleije.

P.S. I heer the Hoss Cumpinies break up the Melish and then break down theirselves.

—John T. Hodge to Pettus, Gov. Corr., file E–59.

¶ There was evidence, as reported by W. C. Falkner to Jacob Thompson on March 15, of a tendency on the part of some of the pretended state companies in the exposed area of North Mississippi to become nothing short of lawless bushwhackers, and Thompson felt that under such conditions the militia had better be disbanded. In fact, the situation so worsened that in March the General of the Militia, T. C. Tupper, resigned under the force of public protest. When Samuel J. Gholston took over for Pettus, the press was hardly polite:

The Slow-Coach Profundity of "Pettus the Firm"

YES, THE GOVERNOR is abundantly able "to take the responsibility"—to defy the whole people of the State. What are they but a herd of cattle—an unthinking mob? What signifies their opinion, or their wish to *him?* Is he not Governor? And will any man dare to say that the people of Mississippi have any right to form an opinion upon any subject about which the slow-coach profundity of Pettus has reached a conclusion? The Governor, however, enjoys the character he has thus established. He calls it firmness. He thinks it wisdom. The fact is the Governor has fallen into the strange hallucination that he is a great man, and for proof of which he triumphantly points to the militia. In the matter of his own greatness, and the militia, his tortoise mind is fully made up. He dreams that his name will pass into history along with those of Davis, Lee, and the first heroes of our struggle. He imagines himself spoken of hereafter as "Pettus the Firm." But it will also be written in history that his peculiar *firmness* was very similar to that sometimes evinced by the donkey species.

—Jackson *Daily Mississippian,* April 8, 1863.

¶ Despite the attacks leveled upon Pettus, the militia, and the conscripts, the picture was far from dismal. Even a conscript could have his finest hour. A story appearing in the papers early in 1863 bore out the truth of this:

The "Fresh Levies" Rushed Forward Like a Pack of Devils

A GENTLEMAN FROM VICKSBURG tells us that in one of the late fights around the city, a regiment composed of conscripts, and not considered

very reliable as raw levies, was posted [*sic*] in a position where it was supposed they would not be exposed to a very severe ordeal. It turned out that their position became the hottest part of the field. They were singled out for a charge by a heavy column of the enemy. Their Colonel, who tells the story, states that when the Yankees made their appearance in front, and came up in splendid line, the conscripts showed evident signs of uneasiness. He saw the heads of his men turning every which way, to the right, left and rear, and from all the indications of unsteadiness, he expected every moment to see them break and run. He found it necessary to use all his coolness and judgement to restore confidence. Riding along their lines, with a "steady men," "wait for orders," "don't fire until I give the word," he managed to keep them in line until the Yankees got up within point blank range, when he gave the word "fire." Says the Colonel, "it seemed to me that every soldier in the regiment picked out his man in the enemy's ranks, and that one went down for every trigger pulled." The fire threw the Yankees into confusion, seeing which the Colonel of the conscripts gave the command to charge, and with a wild hurrah the "fresh levies" rushed forward like a pack of devils just uncaged from Tartarus, and drove the enemy from the field. Since that day, no officer makes any distinctions between volunteers, regulars and conscripts, in the Vicksburg army.

—Mobile *News*, January 10, 1863, quoted in Jackson *Daily Southern Crisis*, January 16, 1863.

2) Approach by Water

¶ While Mississippians frantically argued over their problems, Grant was busy. He went up and down and around, like an animal stalking his prey. He established an army of 50,000 on the Louisiana side of the river opposite Vicksburg. There he undertook a number of flanking or diversionary movements, most of which met with no success. First, he attempted to get his boats across the Delta bayous to the Yazoo River by way of the Coldwater and Tallahatchie Rivers. The Mississippi River levee was breached at Yazoo Pass, now also known as Grant's Pass; and despite the fact that the Confederates had felled logs to block the channel through the Delta lowlands, the Federal boats got as far as Fort Pemberton at Green-

wood before they were stopped short by the Confederate garrison aided by the "Star of the West," a former U. S. steamer of Fort Sumter fame, which the Confederates had sunk to block the Yazoo River channel. The operations at Fort Pemberton were reported by its commander, Major General W. W. Loring, on March 22:

Cotton Bales and Earth

I LEFT JACKSON, MISS., on the morning of February 17 last, with the view to finding some suitable place on the Yazoo or Tallahatchee whereat to erect works and place obstructions to the passage down of the enemy. An examination of the two rivers from Yazoo City to 100 miles above here satisfied me that this position was the only one offering the slightest advantage for defensive works, and having previously ordered Major [Minor] Meriwether, of the engineers, to this place, determined to avail myself of its strong points. Accordingly, a line of works composed of cotton bales and earth was thrown up, extending from the Yazoo to the Tallahatchee, and a raft constructed by the able and united labors of Maj. Thomas Weldon and Mr. John McFarland, and with great skill placed in the Tallahatchee on our right. These necessary arrangements were prosecuted with the utmost diligence day and night; and notwithstanding every exertion to perfect our defenses, the enemy made his descent of the river and found us but poorly prepared to receive him.

On Wednesday (March 11), the enemy made his appearance before us with nine gunboats and twenty-four transports, a land force of 7,000 infantry and artillery. The raft in an unfinished state was hastily swung across the Tallahatchee, and the Confederate States steamer Star of the West sunk behind it. My inspector-general, Capt. John D. Myrick, was placed in command of the batteries, and we awaited the assault.

* * *

On Friday, before day, they abandoned their breastworks and commenced a rapid retreat up the river.

I would here remark that this expedition was the prominent one of a great plan for the attack of Vicksburg in rear. It was to move rapidly down the Yazoo River to the mouth of Sunflower; there await another expedition down that river; the two united were to meet a third up the Yazoo; the three to force the raft at Snyder's Bluff; united, to turn Vicksburg. After many months of secret preparations, they were certain

of success. With but little time to fortify, they were determinedly met and forced to an ignominious retreat, leaving behind them evidences that their loss was great in men and material—a check which will undoubtedly prevent a further invasion of the State of Mississippi by the way of Tallahatchee and Yazoo Rivers.

—*Official Records,* Ser. 1, XXIV, part 1, 415–17.

¶ Next Admiral Porter, who commanded the fleet above Vicksburg, tried to reach the Yazoo by way of Steele's Bayou. With Confederates felling trees behind and before him and sharpshooters haunting the woods, Porter wisely retraced his way back to the Mississippi. Yankee Colonel Giles A. Smith was quite unhappy during the expedition.

Every Tree and Stump Covered a Sharpshooter

HAVING NO WAY of crossing, we had to content ourselves by driving them beyond musket-range, and, proceeding with as little loss of time as possible, I found the fleet obstructed in front by fallen trees and in rear by a sunken coal-barge, and surrounded by a large force of rebels with an abundant supply of artillery, but wisely keeping their main force out of range of the admiral's guns. Every tree and stump covered a sharpshooter, ready to pick off any luckless marine who showed his head above decks, and entirely preventing working parties from removing obstructions.

—*Ibid.,* 439.

¶ Confederate Colonel S. W. Ferguson thought the Yanks had been unsportsmanlike:

Burning of Houses and Cotton and Pillaging

I WOULD CALL ATTENTION to the burning of houses and cotton and pillaging done by Admiral Porter, in direct contradiction of the notice published by himself, an official copy of which I forwarded to the department. One of the shells from this valiant hero exploded in the chamber

of an invalid woman, in which ten women and children had taken refuge. Providentially, but one negro woman was wounded by it. She now lies at the point of death. A child two years old was grievously burned. This was the most effective shell thrown by them. We caused to be destroyed one large coal-barge, and captured nine launches and yawls and several small-arms and two flags, besides cooking utensils, &c.

—*Ibid.*, 467.

¶ Back at Vicksburg the Yankees were once more trying to build a canal to bypass Vicksburg so the Federal gunboats could escape the shore batteries. The canal project failed, but one of Porter's boats ran the batteries anyway in March, and at the same time Farragut returned from the Gulf. On April 16 most of Porter's fleet managed to run the batteries under cover of night, and the remaining vessels ran the blockade on the twenty-second. For the events of April 16 here is the log of the U.S.S. "Benton," Porter's flagship.

Running the Blockade

April 16. . . . 6:30 P.M. hospital steamer *Red Rover* passed down the Mississippi River. Quarters, and prepared for running the blockade. At 8:45 P.M. the admiral and staff came on board. 9 o'clock hoisted signals for fleet to get underway. 9:15 got underway, with the tug *Ivy* lashed to the starboard quarter, and steamed down slowly toward Vicksburg, the other vessels taking their places in line astern of us. 9:50 stopped the engines and drifted slowly down, waiting for the other boats. Passed a light-draft gunboat near the head of canal; continued blowing off steam. 10:30 started ahead very slowly, the lights of Vicksburg plainly in sight. 11 o'clock rounded the point. 11:10 the enemy's musketry opened upon us; they also beat the long roll. 11:10 the enemy's batteries opened upon us, slowly at first, but afterwards quite rapidly. 11:23 opened fire on batteries and town with forward and port batteries and went ahead at full speed. The rebels built fires to light up the batteries, which showed our vessels very plainly. The enemy now firing very rapidly. 12:29 arrived opposite Biggs plantation (below the canal). General Sherman and Mr. Bridgman came on board, conversed, and went on shore. 1:15 passed Warrenton; not a shot fired at us. 2:10 came to anchor near head of Diamond Island bar, 4 tug *Ivy*, transport, and *Silver Wave* had arrived.

The transport *Henry Clay* took fire and burned. Transport *Forest Queen* disabled and left above Warrenton.

—*Official Records* (Navy), Ser. 1, XXIV, 682.

3) The Encirclement

¶ With the fleet now below the city, Grant could cross his troops from the Louisiana side of the river to Mississippi. By the end of April he had concentrated 20,000 men at Bruinsburg. Meanwhile, Grant created a bit of successful diversionary excitement by sending General Benjamin H. Grierson on an expedition through Mississippi from LaGrange, Tennessee, to Baton Rouge. The raid began on April 17 and ended on May 2. Grierson passed through Ripley, New Albany, Pontotoc, Houston, Starkville, Louisville, Philadelphia, Decatur, Newton (where he was supposed to disrupt traffic on the Southern Railroad, Vicksburg's only rail supply line), Raleigh, Hazlehurst, Union Church, Brookhaven, and Summit, with diversionary feints toward Macon and Enterprise. Edward Fontaine, who was in Jackson for a diocesan council, told Jacksonians and the governor how to meet the threat of Grierson:

Not One . . . Should Leave the State Alive

Thur. [April] 23rd. . . . News reached town [Jackson] that a large Yankee force of cavalry 2, or 3000 strong have swept down the country as far as Lodi in Choctaw County west of Columbus.

Fri. 24th. Fair. Enemy at Carthage in Leake Co. They have cut the telegraph at Lake in Newton Co. & burnt Newton Station. Nothing proves more fully the incompetency of our Generals than the miserable disposition of the forces appointed to defend the State. This raid is the most successful the Yankees have yet made, and is a disgrace to our State. Nothing that I can discover interferes with their taking the city of Jackson & the commands of the Department with it. . . .

Sat. 25th. April 1863. . . . Attended a meeting of the Citizens to devise the best means for repelling the present daring raid of the enemy. Judge Yerger, Attorney General Wharton, Cap. Rives, Major McLaurin made speeches. I made a short speech in which I urged the Governor

(who was in the Chair) to confer with Genl. Pemberton, & take immediate steps for the following action. 1. Assign the Citizens of Jackson & such convalescents as could be found about the hospitals, to the duty of guarding the prisoners, the streets, hospitals, & public stores. 2. Seize & impress all the horses necessary to mount the 14th 15th & 20th Regiments now performing such duty in & about the city. 3. Clear the R. Road cars of all freight, & put these troops with their horses & rations on the train, & run them immediately above & below the enemy, said to be at Koskiousco & Enterprise. Let the troops (mounted) leave the cars at Grenada & Brookhaven & cut them off & charge them on sight. These suggestions I supported by a speech & embodied in resolutions, which were adopted, but I am afraid that the action upon them will be so slow that the Yankees will escape with impunity. I wish that I could this day be in Genl. Pemberton's place, & have the power to give orders instead of *advice*. Not one of those Yankees should leave the state alive.

—Edward Fontaine, Diary, April 23–25, 1863.

¶ The *Daily Mississippian* decided to jest in the dark.

This Pleasure Excursion of the Roving Blades

We have information that the enemy entered Brookhaven yesterday evening, burnt the railroad depot, cut the wires, and after doing what other damage they pleased, leisurely retired (a portion of them at least) in an *easterly* direction.

Wonder if Maj. Clarke of the Conscript camp at Bookhaven [*sic*] was taken? Or are the conscripts furnished with muskets, powder and ball?

Well, well! we are free to admit that Mr. (we beg his pardon) Colonel Grierson and his boys have had a "good time of it" for the last week. It is actually amusing to think (although, we confess, annoying) how they have roved around, within forty or fifty miles of the Capitol of the State—eating fried ham and eggs and broiled spring chickens every morning for breakfast, at the expense of the planters whom they choose to honor with a visit—luxuriating on fat mutton, green peas and (of course) strawberries and cream for dinner—and all this without caring for the terrible fact (confound their impudence) that they were within a few hours ride of Lieutenant General John C. Pemberton's head-

quarters, or thinking for an instant that the commander-in-chief of the "State Troops" lived, moved, breathed and had his being in the city of Jackson. It is actually provoking to think how Colonel (we mean Brigadier General—begging his pardon) Grierson and his jolly riders have enjoyed themselves for a whole week. Why it is really worth a ten months' furlough of a Confederate soldier, this pleasure excursion of the roving blades of Iowa and Illinois in the heart of the "Sunny South"! The fun they must have enjoyed is actually enviable!

We hope Maj. Gen. Grierson (we have a *penchant* for *long* military titles) will not take off the wires of the telegraph as he proceeds—for, as it seems he can't be caught or headed off, we feel some curiosity to be regularly informed of his where abouts.

—Jackson *Daily Mississippian,* April 30, 1863.

¶ While Grierson was terrorizing the interior, Grant, after a brush with the shore batteries of Confederate Brigadier General John S. Bowen at Grand Gulf at the mouth of the Big Black River, moved downstream to Bruinsburg, where he crossed his troops and marched toward Port Gibson. On May 1 Grant attacked the town. The gallant resistance of General Bowen and his 5,500 men is summed up in a series of brief dispatches to Pemberton:

Holding Out the Whole Day

I HAVE PREPARED FOR defense of both sides Bayou Pierre. The country and the jaded condition of [Edward D.] Tracy's and [William E.] Baldwin's men forbid an advance. If it can be done to-day, I will do it. There is no raft in Bayou Pierre. I need field artillery ammunition badly (10-pounder Parrott, 6-pounder, and 12-pounder brass). Is it coming from Hankinson's? Our advance has been engaged with theirs 4 miles south of Port Gibson. Loss small and position maintained. I am compelled to keep a brigade at the Gulf, fearing a direct attack. . . .

Prisoners taken this morning say [John A.] McClernand is in command; that three or four divisions are landed; one took a right-hand road from Rodney, and that they all number over 20,000 men. I disbelieve the report. . . .

I am vastly outnumbered, but hope to hold my position—3 miles south

of Port Gibson—until General Baldwin gets up. He is entering Port Gibson. . . .

We have been engaged in a furious battle ever since daylight; losses very heavy. General Tracy is killed. The Virginia battery was captured by the enemy, but is retaken. We are out of ammunition for cannon and small-arms, the ordnance trains of the re-enforcements not being here. They outnumber us trebly. There are three divisions against us. My whole force is engaged, except three regiments on Big Black, Bayou Pierre, and Grand Gulf. The men act nobly, but the odds are overpowering. . . .

I still hold my position. We have fought 20,000 men since dawn, besides skirmishing last night. They are pressing me hard on the right. My center is firm; the left is weak. When can Loring get here? . . .

I still hold my position. I will have to retire under cover of night to other side of Bayou Pierre and await re-enforcements. The bacon is all removed out of Port Gibson. They will not get it. . . .

I am falling back across Bayou Pierre. I will endeavor to hold that position until re-enforcements arrive. I have had as much meat carried over as I could. The rest will be burned to-night, as will the corn stored here. There will be very little to eat here for my own command or the re-enforcements. Want of ammunition is one of the main causes of our retreat. The men did nobly, holding out the whole day against overwhelming odds. The town will be in possession of the enemy in a few hours, and communication cut off.

—*Official Records,* Ser. 1, XXIV, part 1, 658–60.

¶ Originally Grant's plans were to combine forces with General Nathaniel Banks, who was coming up from New Orleans, and capture Port Hudson, Louisiana, before any attempt should be made on Vicksburg. But Banks was delayed; so on May 7 Grant, acting against the orders of superiors and the advice of seasoned warriors like Sherman, decided to make a swift march northeastward toward Jackson in order to encircle Vicksburg. On May 12 came the Battle of Raymond, after which the victorious forces of Grant prepared to set out for Jackson. Meanwhile, on May 9 President Davis had finally ordered Joseph E. Johnston, commander of the Western armies, to leave a sick bed at Chattanooga to take charge in Missis-

sippi. Johnston was to arrive on May 13, the day before Jackson was captured.

Edward Fontaine was alarmed over the news of Grant's excursion toward Jackson enroute to Vicksburg. The news from Virginia at the same time was sweet and bitter. Robert E. Lee had won at the Rappahannock, but Stonewall Jackson was dead:

Our Prospects Gloomy

Mon. May 4th. Fair. The Yankees reported in possession of Grand Gulf & Port Gibson. The Governor determines to fortify Jackson, & calls for negroes to work on fortifications.

Tues. May 5th. Fair. The Yankees reported advancing up Big Black & towards Raymond. I visited several of my neighbors & proposed organizing a company of Home Guards. The people despondent & alarmed. No confidence in Genl. Pemberton. I appointed Saturday & Society Ridge meeting house the time & place of meeting.

Wed. May 6th. Fair. Carried Levi & Esau to Jackson to work on the fortifications. The Governor has called for 500 hands. I suppose that these will be furnished by the planters. I found the citizens of Jackson almost in a state of Despair. The fortifications now built & in a course of construction are too near the city, unless they are intended to be interior to some lines to be drawn more remote. When I reached home I found that my sister in law Mrs. Bullock had arrived with her children, & negro women & children, also with all their stock and much of her household goods. The Yankee's advance reported camped near 20 miles S.W. of Raymond.

Fri. 8th. Fair. At home. Sat. Do. Do. The papers confirm the glorious news of the defeat of the Yankees under Hooker by Genl. Lee on the Rappahannock with the sad news of the wounding of Genl. Stonewall Jackson. Met a few neighbors at the meeting house.

Mond. 11th. Yankees attacked our troops 2½ miles from Raymond and after a sharp engagement of 3 or 4 hours our forces retired in good order, & the Yankees took possession of the town. We had only 2700 under Genl. Gregg of Texas, opposed to an immense army of perhaps 60,000 men.

Tues. 12th. Weather warm & fair. My spirit is weighted down with affliction at the thought of the sufferings of my parishioners, now in the power of our barbarous enemies.

Wed. 13th. Fair. A.M. a hard rain P.M. Went to Jackson. A report reached us that Clinton was in the hands of the Yankees—also Edward's Depot. They are preparing to fight them in Jackson; but our forces is very small. The fortifications are very imperfect.

Thur. 14th. Rainy day. The heavens, & our prospects gloomy. The glorious victory gained by our army in Virginia, & the repulse of the barbarians from Charleston, rejoice my heart in spite of the death of the great & good man who has fallen Genl. "Stonewall" Jackson & the danger that now threatens my life & my home. A victorious army of barbarians is now in less than 10 miles of me, & a gang of the covetous and blood thirsty scoundrels may be at my door at any moment. In God is my trust. I sent Levi to town to get away Bob & Jacob two servants at work upon the fortifications. Mr. Geo. Boddie rode over to inform me that a column of the enemy is marching along the Clinton road upon Jackson on this side of the R. Road. Rev. Mr. Snodgrass, his wife, two children & a sick servant left us this morning. Mr. Bullock & his wife, & children, & all their servants, with their sheep, hogs & cattle set off soon afterward for their distant destination—*North Carolina.* A sad & heart rending spectacle—homeless wanderers—their beautiful home in the hands of our destroyers. This or a worse fate may soon be ours. O thou merciful God save us from the hands of our enemies, & save our property from their power. Bob & Jacob reached home at 2½ PM & report that the Yankees attacked Jackson at 8 A.M. & that the battle was raging when they left. The Yankee army entered Jackson at 3 P.M. Our small army retired in good order & were drawn off under the command of Genl. Joseph E. Johnson. The enemy numbered it is supposed about 40,000 men. Our force was so inadequate that no serious resistance seems to have been attempted. It is doubtful whether incapacity or treason on the part of Pemberton has caused this disastrous disgrace to the State.

—Edward Fontaine, Diary, May 4–14, 1863.

¶ With Jackson taken on May 14, Grant turned toward Vicksburg. Already Johnston had ordered Pemberton to advance from the river city to combine forces. But Grant was in between the two commanders and Pemberton, sticking close to Vicksburg (as he had previously been ordered to do by Davis), delayed. Meanwhile Grant, apprised of Johnston's plans by a spy, concentrated all forces

against Pemberton while the thwarted Johnston retreated to Canton. Grant met Pemberton just east of the Big Black River on May 16 and defeated him in the Battle of Champion's Hill (Baker's Creek). Barely getting his retreating forces across the Big Black River, Pemberton wrote to Johnston on May 17.

I Commanded in Person

I NOTIFIED YOU, ON the morning of the 14th, of the receipt of your instructions to move and attack the enemy toward Clinton. I deemed the movement very hazardous, preferring to remain in position behind the Big Black and near to Vicksburg. I called a council of war, composed of all the general officers who were then with my movable army, and placing the subject before them (including your instructions) in every view in which it appeared to me, asked their opinions respectively. A majority of the officers expressed themselves favorable to the movement indicated by you. The others, including Major Generals Loring and Stevenson, preferred a movement by which this army might endeavor to cut off the enemy's supplies from the Mississippi. My own views were expressed as unfavorable to any movement which would remove me from my base, which was and is Vicksburg. I did not see fit, however, to place my own judgments and opinions so far in opposition as to prevent the movement altogether; but believing the only possibility of success to be in the plan proposed, by cutting off the enemy's supplies, I directed all my disposable force (say 17,500) toward Raymond or Dillon's, encamping the night of the 15th at Mrs. Ellison's, on the main Raymond and Edwards Depot road, at a fork from which I could advance either to Raymond or Dillon's.

About 7 A.M. on the 16th, the enemy advanced his skirmishers at several points. Our line of battle was quickly formed and the position a strong one. Heavy demonstrations were made on our right, left, and center. Gradually, however, the enemy developed himself in great force against our left, under General Stevenson, re-enforced after some time by Bowen's division and subsequently by two brigades of Loring's. The enemy was repeatedly driven back, but constantly throwing in fresh troops from his heavy re-enforcements, we were about 5 P.M. compelled to withdraw. This was done by the ford over Baker's Creek (at which a temporary bridge had been laid), crossing the middle Raymond road.

Our loss was heavy. We have lost eleven pieces of artillery, and al-

though every arrangement was made to secure the retreat of all our troops, General Loring's division, which was comparatively fresh, and which covered the approach to the ford, has not yet crossed the Big Black. I am unable to account for his absence, as I know of no cause sufficient to have prevented his following the divisions of Bowen and Stevenson, neither of whom lost a man on the retreat.

I am unable to give further particulars at present. I commanded in person. I am for the present holding the Big Black Bridge, where a heavy cannonading is now going on. There are so many points by which I can be flanked that I fear I shall be compelled to withdraw. If so, the position at Snyder's Mill will also be untenable. General Tilghman was killed yesterday. I have about sixty days' rations in Vicksburg and at Snyder's.

I respectfully await your instructions.

—*Official Records,* Ser. 1, XXIV, part 1, 217–18.

¶ Pemberton now withdrew to Vicksburg, followed by Grant. There, after two costly and fruitless assaults, Grant settled down to wait for Vicksburg to be starved into submission unless, of course, Johnston could relieve Pemberton. But Johnston could not muster either the men or the supplies. On June 5 he wrote Secretary of War James E. Seddon of his conviction that the cause was hopeless.

Surrender . . . Will Be a Mere Question of Time

I THANK YOU CORDIALLY for your kind letter . . . but almost regret that you feel such confidence in me as is expressed in it. From the present condition of affairs, I fear that confidence dooms you to disappointment. Every day gives some new intelligence of the enemy's strength—of reenforcements on the way to him. My first intention on learning that Lieutenant-General Pemberton was in Vicksburg was to form an army to succor him. I suppose, from my telegraphic correspondence with the Government, that all the troops to be hoped for have arrived. Our resources seem so small, and those of the enemy so great, that the relief of Vicksburg is beginning to appear impossible to me. Pemberton will undoubtedly make a gallant and obstinate defense, and hold out as long

as he can make resistance; but unless we assemble a force strong enough to break Grant's line of investment, the surrender of the place will be a mere question of time. General Grant is receiving re-enforcements almost daily. His force, according to the best information to be had, is more than treble that which I command. Our scouts say, too, that he has constructed lines of circumvallation and has blocked up all roads leading to his position. The enterprise of forcing the enemy's lines would be a difficult one to a force double that at my disposal. If you are unable to increase that force decidedly, I must try to accomplish something in aid of the besieged garrison; and yet, when considering it, it seems to me desperate.

* * *

I beg you to consider in connection with affairs in this department that I have had not only to organize, but to provide means of transportation and supplies of all sorts for an army. The artillery is not yet equipped. All of Lieutenant-General Pemberton's supplies were, of course, with his troops about Vicksburg and Port Hudson. I found myself, therefore, without subsistence, stores, ammunition, or the means of conveying those indispensables. It has proved more difficult to collect wagons and provisions than I expected. We have not yet the means of operating for more than four days away from the railroads. That to Vicksburg is destroyed. We draw our provisions from the northern part of the State. The protection of that country employs about 2,500 irregular cavalry. It is much too small. I am endeavoring to increase it by calling for volunteers, but am by no means sanguine as to the result.

—*Ibid.*, 224–25.

4) Doubts Without and Within

¶ The times were now truly serious. Jackson had fallen, and a portion of it had been burned. The governor was refugeeing at Enterprise, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. At Canton Johnston was awaiting troops and supplies that came little and late. At Vicksburg Pemberton and Grant were sitting it out. Naturally public sentiment was in a bad state. There was a disposition to blame things on Pemberton, a Yankee who had deserted his kith and kin to fight for the South, and on Jefferson Davis, a Southerner who had apparently deserted kith and kin in Mississippi to fight for Virginia. On

May 8 the editors of the Jackson *Mississippian* had written Davis a blunt letter about Pemberton:

Three-fourths of the People . . . Doubt Him

THE PEOPLE WITHIN this department—soldiers and citizens—do not repose that confidence in the capacity and loyalty of General Pemberton which is so important at this juncture. Whether justly or not, we are certain three-fourths of the people in army and out doubt him. Send us a man we all can trust—Beauregard, Hill, or Longstreet—and confidence will be restored and all will fight to the death for Mississippi. The *Mississippian* has never encouraged these apprehensions, but endeavors on all occasions to allay them and instill perfect confidence in our commanders; but fears are daily expressed by leading influential men that the valley may not be saved, and this feeling prevails to an alarming extent in army and among our people. Whether well-founded or not, it must be obvious to you that the prevalence of such doubts at this time is extremely perilous.

COOPER and KIMBALL,
Editors *Mississippian.*

[Endorsement.]

Your dispatch is the more painful because there is no remedy. Time does not permit the change you propose, if there was no other reason; but you will see that a new man would have everything to learn when immediate action was required. The distrust surprises me and is surely unjust. Try to correct it, for our country's sake.

JEFF'N DAVIS.

—*Ibid.*, LII, part 2, 468–69.

¶ Edward Fontaine had no good to say for Pemberton.

The Incapacity of One Man

FRIDAY, MAY 29TH 1863. . . . When I think of the success of the Yankees in capturing Raymond, Clinton, & Jackson, destroying our Rail Roads, factories, & public stores, ravaging the finest portion of the South

destroying thousands of plantations, carrying off stock of all sorts, with the poor slaves, & leaving their refined & wealthy owners homeless and ruined, I am unspeakably grieved & vexed. All this ruin has been wrought by the incapacity of one man, Genl. Pemberton, and a large share of the blame is at the door of the President himself. I offered my services to him & to Gov. Pettus to aid in defending the State, but they were not accepted. I could have defeated Grant's army with 10,000 men. But there was no maneuvering, & no strategy exerted, until Genl. Johnson reached Jackson. He immediately caused the retreat of Grant, although he had only 8000 or 9000 men. The President was very unfortunate in appointing Pemberton, & greatly to blame for keeping him in command in spite of the many proofs of his incapacity, & the many complaints of the people against him, sustained by our editors.

—Edward Fontaine, Diary, May 29, 1863.

¶ Pemberton's own forthright words to his men showed him no traitor or coward.

You Will See the Cost at Which I Will Sell Vicksburg

YOU HAVE HEARD that I was incompetent and a traitor—that it was my intention to sell Vicksburg. Follow me, and you will see the cost at which I will sell Vicksburg! When the last pound of beef, and bacon, and flour —the last grain of corn, the last cow and the last man shall perish in the trenches, then, and only then, will I sell Vicksburg!

—Natchez *Daily Courier,* June 2, 1863.

¶ Distraught Mississippians could not endure their plight unobserved by foreigners. At the very time Jackson was falling, Lieutenant Colonel Arthur James Lyon Fremantle of the Coldstream guards was resting across the river from Natchez preparing to visit the scene of fighting in Mississippi. He arrived on May 18. His trip to Jackson and visit to Johnston's headquarters give a memorable picture of the people on the eve of Vicksburg's fall.

No Man Can Die More Than Once

(Monday), 18th May. . . . A new character appeared on the scene. He was a big heavy man who said to me, "My name is Dr. Russell; I'm an Irishman, and I hate the British government and the English nation; but if you are really an officer in the Coldstream Guards there is nothing I won't do for you; you shall come to my house and I will protect you."

I immediately showed Dr. Russell my passport and letters of introduction to General Johnston and other Confederate officers. He pronounced them genuine, promised to stand by me, and wanted to take me away with him at once.

They told me that Dr. Russell had saved his property from pillage by seating himself in his veranda, with a loaded double-barreled gun on his knees. When the pillagers approached, he addressed them in the following manner: "No man can die more than once, and I shall never be more ready to die than I am now. There is nothing to prevent your going into this house, except that I shall kill the first two of you who move with this gun. Now then gentlemen, walk in." This speech is said to have saved Dr. Russell from further annoyance, and his property from the ruin which overtook his neighbors.

Jackson, the capital of the state of Mississippi, is a place of great importance. Four railroads meet here, and have been destroyed in each direction for a distance of from three to five miles. All the numerous factories have been burnt down by the enemy, who were of course justified in doing so; but during the short space of thirty-six hours, in which General Grant occupied the city, his troops had wantonly pillaged nearly all the private houses. They had gutted all the stores, and destroyed what they could not carry away. All this must have been done under the very eyes of General Grant, whose name was in the book of the Bowmont House hotel.

I saw the ruins of the Roman Catholic church, the priest's house, and the principal hotel, which were still smoking, together with many other buildings which could in no way be identified with the Confederate government. The whole town was a miserable wreck, and presented a deplorable aspect.

* * *

(Tuesday) 19th May. . . . We left Jackson with the leading troops about 8 a.m., amidst a great waving of handkerchiefs and showers of

flowers, thrown by the few remaining ladies who were still left in that dilapidated place.

* * *

General Johnston received me with much kindness, when I presented my letters of introduction, and stated my object in visiting the Confederate armies.

In appearance, General Joseph E. Johnston (commonly called Joe Johnston) is rather below middle height, spare, soldierlike, and well set up; his features are good, and he has lately taken to wear a grayish beard. He is a Virginian by birth, and appears to be about fifty-seven years old.

He talks in a calm, deliberate, and confident manner. To me he was extremely affable, but he certainly possesses the power of keeping people at a distance when he chooses, and his officers evidently stand in great awe of him. He lives very plainly, and at present his only cooking utensils consisted of an old coffeepot and frying pan—both very inferior articles. There was only one fork (one prong deficient) between himself and staff, and this was handed to me ceremoniously as the "guest."

He has undoubtedly acquired the entire confidence of all the officers and soldiers under him. Many of the officers told me they did not consider him inferior as a general to Lee or anyone else.

—Walter Lord (ed.), *The Fremantle Diary,* . . . (Boston, 1954), 83–94 *passim.*

¶ Fremantle went eastward to watch the Confederacy hold its ground in Virginia. Mississippians had to stay behind and see their state offered up to the enemy. On June 10 Pettus and a group of Mississippi leaders put a fearful decision squarely up to the President. If Johnston were to have enough troops to relieve Pemberton, they would have to be drawn from Middle Tennessee. Which should be lost, Mississippi or Middle Tennessee? The answer was to come in the failure of relief troops to arrive and in what was to happen on July 4 at Vicksburg.

We Respectfully Submit

FROM THE INFORMATION received from the military authorities here we are convinced that it will require not less than 30,000 additional troops to

relieve Vicksburg. The withdrawal of these troops may possibly involve the surrender of all Middle Tennessee to the enemy. The failure to reenforce to this extent certainly involves the loss of the entire Mississippi Valley. General Johnston believes that the question should be decided by the Government. We concur with him. We respectfully submit that Vicksburg and the country dependent upon it should be held at every sacrifice, and that you order the requested number of troops to be sent forward with that view. It is unnecessary to say that time is all important and that the decision should be promptly made.

—*Official Records,* Ser. 1, XII, part 2, 493–94.

¶ The fact that the "Yankees were coming" to get Vicksburg created considerable stir among soldier and citizen. A ballad sung to the tune of "The Campbells Are Coming" paid its respects to the invaders.

Till Pemberton's Whipped

The Yankees are coming! Away! Which way?
Who saw them? Do tell us. And what did they?
Are they infantry, cavalry? How many? How far?
Fifteen hundred, they say, and are at Lamar.

The Yankees are coming! They'll be here by daylight
Until the brave Mitchell should put them to flight,
Or ambush and whip them, as often he has done,
With his handful of men and their double-barrel'd gun.

The Yankees are coming! Did you hear that drum?
Hark! Boom goes the cannon! They surely do come,
With matches! They'll steal the last mule that we have,
For thieves they are all, up to Grant and his staff.

The Yankees are coming! Send the news round and round.
They're many, says a courier; but three miles from town.
Oh, mercy! they are here. You may run if you will,
But yonder they rise o'er the top of a hill.

The Yankees are coming! See, they dash through the street.
Some are looking for mules, and others for meat.

Bang! Down goes the door, and out go the mules,
With saddles and harness and all sorts of tools.

The Yankees are come, vile thieves that they are.
Thus are old men and women to wage such a war.
They spoil all our gardens; not a chicken they spare,
To the old sitting hen and the clothes your babes wear.

The Yankees are come! Yes, alas it is true,
Each one of them breeched in his sky blue.
I hear their sabers. Clatter, clatter! they go.
How fiendish they look! They're jayhawkers, I know.

The Yankees are come—yes, the worst of the crew,
From Iowa, Kansas and Illinois too.
To restore the blest Union at Abraham's call,
The negroes set free and drive Secesh to the wall.

The Yankees are come! How madly they rave!
The rebellion they'll crush and Vicksburg they'll have.
In their efforts they say they will never relax
Till Pemberton's whipped, or they die in their tracks.

—Hudson, *Folksongs of Mississippi,* 264–65.

5) A City Dies

¶ The story of the siege itself belongs to the epics, for it had the nobility and meanness, the hope and despair—everything that goes into the making of memorable events. Outside the city, firmly entrenched with ample to eat and a plentiful supply of munitions, were the Americans from the North. Inside the city's defenses, with little to eat, scant ammunition, but plenty of courage, were the Americans from the South. They were having it out now at close range. Sergeant Osborn H. Oldroyd of the Twentieth Ohio was one of the Yankee besiegers who took the whole thing as a lark.

We . . . Are Now on the Lookout for Fun

May 18th.—The army last night made pontoons, on which this morning the Black River has been crossed. McClernand is on the left, McPher-

son in the center, and Sherman on the right. In this position the three great corps will move to Vicksburg by different roads. We are nearing the doomed city, and are now on the lookout for fun.

As we crossed the river and marched up the bank, a brass band stood playing national airs. O, how proud we felt as we marched through the rebel works, and up to the muzzles of the abandoned guns that had been planted to stay our progress. Every man felt the combined Confederate army could not keep us out of Vicksburg. It was a grand sight, the long lines of infantry moving over the pontoons, and winding their way up the bluffs, with flags flying in the breeze, and the morning sun glancing upon the guns as they lay across the shoulders of the boys. Cheer after cheer went up in welcome and triumph from the thousands who had already crossed and stood in waiting lines upon the bluff above. This is supposed to be the last halting place before we knock for admittance at our goal—the boasted Gibraltar of the west.

May 22d.—Last night mortar-shells, fired from the boats on the river in front of the city across Point Louisiana, fell thick over all parts of Vicksburg, and at three o'clock this morning every cannon along our line belched its shot at the enemy.

At ten o'clock we had orders to advance. The boys were expecting the order and were busy divesting themselves of watches, rings, pictures and other keepsakes, which were being placed in the custody of the cooks, who were not expected to go into action. I never saw such a scene before, nor do I ever want to see it again. About eleven o'clock came a signal for the entire line to charge upon the works of the enemy. Our boys were all ready, and in an instant leaped forward to find victory or defeat. The seventh Missouri took the lead with ladders which they placed against the fort, and then gave way for others to scale them. Those who climbed to the top of the fort met cold steel, and, when at length it was found impossible to enter the fort that way, the command was given to fall back, which was done under a perfect hail of lead from the enemy. The rebels, in their excitement and haste to fire at our retreating force, thrust their heads a little too high above their cover,—an advantage we were quick to seize with well aimed volleys. In this charge a severe loss was met by our division, and nothing gained. What success was met by the rest of the line I can not say, but I hope it was better than ours. Thus ended another day of bloody fight in vain, except for an increase of the knowledge which has been steadily growing lately, that a regular siege will be required to take Vicksburg. This day will be eventful on the page

of history, for its duties have been severe, and many a brave patriot bit the dust under the storm of deadly fire that assailed us.

May 23d.—Shovel and pick are more in use to-day, which seems to be a sign that digging is to take the place of charging at the enemy. We think Grant's head is level, anyhow: The weather is getting hotter, and I fear sickness; and water is growing scarce, which is very annoying. If we can but keep well, the future has no fears for us.

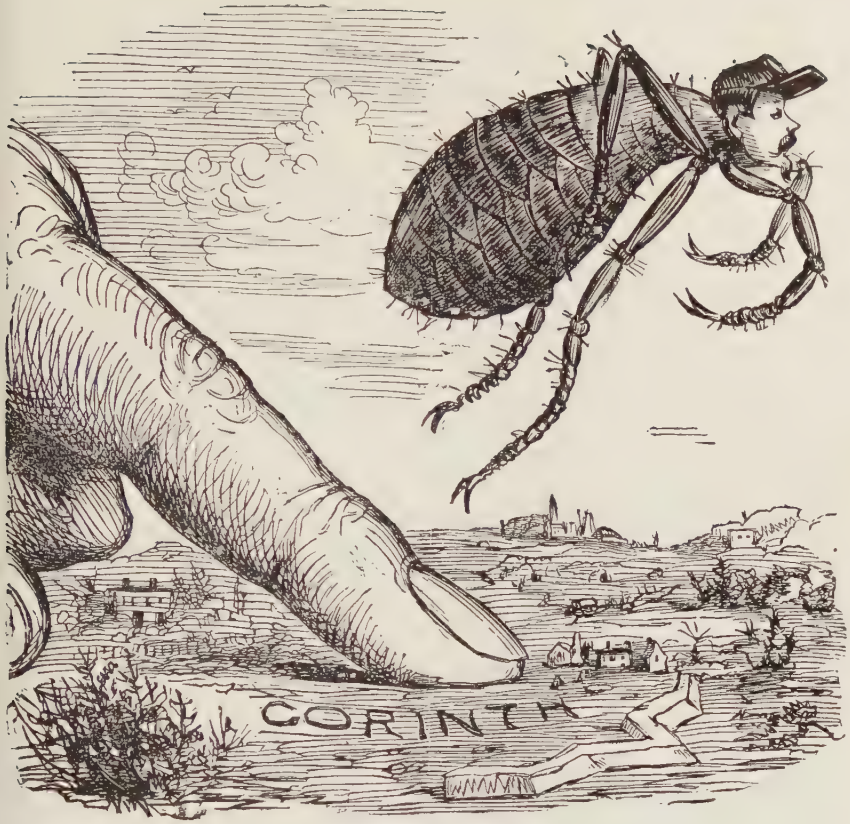
—Osborn H. Oldroyd, *A Soldier's Story of the Siege of Vicksburg* (Springfield, Ill., 1885), 26–27, 31–32, 34.

¶ On May 25 Grant and Pemberton agreed to a cessation of hostilities from 2 to 8 P.M. It was the occasion for a bit of fraternizing.

Both Armies . . . Mingled Together in Various Sports

IT WAS SIMPLY to give both sides a chance to bury their dead, which had been lying exposed since the twenty-second. Both armies issued from their respective fortifications and pits, and mingled together in various sports, apparently with much enjoyment. Here a group of four played cards—two Yanks and two Rebs. There, others were jumping, while everywhere blue and gray mingled in conversation over the scenes which had transpired since our visit to the neighborhood. I talked with a very sensible rebel, who said he was satisfied we should not only take Vicksburg, but drive the forces of the south all over their territory, at last compelling them to surrender; still, he said, he had gone into the fight, and was resolved not to back out. He said they had great hope of dissension in the north, to such an extent as might strengthen their cause. There have been grounds for this hope, I am sorry to say, and such dissensions at the north must prolong the war, if our peace party should succeed in materially obstructing the war measures of government. From the remarks of some of the rebels, I judged that their supply of provisions was getting low, and that they had no source from which to draw more. We gave them from our own rations some fat meat, crackers, coffee and so forth, in order to make them as happy as we could. We could see plainly that their officers watched our communications closely.

—*Ibid.*, 35–37.



Harper's Weekly

5) The Rebel Flea

"You put your finger on him, and he isn't there."

Harper's Weekly

6) Battle of Corinth, October 3–4, 1862.

¶ For the most part things went well, but sometimes truces were violated.

General Stephen D. Lee and the Missionary Brothers

THE OTHER DAY when there was a truce to bury the dead one of the Yankee generals wanted to be very civil to Gen. Lee invited him to go over and drink with him, which the General declined. Then he tried to converse in a very friendly way, regretting that during the truce they had shown bad faith in permitting the mortars still to fire in the city, said it was a misunderstanding, and he deeply regretted it. The General knew this was not so for they had signals and in an instant fire or stop as signaled but treated it as of no importance—told him oh! it was of no consequence. There was no one in the city but the women and children and the sick and they were accustomed to it. He wanted to know then how long the truce continued (he knew very well it was until nine o'clock) Gen. Lee told him it made no difference how long it continued the purpose for which it was asked was accomplished so far as his lines were concerned and if he saw proper, he could withdraw his men and let hostilities commence at once. He was only trying to be agreeable. He seemed deeply mortified, made many apologies, said the general misunderstood him entirely, then remarked General, your lines seem very strong. Yes sir, the General said, I think I can hold them. . . . Conversations occur nightly between friends on the opposite sides. Two Missionary brothers held a conversation very friendly—one sent the other coffee and whiskey. Then they parted with an oath and an exclamation from one that he would "blow the other's head off tomorrow."

—Katherine Hunt Balfour, Diary (Miss. Arch., Jackson), 21–22.

¶ Both soldiers and civilians found it hard to keep their wits about them as privations and panic increased the longer the siege lasted. When the shells slackened, one could see "women, gaily dressed, prominading [*sic*] the street"; there was certainly little to be gay about. The Confederate William A. Drennan was fully aware of the bitter seriousness of the situation.

Fit Subjects for the Asylum

THIS IS THE strangest position that I ever was placed in—a man knows nothing—what he hears—cannot be believed—as Rumor with her thousand tongues is more busy than ever. —A new report is in circulation every morning. Of course there is no foundation for any of it. Yet I find myself usually incredulous—believing some things that I usually would not think have a semblance of truth. So much for being enclosed in the fortifications of a City.

Should the siege last a month longer then will have to build or either a building will have to be arranged for the accommodations of maniacs. —Inactive men on the street every day that I am satisfied are more or less becoming deranged. The constant tension of their nerves—the fear of their lives—and the continual roar of cannon and small arms—have made them fit subjects for the Asylum. If that is the case, when they are getting enough to eat—what will be effect when they are on half rations as will soon be the case.—There are only two days more rations of beef—and five of mutton and about twelve of bacon—so I am informed by those that know—or rather ought to. Of Bread stuffs including peas and rice there is more than of meat—though with Molasses & Sugar, there is perhaps enough to last forty days.

I have been in Vicksburg. There is not a thing to be bought in the City—and a fire the other night made it look as if it was deserted. Can see no one on the streets—a drug store open occasionally and some poor old woman wandering about in Search of food. However when it is a fine evening—and the shells are only falling moderately thick you will see quite a number of females airing themselves—and they need it too—as they are in caves most of the time.

—William A. Drennan, Diary of the Defense of Vicksburg, from May 30 to July 4, 1863 (Miss. Arch., Jackson), 40–43.

¶ The miracle of Vicksburg is how the morale of the soldiers was maintained as long as it was. Certainly many were at the breaking point long before the surrender. On June 28 an anonymous letter was sent to General Pemberton:

We Must Adopt Some Means to Relieve Us

SIR: IN ACCORDANCE with my own feelings, and that of my fellow-soldiers with whom I have conferred, I submit to your serious consideration the following note:

We as an army have as much confidence in you as a commanding general as we perhaps ought to have. We believe you have displayed as much generalship as any other man could have done under similar circumstances. We give you great credit for the stern patriotism you have evinced in the defense of Vicksburg during a protracted and unparalled siege.

I also feel proud of the gallant conduct of the soldiers under your command in repulsing the enemy at every assault, and bearing with patient endurance all the privations and hardships incident to a siege of forty odd days' duration.

Everybody admits that we have all covered ourselves in glory, but alas! alas! general, a crisis has arrived in the midst of our siege.

Our rations have been cut down to one biscuit and a small bit of bacon per day, not enough scarcely to keep soul and body together, much less to stand the hardships we are called upon to stand.

We are actually on sufferance, and the consequence is, as far as I can hear, there is complaining and general dissatisfaction throughout our lines.

We are, and have been, kept close in the trenches day and night, not allowed to forage any at all, and, even if permitted, there is nothing to be had among the citizens.

Men don't want to starve, and don't intend to, but they call upon you for justice, if the commissary department can give it; if it can't, you must adopt some means to relieve us very soon. The emergency of the case demands prompt and decided action on your part.

If you can't feed us, you had better surrender us, horrible as the idea is, than suffer this noble army to disgrace themselves by desertion. I tell you plainly, men are not going to lie here and perish, if they do love their country dearly. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and hunger will compel a man to do almost anything.

You had better heed a warning voice, though it is the voice of a private soldier.

This army is now ripe for mutiny, unless it can be fed.

Just think of one small biscuit and one or two mouthfuls of bacon per day. General, please direct your inquiries in the proper channel, and see if I have not stated stubborn facts, which had better be heeded before we are disgraced.

From—

MANY SOLDIERS.

—Official Records, Ser. 1, XXIV, part 3, 982–83.

¶ By far the most spectacular aspect of life during the siege was the taking to the caves which occurred when civilians became so greatly endangered by the frequent bombardments that they sought safety underground. Mrs. James M. Loughborough has given perhaps the most picturesque account of the cave-dwellers.

Caves Were the Fashion

So CONSTANTLY DROPPED the shells around the city, that the inhabitants all made preparations to live under the ground during the siege . . . We had neighbors on both sides of us; and it would have been an amusing sight to a spectator to witness the domestic scenes presented without by the number of servants preparing the meals under the high bank containing the caves.

Our dining, breakfasting, and supper hours were quite irregular. When the shells were falling fast, the servants came in for safety, and our meals waited for completion some little time; again they would fall slowly, with the lapse of many minutes between, and out would start the cooks to their work.

Some families had light bread made in large quantities, and subsisted on it with milk (provided their cows were not killed from one milking time to another), without any more cooking, until called on to replenish. Though most of us lived on corn bread and bacon, served three times a day, the only luxury of the meal consisting in its warmth, I had some flour, and frequently had some hard, tough biscuit made from it, there being no soda or yeast to be procured. At this time we could, also, procure beef. A gentleman friend was kind enough to offer me his camp bed, a narrow spring mattress, which fitted within the contracted cave very

comfortably; another had his tent fly stretched over the mouth of our residence to shield us from the sun; and thus I was the recipient of many favors, and under obligations to many gentlemen of the army for delicate and kind attentions; and, in looking back to my trials at that time, I shall ever remember with gratitude the kindness with which they strove to ward off every deprivation. And so I went regularly to work, keeping house under ground. Our new habitation was an excavation made in the earth, and branching six feet from the entrance, forming a cave in the shape of a T. In one of the wings my bed fitted; the other I used as a kind of a dressing room; in this the earth had been cut down a foot or two below the floor of the main cave; I could stand erect here; and when tired of sitting in other portions of my residence, I bowed myself into it, and stood impassively resting at full height—one of the variations in the still shell-expectant life. . . . Our quarters were close, indeed; yet I was more comfortable than I expected I could have been made under the earth in that fashion.

We were safe at least from fragments of shell—and they were flying in all directions; though no one seemed to think our cave any protection, should a mortar shell happen to fall directly on top of the ground above us. We had our roof arched and braced, the supports of the bracing taking up much room in our confined quarters. The earth was about five feet thick above. . . .

Soon the pea meal became an article of food for us also, and a very unpalatable article it proved. To make it of proper consistency, we were obliged to mix some corn meal with it, which cooked so much faster than the pea meal, that it burned before the bread was half done. The taste was peculiar and disagreeable.

However, it soon proved unwholesome, for the soldiers were again allowed to draw rations of the remaining corn meal, with the peas in the kernel to be boiled with meat. We were, indeed, experiencing the rigors and hardships of a siege, for we ate nothing now but meat and bread. . . .

Fruits and vegetables were not to be procured at any price. Every one felt the foreboding of a more serious trouble, the great fear of starvation that stared all in the face causing those who possessed any article in the shape of edibles to retain it for that period to which all looked forward with anxiety—when we would come to actual want.

Already the men in the rifle pits were on half rations—flour or meal enough to furnish bread equivalent in quantity to two biscuits in two

days: many of them ate it all at once, and the next day fasted, preferring, as they said, to have one good meal . . .

I had often remarked how cheerfully the soldiers bore the hardships of the siege. I saw them often passing with their little sacks containing scanty rations, whistling and chatting pleasantly, as around them thickly flew the balls and shells.

Poor men, yet so badly used, and undergoing so many privations!

We were now swiftly nearing the end of our siege life: the rations had nearly all been given out. For the last few days I had been sick; still I tried to overcome the languid feeling of utter prostration. My little one had swung in her hammock, reduced in strength, with a low fever flushing in her face. M——— was all anxiety, I could plainly see. A soldier brought up, one morning, a little jaybird, as a plaything for the child. After playing with it for a short time, she turned wearily away. "Miss Mary," said the servant, "she's hungry; let me make her some soup from the bird." At first I refused: the poor little plaything should not die; then, as I thought of the child, I half consented. With the utmost haste, Cinth disappeared; and the next time she appeared, it was with a cup of soup, and a little plate, on which lay the white meat of the poor little bird.

—Mary W. Loughborough, *My Cave Life in Vicksburg* (New York, 1864), 58–62, 77, 106–108, 136–37.

¶ The end of the story on July 4 was high tragedy. It came on the American Independence Day. Also, something else was happening at the same time up in Pennsylvania: Lee was *not* winning the Battle of Gettysburg. The hopes of the Confederacy were dashed. There was an exchange of telegrams between the President and the governor.

What Is the State of Affairs?

Richmond, Va., July 8, 1863.

Governor J. J. Pettus,
Jackson, Miss.:

What is the state of affairs at Vicksburg? The old key is used. Answer by telegraph.

Jefferson Davis.

Jackson, July 9, 1863.

His Excellency JEFFERSON DAVIS:

GARRISON AT VICKSBURG capitulated on the 4th for want of provisions, 22,000. Officers retain side-arms and private property, to be marched within our lines and remain prisoners of war until exchanged. If arms are promptly sent them, and the exchange pressed to speedy conclusion, Mississippi may yet be saved. Enemy have marched out in force and now in seven miles of Jackson. Prisoners from Vicksburg on the way to this place.

JOHN J. PETTUS.

—*Official Records,* Ser. 1, LII, part 2, 506.

¶ Young Private Elisha Stockwell, Jr., of Company I, Fourteenth Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, arrived at Vicksburg as the city was being surrendered. In July he wrote home:

We Had a Happy Fourth You May Bet

RESPECTED MOTHER,

I received a letter from you some time ago and have answered it, but I thought I would write a few lines to you to let you know that I got into Vicksburg at last alive and well. we came in on the day of the 4th of July. We had a happy fourth you may bet: we came in with Logan's division. the stars and stripes were hoisted on the court house and we marched down on main street in front of the court house and gave three cheers for the flag of our union. we stayed in town until night and then went back to our old camping ground. we lay a little east of north from the town up the river from the town about a mile from town. we have considerable guard duty to do now, but I don't think that it will be so heavy when we get rid of these prisoners they are paroling them as fast as they can. there is lots of them that wont take a parole. they want to get out of it. the most of the Tennessee troops will take the oath of alegiance and a good many of the Mo. troops will take the oath too. I wrote to George Heaydon the 3rd of July. I told him that there was a flag of truce then, but we did not know what it was for and that if I found out before I sent it away, it was to know what conditions Pemberton would surrender on. Well, I am glad that it is over with. what was

going on up there the fourth. I hope that you enjoyed yourself as well as I did. it was the happiest fourth that I ever spent, and it was so unexpected that it made a great difference. they say that they had rather Pemberton would surrender on any other day than the fourth. they could not stood it two days longer anyhow for they had issued the last rations that they had in there.

—Byron R. Abernethy (ed.), *Private Elisha Stockwell, Jr. Sees the Civil War* (Norman, Okla., 1958), 197–99.

¶ Vicksburg had its memorializers in rime. The ballad below was borrowed from a Mexican War song, "Buena Vista Battlefield."

On Vicksburg's Bloody Battlefield

On Vicksburg's bloody battlefield
A wounded soldier lay,
His thoughts around his happy home
Some thousand miles away.

"Now, comrades dear," he said to them,
"I go from you to-day;
So hear the word I have to send
Some thousand miles away.

"And when you see my mother dear,
Be careful how you speak,
For the cord of life may break too soon;
Her heart may prove too weak.

"There is another dear to me,
She's gentle as a fawn ring [sic]
Tell Mary 'tis the gift of one
Who sleeps to wake no more."

—Hudson, *Folksongs of Mississippi*, 261.

6) Postmortem

¶ The months following the fall of Vicksburg saw an epidemic of postmortem crimination and recrimination, as the "blame" was

passed back and forth between Pemberton and his enemies. A court of inquiry failed to materialize, but the press held its own. Before the end of 1863 Alexander S. Abrams, who published several news articles denouncing Pemberton, had elaborated his attack into an eighty-page pamphlet.

Always Doing Nothing

Our opinions of General Pemberton's inability to meet successfully the great movements, which resulted in the downfall of Vicksburg, were formed some time before the investment, on seeing the want of proper energy in transacting the military operations around Vicksburg. This war has developed two classes of Generals. One class is of opinion that positions on the water, even if well fortified, must always be taken, where the enemy possesses a fleet & control such water; while the other class, looking back to the history of past warfare, are of an opposite opinion. Of the former class belong Lieutenant General Pemberton, as his recommendation to evacuate Charleston & dismantle the fortifications would show; while in the second class we would place General G. T. Beauregard, who has for over three months been successfully defending the very city that General Pemberton advised evacuating. In making these remarks, we will not say that General Pemberton believed attempting the defense of Vicksburg hopeless. We are certain he did all in his *ability* for its defense, but that he was incompetent to hold the position in which he had been placed. To use the words of a distinguished General in the Confederate army, "General Pemberton tried to do his best, but was always doing nothing." . . .

In conclusion, we would say that our censure of General Pemberton has not been influenced by public opinion. . . . None but the purest motives of *conscience* & *opinion* have induced us to chronicle the censure contained within, & though General Pemberton may, before long, regain the confidence of the people, & distinguish himself as an officer, while we would with pleasure record his achievements, we should always remain of the same opinion—that he exhibited a great want of competency in his control of the department of Mississippi and East Louisiana, and particularly in the defense of Vicksburg.

—Alexander S. Abrams, *A Full and Detailed History of the Siege of Vicksburg* (Atlanta, 1863), 80.

¶ Jefferson Davis was disposed to stick by his man. In a letter to Pemberton on August 9, 1863, he wrote sympathetically:

I Am No Stranger to . . . Misrepresentation

To some men it is given to be commended for what they are expected to do, and to be sheltered when they fail by a transfer of the blame which may attach; to others it is decreed that their success shall be denied or treated as a necessary result; and their failures imputed to incapacity or crime.

The test of success, therefore, though far from just is one which may be accepted in preference to the popular delusion so readily created by unscrupulous men who resort to the newspapers to disseminate falsehood and forestall the public judgment.

Genl. Lee and yourself have seemed to me examples of the second class, and my confidence has not been diminished because "letter writers" have not sent forth your praise on the wings of the press.

I am no stranger to the misrepresentation of which malignity is capable, nor to the generation of such feeling by the conscientious discharge of duty; and have been taught by a disagreeable experience how closely the messenger of truth follows that of slander.

—Rowland (ed.), *Jefferson Davis, Constitutionalist,* V, 588.

¶ But this battle was not over; it was to be fought for years to come. Vicksburg surrendered. The critics on both sides never did. Even before the war was over, General Joseph Johnston was arguing the question in a report which was widely published in the papers. It was the old story of Pemberton's wavering between two bosses, the commanding general, Johnston, and the commander in chief, Davis.

When an Officer Disobeys . . . His Superior

It would give us great pleasure to publish this able document in full, but it would exclude all other things. Gen. Johnston fully vindicates his own character and washes his hands of all blame for the surrender of the army at Vicksburg, and closes his report in the following words:

The time to strike the enemy, with the best hope of saving Vicksburg, was when he was landing near Bruinsburg. To do this with any prospect of success, a rapid concentration of all the forces should have been made, and an attack. Under this conviction, I telegraphed to Gen. Pemberton on May 1st, from Tullahoma: "If Grant's army lands this side of the river, the safety of Mississippi depends on beating him. For that object you should unite your whole force." And again on May 2d: "If Grant crosses, unite the whole force to beat him; success will give back what was abandoned to win it."

These instructions were neglected, and time was given to Grant to gain a foothold in the State. At Port Gibson and Raymond detachments of our troops were defeated and driven back by overwhelming numbers of the enemy.

On the 13th, when I learned that there were four divisions of the enemy at Clinton, distant twenty miles from the main body of General Pemberton's forces, I gave him notice to attack them, and notified him that we would co-operate. This order Gen. Pemberton disobeyed, and so reported to me in his letter of the 17th. It directed him to move twenty miles to the east, to co-operate with me in attacking Sherman. He moved to the south, and made our co-operation impossible. He claimed that this order compelled him to make the advance beyond Big Black, which proved so "disastrous." Before I had reached Jackson, and before the order was given, Gen. Pemberton made his first advance beyond (east of) the Big Black, to Edward's Depot: after his receipt of the order, in violation of it, he made his second and last advance from that point to the field of Baker's creek. He further claims that this order caused the subversion of his "matured plans." I do not know what those plans were, but I am startled to find matured plans given up for a movement in violation of my orders; rejected by the majority of his council of war, and disapproved (as he states) by himself. On the 12th he wrote me that if he could collect force enough, Edwards' depot would be the battlefield. The battle of Baker's creek was fought three or four miles from Edwards' depot. The presence of the enemy was reported to him the night before. There was no apparent obstacle to prevent his resuming his original position, and carrying out his "matured plans."

It is a new military principle that when an officer disobeys a positive order of his superior, that superior becomes responsible for any measure his subordinate may choose to substitute for that order.

But had the battle of Baker's Creek not been fought, Gen. Pemberton's

belief that Vicksburg was his base rendered his ruin inevitable. He would still have been besieged and therefore captured. The larger force he would have carried into the lines would have added to and hastened the catastrophe. His disasters were due not merely to entangling himself with the advancing columns of a superior and unobserved enemy, but to his evident determination to be besieged in Vicksburg, instead of manoeuvring to prevent a siege.

Convinced of the impossibility of collecting a sufficient force to break the investment of Vicksburg, should it be completed—appreciating the difficulty of extricating the garrison, and convinced that Vicksburg and Port Hudson had lost most of their value by the repeated passage of armed vessels and transports. I ordered the evacuation of both places. General Gardner did not receive this order before the investment of Port Hudson, if at all. General Pemberton set aside this order, under the advice of a council of war; and though he had in Vicksburg eight thousand fresh troops, not demoralized by defeat, decided that it "was impossible to withdraw the army from this position, with such morale and materials as to be of further service to the Confederacy; but "to hold Vicksburg as long as possible, with the firm hope that the Government may yet be able to assist me in keeping this obstruction to the enemy's free navigation of the Mississippi river." Vicksburg was greatly imperilled when my instructions from Tullahoma, to concentrate, were neglected. It was lost when my orders of the 13th and 15th of May were disobeyed. To this loss were added the labor, privations and certain capture of a gallant army, when my orders for its evacuation were set aside.

In this report I have been compelled to entertain many details, and make some animadversions upon the conduct of Gen. Pemberton. The one was no pleasant task—the other most painful duty; both have been forced upon me by the official report of Gen. Pemberton made to the War Department, instead of to me, to whom it was due.

General Pemberton, by direct assertion and by implication, puts upon me the responsibility of the movement which led his army to defeat at Baker's Creek and Big Black bridge—defeats which produced the loss of Vicksburg and his army.

This statement has been circulated by the press, in more or less detail, and with more or less marks of an official character, until my silence would be almost an acknowledgement of the justice of the charges.

A proper regard for the good opinions of my Government has compelled me, therefore, to throw aside that delicacy which I would gladly

have observed towards a brother officer, suffering much undeserved obloquy, and to show that in his short and single movement in obedience to my orders, and regarded none of my instructions; and, finally, did not embrace the opportunity to save his army; that given by my order to abandon Vicksburg.

—Canton *American Citizen*, April 25, 1864.

CHAPTER SIX

MISSISSIPPI FIGHTS ON

I'll eat when I'm hungry,
I'll drink when I'm dry.
If the Yankees don't kill me,
*I'll live till I die.**

THE WORDS OF THE WARTIME BALLAD, "THE REBEL SOLDIER," doubtless expressed the sentiments of most Mississippians, soldier or civilian, after the summer of 1863. Mississippi's heart was broken but not its spirit. It kept on fighting, even after Vicksburg. Most of the Mississippi River area was now under Yankee control, and large portions of the western part of the state, including the Delta, were at times almost a no man's land. In the interior there was still to be hard fighting: two raids by Sherman across the central portion of the state and a perpetual hide-and-seek between the Yankees and Nathan Bedford Forrest in the northern and northeastern sector. In some sections, notably the Piney Woods, deserter bands like that of Newt Knight of Jones County occasionally terrorized the faithful.

Meanwhile, Mississippians were busily fighting in Virginia. And they

* Hudson, *Folksongs of Mississippi*, 258.

would fight also in Tennessee, in Georgia, and in the Carolinas as the jaws of the Yankee nutcracker swung from Vicksburg eastward and from Richmond southward until they met in 1865 when surrender came at Appomattox and Durham's Station.

1) Deserters in the Piney Woods

¶ As Pemberton's army, which was paroled by Grant, moved eastward, there was much confusion. Some of the men went home to stay. Others, too far away to go home, roamed the forests and swamps of the interior of the state. Soon the Mississippi backwoods was swarming with these visitors. At the same time, dissatisfaction with the Confederacy in some areas now boiled over into outright disloyalty. This happened in Jones County where Newt Knight, a sort of "Robin Hood of the Piney Woods," organized a company of deserters who hid out in the swamps and refused to go back to the Confederate Army. By the time this story got around, it had become fantastic indeed. In one of its most garbled forms it appeared in the Natchez *Courier*.

The Republic of Jones

It may be interesting to many of our citizens to know that the county of Jones, State of Mississippi, has seceded from the State and formed a Government of their own, both military and civil.

The Confederacy, after claiming the right of secession, not being willing to extend the same to the said Republic, has declared war against it and sent an army under Col. Mowry, of Mobile, to crush the rebellion. The Republic immediately prepared to act on the defensive, raising an army under the command of Maj. Robinson, commander-in-chief of the armies of the Republic of Jones. The beligerents met; a desperate battle ensued, in which the armies of the new Republic were victorious, having killed wounded and captured many of the Confederates, the remainder under their gallant commander ingloriously fled.

The following is a copy of a dispatch sent by the commander-in-chief of the forces to his Honor, the Secretary of War for the Republic of Jones:

Headquarters Forces of the Republic in the Field, January 27th, 1864.

To Hon. A. C. Williams, Secretary of War:

Sir—We met the forces of the invader on the evening of the 26th inst, at Cross Roads. After an engagement of eight hours duration we broke his center, when he fled in confusion; on the field we captured many prisoners and several pieces of artillery. Our loss was very slight.

I have the honor to be, respectfully,

R. Robinson.

After this hard fought battle an armistice was made. Ministers were appointed to confer with the "so-called Confederate States." Propositions for peace were entered into but declined by the Confederate States. A cartel for exchange of prisoners was offered by the Republic, which was also declined. All prospects of an amicable adjustment having ceased, the ministers of the Republic returned to their capital fully convinced that the Republic had no other alternative but to prepare for war. Their Congress having met, a lengthy debate took place, the question in debate: "Propositions to form an alliance with the United States," which was opposed by Mr. Billing, on the ground that the position of the United States in regard to the question of succession had been clearly defined in her war with the "so called Confederate States."

Congress at once declared that it would be a useless expenditure of time. An act was unanimously passed ordering all persons, male and female, who denied their inalienable right of succession, to leave the Republic at once on pain of being punished as a spy.

No provisions having been made for the exchange of prisoners, they were paroled. The following is a true copy of a parole:

Headquarters Forces of the Republic,
February 2, 1864.

I, Ben Johnston, do so'emnly swear that I will not aid or assist the enemies of said Republic in any way whatsoever during the war, unless sooner discharged. So help me God.

Ben Johnston

Sworn and subscribed before me this
2d day of February, 1864.

Wm. Armstrong, Capt. and A.A.G.

To many, this may seem highly wrought, but nevertheless it is true. Numbers of deserters having congregated in the swamps of Jones

County, determined to form a government for themselves. Colonel Mowry, with a force was sent over to disband them, but they fought desperately, and in their strongholds defied the Colonel and his forces, killing and wounding and capturing many of his men.

—Natchez *Courier*, July 12, 1864.

¶ Most of the newspaper story was in error. There was a band of deserters on the loose in Jones County, but there had been no formal secession. They had, however, created considerable "terror." On March 29, 1864, Captain W. Wirt Thompson of the Twenty-fourth Mississippi Regiment wrote to the Secretary of War about conditions in Jones County and in neighboring areas in Southeast Mississippi. He also told of what had been done about it.

A Most Deplorable Condition

I WOULD MOST RESPECTFULLY submit for your consideration the following statement of facts, and for the relief of the loyal citizens of South Mississippi earnestly solicit the attention of the War Department to the condition of affairs now existing in that section of the state.

* * *

Gentlemen of undoubted veracity informed me that the Federal flag had been raised by them over the court-house in Jones County, and in the same county they are said to have fortified rendezvous, and that Yankees are frequently among them. Companies of 40 or 50 men go together to each other's fields, stack arms, place out a picket guard, and then cut and roll logs, repair fences, &c., and in this way they swear they intend to raise crops and defend themselves from cavalry this season. The country is entirely at their mercy. Colonel Maury with a regiment of cavalry had been sent from Mobile into Jones County and had encountered and captured some of them, but cavalry, unaided by well-drilled infantry troops in large forces, will never be able to dislodge them and relieve the country. The loyal citizens are sorely oppressed and are looking to the Government for relief, and unless they get such relief soon the country will be utterly and irretrievably ruined. It is a serious matter, one that calls loudly for prompt and immediate attention on the part of the Government, and as a Confederate officer, as a citizen of that

portion of Mississippi, whose friends and family are exposed to this growing evil, I have felt it my duty to lay the matter before the proper authorities and in behalf of the oppressed to solicit the consideration and succor of the Government. I give it as my honest opinion, based upon what I saw and learned, that not less than a brigade of well-drilled infantry troops, a force sufficient to sweep the country at once, will be able to exterminate them from the country. Cavalry can never do it, and as yet only cavalry has been sent, and only in small bodies. These they have heretofore driven out of the country, and have grown the more daring after each success.

Trusting that this may meet the serious consideration of those into whose hands is committed the destinies of our struggling young country, and with the assurance that I can substantiate by as much evidence as may be desired all and even more than has been stated in the foregoing.

—*Official Records,* Ser. 1, XXXII, part 3, 711–13.

¶ Newt Knight and his deserters organized themselves as Salls Battery, U. S. Infantry, and kept both a muster roll and a list of "engagements":

Knight's Skirmishes

THE FIRST BATTLE was at Salesbattery, Jones County, Mississippi, near Smith's Store, October 13, 1863.

Two, battles at Levi Valentine's old field, on November 1, 1863.

Three, battles at Curry Creek, in Covington County, November 1, 1863.

Four, battles at Talahala Creek, near Ellisville, December 24, 1863.

Five, battles at Rocky Creek, near Ellisville, April 26, 1864.

Six, battles at Reddoch's Ferry. Seven, battles at Big Creek Church. Eight, battles at Cohay Creek in Covington County, April 15, 1864.

Nine, battles at Hebron Lodge. Ten, battles at Knight's Mill, April, 1864. Eleven, small skirmishes on picket near Knight's Mill, April 16, 1864. Twelve, captured a lot of rebel prisoners near Reddoch's Ferry, Jones County, said to have belonged to Forrest's Cavalry, 21 in number. These were paroled in November, 1864.

Thirteen, battles at Big Creek, December 28, 1864. Fourteen, battles at Gunter's near Leaf River, December 28, 1864. Fifteen, skirmishes January 10, 1865, at Salesbattery.

—Thomas J. Knight, *The Life and Activities of Captain Newton Knight and His Company . . .* (Ellisville, Miss., 1946), 19–20.

¶ The Mobile *Evening News* of May 3, 1864, gave a somewhat laconic report of the doings in Jones County, not even dignifying the deserters with an organizational entity:

Never . . . Any Organization of Men

THERE NEVER HAS existed an organization of men in Jones. The deserters who were prominent in their neighborhoods led their squads, not consisting generally of more than six or seven men. Jones is no more than her surroundings. The people are very poor and very ignorant, and the enemy traversing the state without opposition induced them to believe the country had gone up. So by the advice of some older citizens they were induced to believe they were the strong party, so they could defy the government and stay at home. We have changed the status of things in Jones, Percy and Smith, and expect to re-establish in all South Mississippi a healthy loyalty to the Powers that be.

—James L. Power Scrapbook (Miss. Arch., Jackson), file L–122.

¶ When the war was over, the loyal Confederate citizens of Jones County sought to expiate the disloyalty of Knight and his men.

Notorious If Not Infamous

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Mississippi, Oct. 16th, 1865:

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, petitioners and citizens of Jones County, would respectfully represent that from occurrences that have transpired within

the past two years, the name of our county, beyond its limits, has become notorious if not infamous, at least to sensitive ears and the public spirited. The reproaches and vulgar comparisons are mortifying to those who occasionally travel beyond its limits, and have sacrificed much to sustain a high reputation.

We therefore, would petition your honorable body to change the name of our county to that of Davis, and the name of our county seat (Ellisville) to that of Leesburg, hoping that thereby an era in history will commence with marked improvement, and that its past history and name may be obliterated and buried so deep that the hand of time may never resurrect it, but by chance posterity should learn that there was a Jones county and the black part of its history. We would ask (not egotistically) that this petition, together with the names of those annexed, may be recorded in the journals of both Houses, that their mind (posterity) may be disabused of any participation on our part of any of its dark deeds, and in duty bound will ever pray.

Signed, [101 names follow]

—*Mississippi Senate Journal* (Jackson), November, 1865, 264–65.

¶ These were not the sentiments of sixty-odd Jones County Unionists whose names (all but seven in the same handwriting) appeared on a memorial to Provisional Governor William L. Sharkey protesting that they had "ever been true and loyal to the Union." Although the followers of Knight were ignored for the time being and the legislature of 1865 did carry out the recommended name changes, the Carpetbag-Negro government that came several years later rescinded the action. Then Knight and his men could be jubilant.

Ever . . . True and Loyal to the Union

WE HAVE EVER been true and loyal to the union insomuch that the name of Jones County has been cast out as evil throughout the land. We stand firm to the Union when Secession swept as an avalanche over the State, for this cause alone we have been treated as savages instead of freemen by the rebel authorities.

—Memorial to Sharkey, July, 1865, Gov. Corr., file E–70.

2) Government in Motion

¶ The fall of Vicksburg would probably have ended Pettus' political career, even if his term of office had not come to an end. He had done his best; but, like Davis and Pemberton, he had to share the blame for defeat, albeit unwillingly. At any rate he was denounced as an obstructor of Confederate defensive measures by his insistence on holding onto the state militia.

In the months after the fall of Vicksburg, Mississippians had little time to think about matters of government and politics. They could hardly keep up with where these entities were, much less what they were about. After abandoning Jackson, Pettus took the capital to Enterprise. Then in August he hied himself to Macon, after briefly examining the possibilities of Meridian. But Macon was a bad location for a legislative session; so Columbus and Meridian were usually selected for this purpose. In fact, the next governor was inaugurated in Columbus, not in Macon.

Until Such Time

PROCLAMATION

Executive Office
Meridian, Miss., August 11th, 1863.

WHEREAS, THE ARCHIVES and public stores of the State were removed from the city of Jackson previous to its capture by the enemy, to this place, and it being deemed unsafe to return at present to Jackson, and finding it impossible to procure suitable buildings or offices at this point, I have, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the Constitution and laws of the State, ordered the removal of the State offices, civil and military, with the exception of the Chief of Ordnance, (who will be stationed here,) to Macon, Noxubee county, until such time as Jackson can be again occupied.

JOHN J. PETTUS,
Governor.

—Jackson *Daily Mississippian*, August 29, 1863.

¶ In the autumn of 1863 there were state elections. Pettus did not run again, but his friend Reuben Davis did. However, there was a reaction against the old Fire-Eaters by this time, and the elections brought to the governor's chair Charles Clark, an aristocratic ex-Whig from the Delta, together with a more conservative legislature. Clark, who had been major general of the state militia in 1861–1862, had lost a leg for the Cause. When he addressed the new legislature in November, he was determined that whatever was lost, it would not be "the Cause."

March Into the Sea and Perish

WE HAVE NOT lightly entered upon the path we are pursuing; and, conscious of the rectitude of our intentions and the justice of our cause, we have neither motive or desire to retrace our steps. There *may be* those who delude themselves with visions of a reconstructed Union and a restored Constitution. If such there be, let them awake from their dreaming! Between the South and the North there is a great gulf fixed. It is a gulf crimsoned with the blood of our sons and brothers, filled with the bitter hatred of our enemies and the memories of our wrongs. It can be passed only with dishonor, and in reconstruction we shall reach the climax of infamy! Humbly submit yourselves to our hated foes, and they will offer you a reconstructed Constitution providing for the confiscation of your property, the immediate emancipation of your slaves and the elevation of the black race to a position of equality, aye, of superiority, that will make them your masters and rulers. Rather than such base submission, such ruin and dishonor, let the last of our young men die upon the field of battle, and when none are left to wield a blade or uphold our banner, then let our old men, our women and our children, like the remnant of the heroic Pascagoulas, when their braves were slain, join hands together, march into the sea and perish beneath its waters.

—*Mississippi House Journals* (Jackson), December, 1862, and November, 1863, 159.

¶ Governor Clark had his troubles. In the end he resorted to just about every state rights device Pettus had used to protect his ill-defended state and feed and clothe his destitute people. In February,

1865, when the Confederacy was failing fast and peace talk was in the air, he was still confident of victory. He told the legislature:

Mississippi Will Be True to Her Plighted Faith

THE PROPOSITION IS made to Mississippi, and to each State separately, to desert the ranks of her Confederates to whose cause her people have pledged "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor," a cause holy in our eyes as it is just in the sight of Heaven, the cause of right, of equality, of free government. Let us congratulate the country that the issue is now fairly made—victory or subjugation—freedom or slavery. Our people are ready to meet the issue, and I recommend that you solemnly and firmly declare that Mississippi will be true to her plighted faith to her sister Confederates, and will conquer or perish with them. That we will never again submit to the exactions and extortions of the North to maintain their interests at the expense of ours; never will submit to pay the cost of our own capture and of the chains with which we are to be bound, and that rather than abandon our cherished and christian institution of domestic slavery, we will send our servants with our sons to the battle field, to fight for our right to protect and guard them against their worst enemies. Your resolutions will be responded to by the defiant shouts of the army and the acclamations of the people.

—*Mississippi House Journal* (Meridian), February, 1865, 14.

3) Sherman in Mississippi

After the fall of Vicksburg, Johnston returned to Jackson, which Sherman attacked on July 12. Neither general was anxious for a show-down. Nevertheless, Johnston, fearing an attack from the rear, abandoned the city again. On July 19 Sherman wrote to Admiral David D. Porter from Jackson.

Jackson . . . Is Now a Ruined Town

YOUR KIND AND considerate letter reached me at Clinton as we were trudging along in heat and dust after Johnston, that had been troubling us about Vicksburg during our eventful siege. We must admit these

rebels out-travel us, and Johnston took refuge in the fortified town of Jackson. My heads of columns reached the place on the 9th, but the forts and lines were too respectable to venture the assault, and I began a miniature Vicksburg. The enemy was about 30,000 strong, with plenty of artillery, which he used pretty freely; some rifled 32-pounders, of too heavy metal for our heavy field-guns, but we got close up and made the invariable sap, succeeding in disabling one of the 32-pounders, knocking off a trunnion, and breaking up the carriage. We expended on the town as much of our ammunition as was prudent to expend, and a train with a re-supply reached me the very night he concluded to quit. We had a good deal of picket work, in all which we succeeded, driving the enemy behind his earthworks, but we made no assault; indeed, I never meditated one, but I was gradually gaining round by the flank, when he departed in the night. Having numerous bridges across Pearl River, now very low, and a railroad in full operation to the rear, he succeeded in carrying off most of his material and men. Had the Pearl River been a Mississippi, with a patrol of gunboats, I might have accomplished your wish in bagging the whole. As it is, we did considerable execution, have 500 prisoners, are still pursuing and breaking railroads, so that the good folks of Jackson will not soon again hear the favorite locomotive whistle. The enemy burned nearly all the handsome dwellings round about the town because they gave us shelter or to light up the ground to prevent night attacks. He also set fire to a chief block of stores in which were commissary supplies, and our men, in spite of guards, have widened the circle of fire, so that Jackson, once the pride and boast of Mississippi, is now a ruined town. State-house, Governor's mansion, and some fine dwellings, well within the lines of intrenchments, remain untouched.

—*Official Records,* Ser. 1, XXIV, part 3, 531.

¶ Johnston was pursued as far as Brandon, but Sherman concluded that farther progress eastward was unnecessary. By autumn Stephen D. Lee's cavalry was defending the central and northeastern portion of the state with frequent assistance from Forrest, who was active in the Mississippi-Tennessee border area.

In February, 1864, Sherman undertook a destructive raid all the way from Vicksburg to Meridian. Lee and a force of less than 8,000 men had to battle the 30,000 raiders of Sherman. Forrest did not

join Lee, but at West Point he waylaid an expedition into North Mississippi under General William S. Smith, who was headed for Meridian to join Sherman.

At Madison Station, near Jackson, William L. Nugent of Ferguson's Cavalry Division wrote his wife about the encounter with Sherman's men.

General Sherman Complimented Our Cavalry Very Much

After nearly forty days of incessant riding and almost constant skirmishing we are now camped at this place to rest and recruit—as long as the movements of the enemy will allow. The people of Mississippi as usual were stupified by Sherman's crazy movement to Meridian and in consequence a large number of our Mississippi troops have gone home, because they said their state was to be given up. Sherman has made an astonishing march, has plundered a great many of our citizens and has torn up the Rail Road centering at Meridian for Miles; beyond this he has accomplished very little. Our Railroads will soon be repaired, as for as we need them, and the Yankee soldiers will not be inclined to reenlist after their practical experiment at marching into the heart of our territory. Had we been as active as we might, Sherman would have been annihilated before leaving Meridian. As it was, Harden got to Demopolis after the enemy had retired from Meridian. If this unprecedented movement will have the effect to drive all our infantry out of the State to Genl. Johnston, I will esteem it a great blessing.

As we moved back after the retreating enemy an amusing and somewhat dangerous incident occured. We had thrown out an advance guard, which soon began skirmishing with the enemy and a Regiment was hurried up to reinforce it. Before the dust raised by this Regt. had subsided, a company of Yankees dashed in on a side road, just in front of the General & his escort and began firing upon us. The General whirled his horse to the right about, & galloped back to form a Regt. apprehending an attack on our flank, the balance of the staff followed, the escort wheeled about, and left me facing the audacious Yankees alone. They kept on until they got into the main road we were travelling and followed on behind our Advance Guard. I immediately ordered the escort to wheel about & we charged the Yankees, killing & capturing nearly the whole tea party. One blue coated fellow had the hardihood to gallop up to the

rear of the Regt. in front and demand its surrender. A stray pistol shot however, soon stopped the beating of the Yankee's heart. I saw him stretched in the middle of the road; and a handsome looking fellow he was indeed. He was shot directly through the heart. From my experience on this expedition I would rather see you in the enemy's lines than exposed to raids like the people here are. We have had a hard time of it. Our wagons were sent back to Demopolis, Alabama, and I haven't had a change of clothing for more than a month. I have my underclothes washed at night & have managed to get along very well considering. I am almost without a shirt; bought a homespun shirt the other day for twelve dollars, and rely upon it altogether. I have to get another soon, but if I cannot succeed it makes very little difference. I think we will whip the Yankees this year any how and I can afford to transport a scanty wardrobe until then.

General Sherman complimented our Cavalry very much on their fighting; and if we could have drawn his cavalry out by itself, there would have been very little of it left. As it was we didn't care to exhaust our horse & kill our men in vain efforts to stope the march of the Infantry Column opposed to us. Had Sherman gone to Demopolis he would never have reached Vicksburg again with a thousand men; this we knew, & I suppose he found out in ample time to travel back.

—William L. Nugent to wife, March 8, 1864,
Howorth Letters.

4) Forrest's "Critters"

¶ The task of defending Mississippi during the months following Sherman's second raid was left pretty much up to General Forrest and his redoubtable cavalry—his "critter company." The general became a thorn in the side of Yankee occupation forces in North Mississippi and West Tennessee. It became a matter of honor for the Yankees to destroy Forrest. With Forrest, it was a matter of honor never to be destroyed; and he was not. In June, 1864, General S. D. Sturgis set out from Memphis to rout Forrest and got routed himself. This was the battle of Brice's Crossroads, fought on June 10. Forrest reported the climax of the battle thus:

The Retreat or Route Began

WE HAD A SEVERE skirmish with the enemy, which was kept up until 1 o'clock, at which time General Buford arrived with the artillery, followed by Bell's brigade. The enemy had for some time been shelling our position. On the arrival of the batteries I directed General Buford to move them in position and open fire, in order to develop the position of enemy's batteries and his lines. The enemy responded with two guns only. The firing from our batteries was discontinued, while Lyon and Johnson were ordered to move their lines forward. It was now 1 o'clock, and as all my forces were up I prepared to attack him at once. Taking with me my escort and Bell's brigade I moved rapidly around to the Guntown and Ripley road, and advancing on that road, dismounting the brigade, and forming Russel's and Wilson's regiments on the right, extending to Colonel Rucker's left, and placing Newsom's regiment on the left of the road, Duff's regiment, of Rucker's brigade, and my escort were placed on the left of Newsom's and formed the extreme left of my line of battle. Before leaving General Buford I ordered him the moment the attack began on the left to move the center and right rapidly forward. Owing to the density of the undergrowth Colonel Bell was compelled to advance within thirty yards of the enemy before assaulting him. In a few seconds the engagement became general, and on the left raged with great fury. The enemy having three lines of battle, the left was being heavily pressed, I sent a staff officer to General Buford to move Lyon's and Johnson's brigades forward and press the enemy on the right. Newsom's regiment was suffering severely and had given way. Colonel Duff and my escort, dismounted, were ordered to charge the enemy's position in front of Newsom's regiment, and succeeded in driving the enemy to his second line, enabling the regiment to rally, reform, and move forward to a less exposed position. Fearing my order to General Buford had miscarried, I moved forward rapidly along the lines, encouraging my men, until I reached General Buford on the Blackland road, and finding but two pieces of artillery in position and engaged, I directed my aide-de-camp, Captain Anderson, to bring up all the artillery, and ordered General Buford to place it in action at once, which was promptly done. The battle was fierce and the enemy obstinate; but after two hours' hard fighting the enemy gave way, being forced back on his third and last line. Colonel Barteau, in command of the regiment sent from Old Carroll-

ville, had gained the rear of the enemy, and by his presence and attack in that quarter had withdrawn the cavalry from the enemy's flank and created confusion and dismay to the enemy's wagon train and the guard attending it. The cavalry was sent back for its protection, and the enemy now in front made a last attempt to hold the crossroads; but the steady advance of my men and the concentrated, well-directed, and rapid fire from my batteries upon that point threw them back, and the retreat or rout began. He endeavored, after abandoning the cross-roads, one piece of artillery, several caissons, and a quantity of ammunition, to protect his rear and check pursuit, taking advantage of every favorable position along his line of march, but he was speedily driven from them. Pressing forward he was forced to abandon many of his wagons and ambulances. Before reaching Tishomingo Creek the road was so blockaded with abandoned vehicles of every description that it was difficult to move the artillery forward. Ordering up my horses, they were mounted and the pursuit was then continued and the enemy were driven until dark.

—*Official Records,* Ser. 1, XXXIX, part 1, 223–24.

¶ At a United States court of inquiry held in Memphis in July there was high comedy in the testimony of Colonel Edward Barton of the Fifty-ninth United States Colored Infantry, who first encountered Sturgis retreating through the Hatchie bottom after the battle:

If Mr. Forrest Will Let Me Alone I Will Let Him Alone

QUESTION. When you saw General Sturgis at the Hatchie bottom, what orders did he give you and what did he say?

ANSWER. When I first came up to General Sturgis I said, "General, for God's sake don't let us give it up so." He said, "What can we do?" I told him to give me the ammunition that the white troops were throwing away in the mud and I would hold the enemy in check until we could get those ambulances, wagons, and artillery all over that bottom and save them. I told him that if he would give me one of those white regiments to help me lift the wagons and artillery over, that I would stake my life

that I would save the whole of them. He said, "For God's sake, if Mr. Forrest will let me alone I will let him alone."

—*Ibid.*, 214.

¶ The Yankees returned in July, still hoping to crush Forrest. With General Stephen D. Lee helping him, Forrest escaped again. Although the Federals routed the Confederates in the Battle at Harrisburg on July 14, General A. J. Smith, finding his bread supply spoiled and his ammunition short, withdrew with Forrest's men in hot pursuit. But Forrest was wounded, and Confederate losses were heavy. In August Smith was back asking for more. Forrest, fighting at times with an injured foot propped up on the dashboard of a buggy, was all over the place. Early Sunday morning, August 21, he turned up in Memphis in a memorable raid. Forrest did not ride into the lobby of the Gayoso Hotel, as legend has it, while Major General Stephen A. Hurlbut left by a back door. But the story is good enough as it was.

Leaving His Clothes Behind

I ATTACKED MEMPHIS 4 O'CLOCK this morning, driving enemy to his fortifications. We killed and captured 400, capturing their entire camp, with about 300 horses and mules. Washburn and staff escaped by darkness of morning, leaving his clothes behind. My loss, 20 killed and wounded.

—*Ibid.*, 484.

¶ Forrest lost twenty men. The chief of the fire department reported several losses in property, also.

One Captain's Trumpet

THE FOLLOWING IS a correct report of the depredations committed by the Confederate forces during their recent raid in Memphis, on Sunday morning last, in the fire department:

Patrick Roach, a member of steam fire company No. 2, was murdered while on duty at the engine house. He was a good and efficient member, and leaves an aged mother and sister, who were entirely dependent upon him for support.

John Thompson, a member of the same company, and while on duty at the engine house, was made prisoner and carried off by the rebels.

List of property taken off by the rebels: One horse mule, valued at $500; 1 captain's trumpet, $30; 2 firemen's belts, $20; 1 saddle, $25; 1 new black cloth coat, $35; 2 black felt hats, $24; 2 oil-cloth coats, $15; 1 pair leggings, $5. Grand total, $654.

—*Ibid.*, 483.

¶ Mississippians loved Forrest. He was their whistle in the dark when the Cause was being lost; but, thanks to him, it was being lost with boots on and colors flying. The legislature knew no bounds in showing its appreciation. In August, 1864, he was given a sword:

Presented by the State of Mississippi

WHEREAS, THE EMINENT services of Maj. Gen. N. B. Forrest have inspired the country with the highest confidence and admiration in his gallantry as an officer, and pre-emient qualities as a commanding General, and,

Whereas, his daring bravery and consummate skill, and the devoted heroism of his brave little army, have repeatedly saved an important portion of this State from destruction by a ruthless foe, therefore,

Be it resolved by the Legislature of the State of Mississippi, That the Governor be and he is hereby authorized and instructed to cause to be manufactured, in the finest style of workmanship and art, a sword, the hild, blade and scabbard to be embossed, etched or engraved with the arms of the State of Mississippi, and have engraved thereon the following inscription:—"Presented by the State of Mississippi to Major Gen. N. B. Forrest, of the C. S. Army, as a testimonial of her high appreciation of him as a warrior and patriot, and for his distinguished services in defense of her soil and people." Which sword the Governor shall present, or cause to be presented to Gen. Forrest.

2d. *Resolved,* That the Governor be and he is authorized to make his

requisition on the Audit or for his warrant upon the Treasury for the amount necessary to pay for the manufacture of said sword.

3d. *Resolved,* That the Governor be requested to forward to Gen. Forrest a copy of these resolutions.

—*Mississippi Laws* (Meridian), August, 1864, 53–54.

¶ Forrest was not one to be tolerant of slackers. His treatment of deserters gave him a reputation for ferocity that was even more terrible than that he earned from the leaders of Yankee excursions from Memphis. The legislature liked his tactics.

. . . *Will Succeed in Restoring Confidence*

Resolved by the Legislature of the State of Mississippi, 1st. That this Legislature hails, with great satisfaction, the avowed purpose declared by Major General N. B. Forrest, in his recent published address, of at once taking steps to have returned to their commands all absentees, stragglers and skulkers, and of his determination to place in active service all independent scouts, where they will be of service in the great struggle in which our country is now engaged, thus lessening the burthen of those of our noble and trustworthy soldiers who have patiently borne "the heat and burden of the day" without complaint; and this Legislature, in behalf of the good people of the State, pledge themselves to give all aid in their power to assist him in consummating so laudable a purpose; and the Governor of the State is hereby requested to use all the means at his command to effect the ends above stated, and to fully co-operate with General Forrest in such manner as may be necessary to restore all the delinquents to our army.

Resolved further, 2d. That the Governor be requested to forward a copy of these resolutions to Maj. Gen. Forrest, with the thanks of the Legislature for the earnestness with which he has entered upon the duties of his present position, and a hope that he will succeed in so restoring confidence and recruiting our armies that success will crown our every effort and independence be our reward.

—*Mississippi Laws* (Meridian) February, 1865, 62–63.

CHAPTER SEVEN

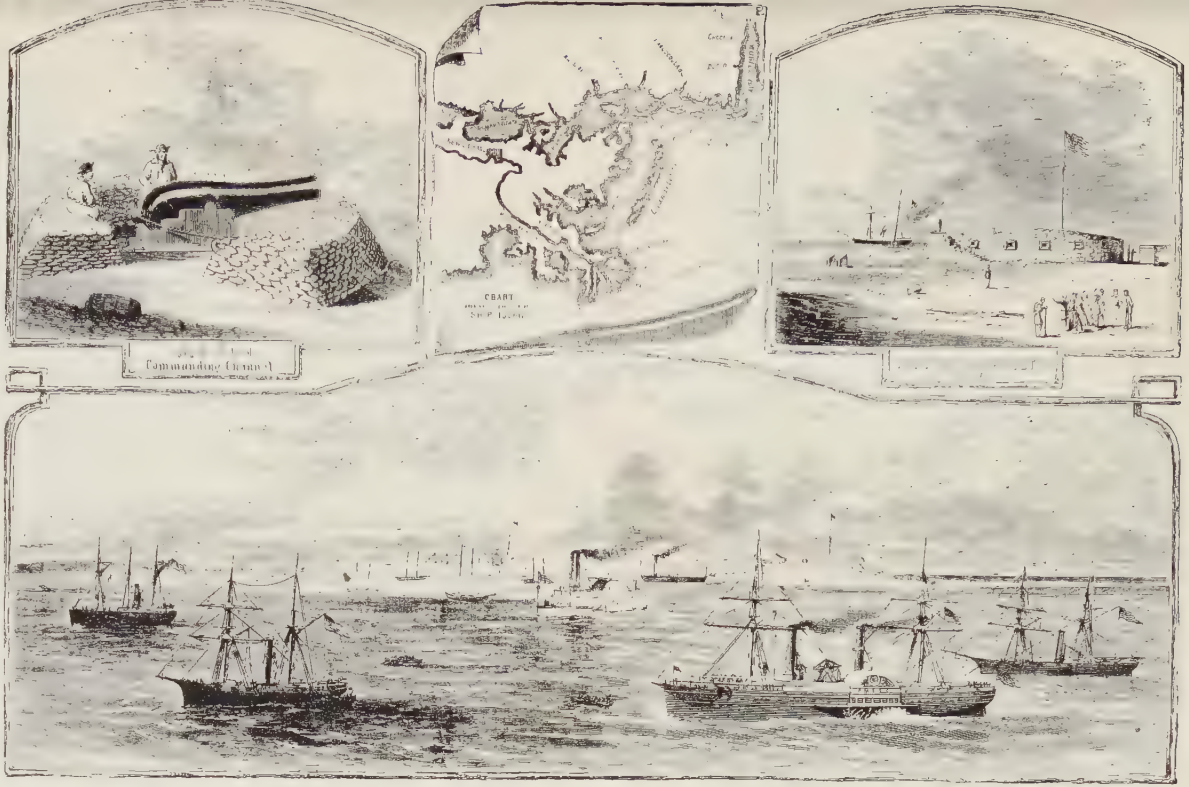
ON OTHER FRONTS

MISSISSIPPIANS DID NOT DO ALL THEIR FIGHTING IN MISSISSIPPI. There were large numbers of Mississippi soldiers in the armies that fought in Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia, and the Carolinas. There were Mississippians at Gettysburg as well as at Vicksburg. There were Mississippians at Atlanta as well as Brice's Crossroads. Sometimes these Mississippians became terribly homesick; sometimes they grew desperate over the failure of the Confederacy to protect their own homes and firesides in Mississippi while they fought for other men's elsewhere in the South.

But they stuck to their guns, these Mississippians. And here they are viewed—as they appeared—on the battlefield, in camp, or on the town:

1) Virginia's Mississippians

¶ Jefferson Davis was Mississippi's most distinguished export to Virginia, but there were countless others. In the first year of the war they were at Manassas. When the war's second year came, they were fighting with Stonewall and Joseph E. Johnston and Robert E. Lee. They knew the heat of summer battle in the Peninsular campaign and the "Seven Days" around Richmond; they saw second Manassas; they were at Antietam; they shivered at Fredericksburg in December. With the war's third spring they fought at Chancellorsville, and its third July brought them the despair of defeat



Harper's Weekly

7) Ship Island, off the Mississippi Gulf Coast, which fell to the Federals early in the war (September, 1861).

Harper's Weekly

8) A Confederate Prison over Pearl River at Jackson, where Union prisoners were confined.

London Illustrated

9) Confederate Scouts with percussion caps for the garrison at Vicksburg running the Federal pickets.

at Gettysburg. Another spring brought the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, and Cold Harbor. The fourth summer brought the siege of Petersburg, which lasted until that city and Richmond fell the next spring and it was all over.

From his camp near Fredericksburg in December, 1862, Private Clindenen Black of the Thirteenth Mississippi Regiment wrote his mother:

"Galentry" at Fredericksburg

I HAVE NOT WRITTEN to you in some time. I have had quite a stirring time since I wrote. On the 11th of this month the enemy commenced to throw across the river their pontoon Bridges Our Brigade was sent down town to hold them in check. We keep them back until late in the evening when they succeeded in crossing The[y] shelled us most horably all day in town completely mutilated the town Our Regt lost several men after they crossed. We fell back to about the center of the town & met them with the rifles with which we did much exacution. We killed a great many of them We scattered over town & took the advantage of them. 3 of my company were by them selves killed & wounded 11 about that time the Col. sent me to the rear with a prisonor by that means I missed the last of the fighting We had only one man in our company wounded badly. That was Jo Weatherby who had his leg amputated. I received a slight wound in the face from a peace of shell or brick some more of the boys were slightly wounded but all with the regt We have two men missing. . . . That night our Brigade was relieved We were sent back on the line. on Saturday the enemy attacked our lines to our right & left We were in no more of the fighting. The fighting of Saturday was very severe our loss small but the enemy's very heavy on Monday night the yankees recrossed the river in a very demoralized condition They came over under a flag of truce to bury their dead. Our company guarded them the first day. That squad buryed in front & in Town in two days 1800 Yankees & some had been buryed before & that was not the hardest part of the fighting it is said that some of the yankees that came over cryed because they had to fight they all nearly said they were tired of it & some of them beged our boys to let them stay over officers & men say it is no use in trying to subjugate us, After they got possession of town they broke open all the houses & completely demolished every thing, broke up furnature & all I can not

believe such people can prosper. Our Brigade was complimented verry much for its bravry Some of the boy got hold of a yankee paper which said if Genl Miles had displayed the galentry at Harpers Ferry that the 15th Miss did at Fredricksburg he could have hald it for centurys. . . . I pray to God that he will soon give us peace which I believe he will do & thin we will all com home & stay in peace & happiness the remainder of our days. Thare is no doubt thare is a strong sentiment in the north in favor peace. I think the majority of the northern army favor recognishing us.

—Clindenen Black to mother, December, 1862,
McAlister Papers.

¶ In May, 1863, Clindenen was jubilant at the successes of the Confederates against Grant. His regiment had defended Richmond:

The Glorious Victory That God Has Blessed Our Arms With

I OUGHT TO HAVE writen to you sooner but thought I would wait until I found out all abought the fight. I have waited until now and still do not know as much about my company as I wish. When it was reported that the yankees were crossing they sent the sick off. Thare were sevral verry sick so the Dr made me come off with them I tried to get off, but he would not hear to any thing else. the boys that came off with me are all getting will except one he died soon after we got here he belonged to another company. I reckon you have heard of the glorious victory that *God* has blessed our arms with. Our loss was quite heavy as our brigade was to left [sic] to guard the city the enemy atacted them with overwhelming odds and forced them to fall back a short distance until reinforcements could come to their relief. . . .

Richmond has been clad in morning for sevral days for the hero Stone Wall Jackson It was a great loss, but I think it was intended by providence & we should look at [it] as being for our good. I believe God is with us & he will spare enough Genls to lead us to independence . . .

—Clindenen Black to mother, May 14, 1863,
McAlister Papers.

¶ In the summer of 1863 came Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania. In the Battle of Gettysburg many a Mississippian fell, but perhaps the most spectacular death was that of Colonel William Barksdale, whose Thirteenth Mississippi Brigade had stood firm against the Yanks at Fredericksburg. On the second day of Gettysburg Barksdale and his intrepid Mississippians went down—750 of them—as they continued to charge. One of those who fell was Clindenen Black. On June 28 he had written his mother from Chambersburg, where the country was pretty but the girls were not. It was a wonderful lark then.

Genl. Lee Knows What He Is Doing

CHAMBERSBURG IS QUITE a little city. The inhabitants number about 15,000 a great many fine looking ladies but I think the south can beet any place I ever saw for pretty girls. This is the most beautiful country I ever saw the houses are all fine the barns are more magnifficant than the dwelling houses. We found a great many secessionist in Md—not many in this state. some of the ladies look verry hard at us some of them have their little flags stars & stripes in their bosoms A great many say they are glad we come, because it will keep them from being drafted. they all say they believe this will stop the war. Some of them seem to be supprised to see that the rebels are such fine looking fellows one old lady said they had been represented to her as young poor & starved out but said she thought they were verry fat Genl Hooker is about Washington & Frederick City Md. I do not know wheather he will attact us or not. We have an army sufficient whip any thing he can bring against us. Genl Lee knows what he is doing I think if we will whip them at Vicksburg & Tenn we will soon have peace. . . . I am writing hurtly & can not give you the particulars as I would like to. If I am cut off do not be uneasy.

—Clindenen Black to mother, June 28, 1863,
McAlister Papers.

¶ On July 9 Black's stepbrother John W. Henderson wrote the bad news home.

He Preferred Sharing the Dangers

I AGAIN ATTEMPT to write you a few lines but it is with feelings quite different to what I have heretofore experienced in writing to you. It pains me to have to inform you of the death of Clen. It may be you will have heard it before this reaches you. I wish I could stop here & speak a word of consolation but I know that the stoutest of hearts could not help but turn a deaf ear to anything that might be said & if the strong are ready to weep Oh! What must be the feelings of a dear mother for her only son. Ma I assure you I feel & sympathise for you. Your trials have been many & of the severest kind. I think you are possessed of a very strong mind & it now becomes you once more to try & bear up under your great afflictions It may be that these trials though severe are intended to lead to the contemplation of higher & more lasting enjoyments than this life affords. Clen was killed in the battle fought near Gettysburg, Pa. on the 3d inst. At the time of his death he was & had been acting as clerk for Adjt. Harman ever since he came to the regt at Fredericksburg. His going into the fight was entirely voluntary on his part but it seems he preferred sharing the dangers of his company & messmates. He was killed instantly by a shot received in the left breast His remains were decently buried in a garden in company with John Gilliland, Isaiah Fletcher, Newton Nask, & Jackson Weeks who were all killed near each other. I did not see him until the day after the battle as I was very busy at the hospital assisting in taking care of the wounded. I have a ring that I took off his finger & his bible which I will send home the first opportunity. These were the only things worthy of notice he had about him.

I would write more but I know your feelings are such that you do not feel like reading a lengthy letter & I wish to write a few lines to Sister Lavinia.

My love & respects to Pa & the family

—John W. Henderson to Mrs. John Henderson, July 9, 1863, McAlister Papers.

¶ Other Mississippians fought at Gettysburg—the Eleventh Mississippi, for example, which charged with George E. Pickett. When it was all over, General James Longstreet told about it in a matter-of-fact report on July 27.

Driven From Point to Point

THE ENEMY'S FIRST position along the Emmitsburg road was but little better, in point of strength, than the first position taken by these two divisions. Our batteries were opened upon this position, Hood's division pressing upon his left and McLaws' upon his front. He was soon dislodged and driven back upon a commanding hill, which is so precipitous and rough as to render it difficult of ascent. Numerous stone fences about its base added greatly to its strength. The enemy, taking shelter behind these, held them, one after another, with great pertinacity. He was driven from point to point, however, until nearly night, when a strong force met the brigades of Major-General [R. H.] Anderson's division, which were co-operating upon my left, drove one of them back, and, checking the support of the other, caused my left to be somewhat exposed and outflanked. Wofford's brigade, of McLaws' division, was driven back at the same time. I thought it prudent not to push farther until my other troops came up.

General Hood received a severe wound soon after getting under fire, and was obliged to leave the field. This misfortune occasioned some delay in our operations. Brig. Gen. G. T. Anderson, of his division, was also severely wounded, and obliged to leave the field. In the same attack, General McLaws lost two of his brigadiers (General Barksdale mortally wounded, and General Semmes severely wounded, and since died of his wounds). The command was finally so disposed as to hold the ground gained on the right, with my left withdrawn to the combat of this day, four pieces of artillery were captured and secured by the command, and two regimental standards.

On the following morning our arrangements were made for renewing the attack by my right, with a view to pass around the hill occupied by the enemy on his left, and to gain it by flank and reverse attack. This would have been a slow process, probably, but I think not very difficult. A few moments after my orders for the execution of this plan were given, the commanding general joined me, and ordered a column of attack to be formed of Pickett's, Heth's, and part of Pender's divisions, the assault to be made directly at the enemy's main position, the Cemetery Hill. The distance to be passed over under the fire of the enemy's batteries, and in plain view, seemed too great to insure great results, particularly as two-thirds of the troops to be engaged in the assault had

been in a severe battle two days previous, Pickett's division alone being fresh.

Orders were given to Major-General Pickett to form his line under the best cover that he could get from the enemy's batteries, and so that the center of the assaulting column would arrive at the salient of the enemy's position, General Pickett's line to be the guide and to attack the line of the enemy's defenses, and General Pettigrew, in command of Heth's division, moving on the same line as General Pickett, was to assault the salient at the same moment. Pickett's division was arranged, two brigades in the front line, supported by his third brigade, and Wilcox's brigade was ordered to move in rear of his right flank, to protect it from any force that the enemy might attempt to move against it.

Heth's division, under the command of Brigadier-General Pettigrew, was arranged in two lines, and these supported by part of Major-General Pender's division, under Major-General Trimble. All of the batteries of the First and Third Corps, and some of those of the Second, were put into the best positions for effective fire upon the point of attack and the hill occupied by the enemy's left. Colonel Walton, chief of artillery of First Corps, and Colonel Alexander had posted our batteries and agreed with the artillery officers of the other corps upon the signal for the batteries to open.

About 2 P.M. General Pickett, who had been charged with the duty of arranging the lines behind our batteries, reported that the troops were in order and on the most sheltered ground. Colonel Walton was ordered to open the batteries. The signal guns were fired, and all the batteries opened very handsomely and apparently with effective fire. The guns on the hill at the enemy's left were soon silenced. Those at the Cemetery Hill combated us, however, very obstinately. Many of them were driven off, but fresh ones were brought up to replace them. Colonel Alexander was ordered to a point where he could best observe the effect of our fire, and to give notice of the most opportune moment for our attack.

Some time after our batteries opened fire, I rode to Major [James] Dearing's batteries. It appeared that the enemy put in fresh batteries about as rapidly as others were driven off. I concluded, therefore, that we must attack very soon, if we hoped to accomplish anything before night. I gave orders for the batteries to refill their ammunition chests, and to be prepared to follow up the advance of the infantry. Upon riding over to Colonel Alexander's position, I found that he had advised Gen-

eral Pickett that the time had arrived for the attack, and I gave the order to General Pickett to advance to the assault. I found then that our supply of ammunition was so short that the batteries could not reopen. The order for this attack, which I could not favor under better auspices, would have been revoked had I felt that I had that privilege. The advance was made in very handsome style, all the troops keeping their lines accurately, and taking the fire of the batteries with great coolness and deliberation. About half way between our position and that of the enemy, a ravine partially sheltered our troops from the enemy's fire, where a short halt was made for rest. The advance was resumed after a moment's pause, all still in good order. The enemy's batteries soon opened upon our lines with canister, and the left seemed to stagger under it, but the advance was resumed, and with some degree of steadiness. Pickett's troops did not appear to be checked by the batteries, and only halted to deliver a fire when close under musket-range. Major-General Anderson's division was ordered forward to support and assist the wavering columns of Pettigrew and Trimble. Pickett's troops, after delivering fire, advanced to the charge, and entered the enemy's lines, capturing some of his batteries, and gained his works. About the same moment, the troops that had before hesitated, broke their ranks and fell back in great disorder, many more falling under the enemy's fire in retiring than while they were attacking. This gave the enemy time to throw his entire force upon Pickett, with a strong prospect of being able to break up his lines or destroy him before Anderson's division could reach him, which would, in its turn, have greatly exposed Anderson. He was, therefore, ordered to halt. In a few moments the enemy, marching against both flanks and the front of Pickett's division, overpowered it and drove it back, capturing about half of those of it who were not killed or wounded.

—*Official Records,* Ser. 1, XXVII, part 2, 358–60.

¶ And on and on it went, until Appomattox. The deep discouragement that sometimes settled upon the boys in Virginia is seen in a letter from Alfred Jones of Carrollton to his wife, written on February 29, 1864.

We Must Fite It Out Cost What It May

I WILL A GAIN ATTEMPT to write to you as I have a chance to send it to you By hand I had hopt By this time that I would have gottion a letter from you By mail or hand but I have not had a letter from you for 4 weeks & then It was nerly a month old I always look for a letter when any of the Boys comes from home but never get one all of the Boys gets letters but me We have lost all hops of geting any thing By mail for from what I can learn the yankees has or soon will overrun the state We are getting discouredg not from our loses heare but in Miss. all the Yankes has to Do is to start after our army & they will keepe Backing just as long as they follow our men. I think our men there will by next fall fallback to Virginia & claime pertection under Lee & his army the Boys that comes from home says that some of the citzens at home is Badly whipt & is willing to end the ware on any terms the very men that was the first to commence the ware I ware not much for the ware at first but we have got into it—we must fite it out Cost what it may but it wont bee long the way things is going on before we will be forst to stop it— We can but hope for the Better.

—Alfred Jones to wife, February 29, 1864, Williams Collection (Owned by Mrs. Ben F. Williams, Greenwood, Miss.).

2) Tennessee and Georgia

¶ In the campaigns fought in Tennessee, Mississippians, whose own protecting forces were at one time part of the Army of the Tennessee, were regularly involved. The "high pressure" brigades of General James R. Chalmers, which fought at Shiloh, were among many Mississippians who fought there. In the fall of 1862 Chalmers and others were active in middle Tennessee and Kentucky, fighting in the crucial battle of Murphreesboro in December.

Among the Mississippi troops in the Tennessee army at that time was Brigadier General Edward C. Walthall, who was to take an active part in the fall of 1863 at Chickamauga, the siege of Chattanooga, and the battle of Lookout Mountain. Mississippi troops were all over the place in the operations around Chattanooga, even

though their own state had come to grief earlier at Vicksburg. Subsequently, in the battle for Atlanta these same troops experienced the bitter ordeal of defeat and retreat, and they were back again in Tennessee late in 1864 for the battles of Franklin and Nashville.

During the desperate days around Atlanta Lieutenant Emmett Ross, who had become engaged to Mary V. Collins of Canton, wrote to his wife-to-be about the trials of the campaign, including his being wounded in the leg by a Minié ball. After being hospitalized, he was to come to Canton and in August was to marry his lady love. During the Atlanta campaign he picked up a Yankee soldier's diary, which he kept up to date by adding his own entries. Two of his letters to Mary follow.

The Many Things That Were

I HAD SCARCELY FINISHED writing yesterday when the order came for us to move again I found no opportunity to sent my letter to the Post Office and regret very much that our mail facilities are so bad. In moving yesterday afternoon to the left, our Brigade was compelled to pass under a heavy fire of shell and shot through an old field half a mile in width; the enemy could see us and had their guns "ranged" so as to command the road over which we were obliged to pass. We double-quicked accross the field and reached the woods in safety. We did not have a man injured, strange to say—how all escaped I am astonished to know, for the firing was terrific and some times the shells would strike the ground only a few feet in front of us, and again sweep directly over our heads so close as to fan our cheeks with their heated breath. We were occupied until 11 o'clock last night getting into position, and for the first time during this campaign it fell to our good luck to occupy works that were already prepared. It has ever been our misfortune, after putting up good, strong breastworks, to leave them for other troops to occupy. But for once, and greatly to our joy, the tide of fortune has been changed in our favor.

We are now on the banks of the Chattahoochie river just 7 miles from the "Gate City"—(Atlanta) The enemy is right in our front, and commenced early this morning with his big war dogs to enliven the surrounding woods with most "malicious music." The enemy has a variety of ways to entertain us, and some time favors us with some delightful airs on his brass bands. We can hear the music distinctly. It is a frequent occurance, and the yankees seem to take a perfect delight in playing such

airs as "Yankee doodle" "Hail Columbia" & The Star Spangled Banner," they think that they annoy us very much and that we are taunted when we hear those familiar airs. We are often reminded of the past and of the happiness that we once experienced, and the pride that swelled our bossoms in years gone by when we listened to these national airs and felt that they were inspiring—because we loved our country. But those times have gone forever, and are known only among the many "things that were" This is the most singular campaign that I have ever known and one of the longest too. It is supposed that Sherman will try to strike the rail road between Atlanta and West Point, if such be the designs of the wily yankee Commander, we have an abiding faith that he will be foiled in his purposes, and brought to grief in advance of its accomplishment. I hope that the people at home will be of good cheer and not become despondent. We have so much to encourage us—victory has crowned our banners in every fight during the past six months, and whenever the enemy has offered our generals fair open battle, he has been defeated. God has certainly been with us, and has sustained our armies in time of sore distress. Such victories as we have achieved since the struggle for Independence began, have no paralell in the annals of history, and such devotion to Freedoms Cause, and acts of heroism were never sung by ancient bard, or furnish a more "glorious theme on which to dwell, the phylosophers meditation"—The mail leaves at 10 o'clock, I understand, so I will stop writing as that hour has almost arrived. Again, much real earnest love to my dear Mary—

—Emmett Ross to Mary Collins, July 6, 1864, Ross Letters (Owned by Mrs. W. K. Gilbert, Canton, Miss.).

They Mowed Us Down Like Grass

I HOPE TO BE with you very soon—just as soon as I can bear the fatigue of traveling and when the enemy will permit me to do so. I was very severely wounded in the charge of last Thursday. I was struck in the left knee by a minnie ball causing a very painful and ugly wound. The ball has not been extracted, but I will have it done as soon as I reach the Hospital. I am at this place on my way to some Hospital and when I reach one, will receive every attention. I am doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances and have been very kindly treated ever

since my arrival here. I got here yesterday. Could not go farther as a yankee raiding party have torn up a portion of the rail road a few miles beyond this place. This little town is crowded with wounded soldiers. I never saw the like before, and the ladies, God bless them, are so kind to us and do all they can to alleviate our sufferings. My Brigade fought with great gallantry and sustained a very heavy loss. We fought the enemy in a thick woods and they behind breast works. They mowed us down like grass. I lay upon the field an hour after I was wounded and then concluded to crawl to the rear and avoid being captured—nearly all of our killed and wounded were captured. My regiment has only sixteen men left. We lost eight officers out of eleven who went into the fight, and thirty-eight men out of fifty-four. I saw your Brother an hour or two before the fight I was unable to see him or hear from him since. I hope that he is safe. Well I will stop. I hope to be with you as soon as circumstances will permit.

—Emmett Ross to Mary Collins, July 31, 1864,
Ross Letters.

¶ On August 8 L. M. Allerton wrote his brother about the last days of Atlanta.

Living Quietly in the Ditches

I SEAT MY SELFE this morning to drop you a few lines to let you hear from me I am glad to State to you that I landed hear Safe and Sound & in good health. Hoping this may reach you in due time an find you all enjoying the Same blessing. John I tell you times is hot hear while I am now writing the Shells is bursting in every direction and the Pickets is fighting both night an day. We are expecting a Jineral engagement evury day the boys all Seem to be in high Spirits and anxious for a fight Publick opinion is if the enemy will bring on the attact we will whip them badly. They have charged our videt pickets Several time but was driven back very easy we have some men killed every day but I dont no any of them. . . . Sam Butler had his left leg Shot and had to be cut off he is doing very well he is in Griffin Hospital John Colonel Clark Says he is in high Spirits and Sure of a victory hear we are nobly fortified hear John you Said you want me to give you the opinion

of the people as I com on from Demopolis to this place they Seem to be in good heart John the Shells is bursting at Such a rate that I can heardly write we are not firing a cannon we are all living quietly in the Ditches. . . . John I cant give you any Satisfaction about matters hear for the reason I no nothing my Selfe to tell you especialy under the excitemint & the continual roaring of cannon & musketry both night an day John you must help Harriet in managing as as [*sic*] mutch as you can. I will have to Stop we are ordered to the Ditches and So fear that I may not have an opportunity of writing any more I will Send this on write Soon Direct your letter to Atlanta Co D 46 Regt Give my love to all and the Same to yourselfe Good by Your Brother

—L. M. Allerton to John Allerton, August 8, 1864, Therrell Collection (Miss. Arch., Jackson).

¶ The end of the story for Atlanta came on September 2, after the loss of the battle of Jonesboro. Atlanta was evacuated, and Sherman took over. From the headquarters of Ferguson's Brigade near Jonesboro, W. L. Nugent wrote his wife on September 19 of the fearful events.

The Campaign Has Had a Very Unsatisfactory Termination

MANY A WEARY DAY has lapsed since I heard from you last, and the present disarranged conditions of affairs induces the belief that I may not have the happiness to get a letter for sometime to come. After a great deal of hard fighting and the loss of a great many valuable men, Atlanta has been evacuated and delivered over to Sherman's tender mercies. The evacuation was the result of the loss of the battle of Jonesboro, a fight in which it is said our troops did not behave as well as they might have done. Genl. Sherman having failed in his flank movement around our right and dispairing of success by direct assault determined to make a bold hazardous movement around our left. Swinging his whole army around on his right as a pivot, he protected his communications with one corps and with the balance of his army moved down around our left and through Faiburn to Jonesboro, some twenty miles south-east of

Atlanta. General Hood was early advised of this movement but couldn't be induced to believe that Sherman would make such a movement. In consequence of this two of our corps alone engaged the entire Yankee Army. They were of necessity whipped, driven back and the Army of Tennessee was cut in two. It is fortunate for us that the enemy didn't know this else we might have [been] almost annihilated: The Campaign is now virtually closed; the Yankees are reposing around Atlanta and we will have a little rest from our labors. The army is very much dissatisfied with Genl. Hood and I fear will never be the efficient arm of defense under him, that it was under the genial, gallant, and able old chieftain who has been unceremoneiously laid on the shelf and who bears with him the affection of every man and officer, I believe in this Army. Still it is our duty to render obedience to the Constituted authorities and to "hold up" Genl Hood's hands in the hope that something advantageous will eventually turn up. Of one thing we will feel satisfied, that the campaign has had a very unsatisfactory termination. Genl. Lee thinks we ought to have defeated the enemy at Jonesboro, others imagine differently. Our losses have been severe. I presume our army is diminished one half at least in the Infantry and Artillery. A months rest may enable us to recruit and get in a better condition for campaigning than at present. It will be a difficult matter, however, to replace the gallant dead whose remains now hallow the soil of Georgia. They were the faithful few and stood out against all temptations to desert their colors. Their places cannot be properly supplied. The men who are caught and forced into the ranks are not to be relied upon at all. Behind breastworks they may be induced to exchange shots with the enemy; in the open field they can never be brought to close quarters. Our main hope now is the disagreement existing among the political parties North. If the Democrats are successful I look for a speedy termination of hostilities and eventually a permanent peace. If McLellan is elected our negroes will not be disturbed I think at all. The negro soldier will be disbanded and returned to their owners, and the whole subject will be settled by arbitration and not by sword. The Yankees are gone and the South west will set up a new Confederation in a year or so I have no doubt. I am encouraged by the signs of the time to be hopeful of the future. We have no news from Virginia beyond the fact that things are working along very well and that Richmond is safe.

—William L. Nugent to wife, September 10, 1864, Howorth Letters.

¶ Nugent wrote his wife again in January, 1865, still hopeful, despite the fact that the Confederacy was all but gone.

The Soldiers Are Still Bouyant and Hopeful

I MADE A SPEECH TO the Brigade on Christmas and I imagine did some good. The men went away in a good humor and thoughtful. The soldiers are still bouyant and hopeful. And when we get rid of our trifling Generals will achieve success. This good result cannot be longer delayed.

—William L. Nugent to wife, January 26, 1865,
Howorth Letters.

¶ Early in 1865 Jefferson Davis, who had disliked Joseph E. Johnston and had kept him out of positions of responsibility as much as possible, had to agree reluctantly to placing him in command of the forces against Sherman in the Carolinas. Before they learned of this, the Mississippi Legislature had had something to say about the man that their Mississippian President had kept down.

A Firm Patriot and an Able Commander

RESOLVED BY THE Legislature of the State of Mississippi, That we recognize in Gen. Joseph E. Johnston a firm patriot and an able commander, always ready to sacrifice his personal advancement to the interest of the Confederacy.

2. That the sacrifices and efforts of this illustrious person in the cause of our country, during her struggle for independence, and the affectionate interest which he has at all times manifested for the success of her armies, claim from the Government and people veneration for his virtues, gratitude for his services, and regret for his absence from the field of active operations.

3. That in the opinion of this Legislature, the services of so able a general as Joseph E. Johnston ought not, in the present exigencies of the Confederacy, be dispensed with, and that the President be respectfully requested to place him in a position of active service, suited to his rank and acknowledged ability.

4. That our Senators in Congress be requested to place these resolu-

tions before the President, as expressing the sense of this Legislature, and that a copy be also sent to General J. E. Johnston.

—*Mississippi Laws* (Meridian), February, 1865, 60.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE LIFE OF THE SOLDIER

THE MOST IMPORTANT PERSON IN THE CONFEDERACY WAS THE soldier, both individually and in the aggregate. The folks at home, for whom he was fighting, were actually of lesser importance than he; so were the public officials—lawmakers, governors, and even the president—who were telling him how to fight. He was, indeed, the center of attention. Yankee gunsights were turned on him, but so was every Southern eye.

How did the soldier fare in this "first modern war," as the historians have come to call it? What did he eat and drink? What did he think and talk about? How did he amuse himself? What were his reactions to battle, to suffering, to imprisonment, to impending defeat? Bell I. Wiley has written a memorable book on the life of Johnny Reb. This chapter will attempt to examine "close up" the Johnny Rebs of Mississippi.

1) Officer Gentlemen

There were officers aplenty in the Confederacy. It was said, indeed, that the state militia had about as many officers as privates. Being an officer was something special. Customarily for Southerners

officers were elected, not appointed. Perhaps this practice did not always bring command to the best qualified fighting men, but it did much to ensure the confidence of the soldiers in their officers. It was a survival of the upsurge of American democracy in the days of Andrew Jackson, when all civil officers were expected to "stand" for election. Why should military officers not be so chosen? Politics was a major sport; so politicking went on in wartime and in the army.

An account of the doings at elections is given by Captain T. J. Koger of Brooksville in a letter to his wife.

Tonight Much Snoggling

Thursday night

My Darling

This has been a day of unusual excitement. Election day. Tucker received the unanimous vote of the Regt. every vote cast 848. We had many ballotings for Lt Col Hearn ran after the 2nd & on the 4th 4th [sic] was elected by 12 majority—H 445 Pinson 433. Such a scene of excitement I never saw. Every man of my Co spread himself for H. Sallie & Mary & Bony wrote tickets & were so eager they almost took the street to electioneer. When the result was announced Moorer & Wade & Jo Stokes & Jim Jones & Press Suttrell tried who could shout loudest. There was no election for Major. Kincanon leads. The whole lot of Candidates is a sorry one compared with the officers already elected. But there is no telling how the result may be. There will be tonight—much *"snoggling"* & perhaps tomorrow may present a new Richmond in the field who may be *the man* & carry off the honors of the day.

—T. J. Koger to wife, no date, Koger Papers.

¶ When officers had to learn their military science after they became officers, they were not always as honest about it as Koger.

Their Love of the Beautiful Leads Them to Execute Complicated Movements

I am in better spirits about drills. I saw Old Officers in Brigade drill make mistakes that I would not have made, and I am studying hard &

improving some little. I have more confidence in myself & am cooler than usual heretofore. Genl. Anderson made a mistake yesterday on Brigade Drill, so did Col Tucker on another time and Lt Col Hearn Maj R Williams so palpable that even I could detect them & remedy them to some extent at least. This helps me *some* anyway. I have no fear of examination on books, I can study Books & learn them. The difficulty lies here. An order is given & in an instant must be obeyed by me, as I am comdg Co A & at the head of the Column. I have no time to think, perhaps it is the first time I ever heard it on the field & it is requisite for the success of the movement, that I move my Co. at the very first word of caution. So I am lost, not lately, but about the time I wrote to you. I don't get lost when Col Tucker commands, for he drills us in useful movements, but our Lt Col & our Major especially are fond of fanciful movements, & being men of strong imaginations, their love of the Beautiful leads them to execute complicated movements. And some times some of us are lost—clean lost.

—T. J. Koger to wife, July 22, 1862, Koger Papers.

¶ An officer had to be as paternalistic as a slaveowner.

Straight He Comes to the Capt.

My post is no sinecure, be assured of it. My hands are full–perfectly full. I have no hope of being a popular Capt. I am only trying to make a good one. I long to be regularly in service with sentinels, rain or shine, day or night, & every man required to stay at his post all the time. I have broke in my Com. officers to stay in camp. I am there all the time and so must they be. They like mightily to sleep at the tavern, but I dont like it at all. They agree with me in theory & I find no difficulty to reduce theory to practice. No one can imagine the amt of work required of an officer as green as I am in Tactics. I hope to be an officer in time. Four to five hours drill, one visit to my sick, 3 miles walk study two or three [hours] amid continued interruptions for leave to go to town or home, instruction and orders to this man, some money to lend to that one, and I couldn't tell you hardly what else. If a man cuts his finger, hurts his

toe, sprains his ankle, has a chill, sore throat or any other disease, straight he comes to the Capt. If two disagree the Capt is umpire. They come to me for all wants possible, just as Jef and Wally do to you exactly, and many of their applications are just about as reasonable as Jef & Wally's. I should hesitate much more than I did at first before being Capt, if I were to do over again. And yet I knew many of these things before & I know no position of usefulness can be filled without labor & anxiety, and I know no more in the 6 wks could take my place & fill it better than I do, or even equally well with myself.

—T. J. Koger to wife, no date, Koger Papers.

2) The Trials of Soldiering

¶ There was much of the seamy side in the life of the soldier. The routine of camp life had its difficulties—its privations and its loss of privacy. There were bad food and bad drink. There were homesickness and lovesickness. There were hospitals and prisons to endure. Life could be ugly.

You Good Folks Don't Scarcely Know

You good folks don't scarcely know
What we poor soldiers undergo
When called upon to take up arms
To defend our country from all harms.

At break of day the morning dawn
Is regulated by the fife and drum,
To break the soldier's sweet repose.
He rises up; puts on his clothes.

As for the grog, we have enough,
Although our beef is lean and tough.
But for that we won't complain,
For we hope to draw good beef again.

If you want to know who composed this song,
I'll tell you now; it won't be long.

It was composed by A. T. Hyte,
While walking post one cold winter night.

—Hudson, *Folksongs of Mississippi*, 257.

¶ In 1862 S. L. Simmons wrote bleakly of war's separations.

A Shadow Is Upon Every Brow

Destruction of Domestic happenings caused by War It rudely summons men from their homes and firesides and regardless of the most tender relations of life and the claims of natural affection bids them exchange scenes of endearing love for those of hate and the charms of a happy fireside for long weary marches and exposure to the worst of deaths It takes him whose manly strength is the support of a devoted family in whom center many affections and fond hopes and hurries him away to a work in which he cannot probably survive more than three years. Or it takes the son whose budding manhood is the pride of many hearts and tears him away with the prospect that he may never return but die in a faroff land cut down like a brute with no fond eye to weep his untimely end and no kind hand to bind up his wounds or close his eyes or perform for him the last sad offices of love. Look none of the ten thousand homes thus desolated by war. The wife broods over the absent one who has been ruthlessly snatched away from her embrace.

The mother misses the familiar tones of her idolized son whom she had hoped would be the staff of her old age. The prattling infants repeat with wandering anxiety the name of father and miss his accustomed caress and a shadow is upon every brow

—May 28, 1862, S. L. Simmons Papers (Mississippi State University Library, Starkville).

¶ Homesickness was a recurrent ailment in the camps. It engendered both prose and poetry. "I want to see you mity bad and the children," wrote Lawson Rigby to his wife in June, 1862. T. J. Koger begged his wife to write him about "the children, pigs, chickens, eggs, boys, cows, dog, cat, anything at home . . ." Thomas Price wrote his wife asking her to tell him "a bowt little things in general." Sometimes the aching heart produced ballads—

The Streets Are All Lonely

THE STREETS ARE all lonely and drear, love,
And all because you are not here, love.
If you were, you would shed a sad tear, love,
And open your cupboard to me.

My feet are all wet with the dew, love,
There's nothing so good as a hot stew, love,
Oh, get up and make some, pray do, love,
And open your cupboard to me.

Get out of that soft feather bed, love,
And make me a pone of cornbread, love.
I'm suffering now to be fed, love.
Do open your cupboard to me.

—Hudson, *Folksongs of Mississippi*, 257.

¶ Love was always something to wax sad about. From a camp in North Carolina Jonathan Clark wrote to his mother about his beloveds.

She Has Not Wrote to Me

MA TELL MISS Lucy Hunter that I am in fine health I have not heard from her in sometime and I would like to hear from her. Lucy is my only sweetheart at least my only friend that I can depend on and I shal remember her at all hazards. glad would I be if I could see her I hope that I will some day I may never. but there is hopes yet I hope that Lucy is the same by me if not I can not help it though. I would not know how I would feel but never mind that.

Ma tell Cousin Add that I intend to give her a good scolden when I see her for she has not wrote to me since I left there and I think she has done wrong.

—Jonathan Clark to Margery Rogers Clark, January 27, 1863, Clark Papers (Miss. Arch., Jackson).

¶ When reverses in arms compounded home-and-lovesickness, life was sad indeed.

We Are All Depressed

It is hardly necessary for me to say that we are all depressed in spirits, and greatly distressed at the sad news of so many reverses to our arms. I think the last two weeks have been the saddest of my life. I have often tried to break the spell, and with a bold heart hope . . . that all may yet be well, but the future looks so dark and gloomy I fear my *will* is not equal to the task. With a firm trust in the wisdom, justice and mercy of Almighty God, I pray Him to aid us in this hour of danger, and shield us from the perils that surround and threaten to overwhelm us. In Him alone is the power—May He have mercy on us!

Our cavalry has now been out from Camp over two weeks. During this time we have been lying about in the woods, exposed, with but few tents, without cooking utensils, or any comforts—not even a change of clothing. In the cold and chilling blasts of midwinter (when I say we, I mean our men generally. I have fared somewhat better). We have in succession snow, sleet and rain, in fact the worst weather I ever experienced, and our men have suffered much. Besides being exposed in this way, we are now out on what may be termed the borders, fifty miles from our nearest troops, and but a short distance from a heavy force of the enemy. We had a skirmish with their infantry a day or two ago. We lost one man killed and had two wounded—killed 3 or 4 of them and wounded a number. We came near being ambuscaded. I hardly know what is to become of our little band. We expect the enemy to move on us every day, and unless ordered back will have hard fighting, without hope of success against far superior numbers. . . .

Why did you not say something about Florence in your letter. I think you treated me badly in not mentioning her name. I have not heard a word from her since I left, but I believe she has written and the letter probably lost or miscarried in some way. Give her my best love when you see her, and tell her to remember the one to whome she said on parting "Good bye soldier."

—Livingston L. Lobdell to his aunt, February 19, 1862, Staples Collection (Owned by Mrs. Polly Staples, Rosedale, Miss.).

¶ Food could be a sad thing, too, as William L. Nugent told his wife:

Terrible in Its Consequences As to Digestion

My health is very good just now though I cannot say much for my fare. I do not know a single family in this country which can boast a half dozen pounds of *lard,* and we are compelled to make camp biscuit, at best indifferent, without any *grease.* Imagine one of them. If fired from a gun it would make an excellent missile of destruction. I really would be delighted if you could suddenly drop among us while we are at table. A long rough board; a plate of potatoes (only occassionally); a few hard tough biscuits; a very small quantum of jerked beef; and a cup of cold water. Inviting enough for a hungry Confederate soldier but terrible in its consequences as to digestion. I have always the comfort of a good chair and a fair "lay out" of blankets. With this I am content. I can endure it for a few months, if the powers will only grant me a leave of absence in time to kiss you a "happy new year" on 1st of January next.

—William L. Nugent to wife, October 5, 1864,
Howorth Papers.

¶ Some soldiers who got "fed up"—not necessarily in camp rations, but on "it all"—set out for home. Legally this action classed them as deserters. Most of the boys came back and were forgiven, but for some there was vigorous action by the army, particularly as the war progressed. In October, 1863, Mathew A. Dunn observed the terrifying act of executing deserters at Meridian:

Seated on Their Coffins

On yesterday our Brigade was ordered out to witness a Scene that I hope my eyes will never behold again—but it is to be the case next Friday. That is Seeing men Shot for Desertion. I Saw three Shot yesteday—they were Seated on their Coffins with their arms confined and blindfolded—the executioners were placed about fifteen paces in front—two were Shot dead—the third one never fell—one of the Non-Com-Officers had him to kill. He walked up to him very deliberately and Shot him

through. this was a horrible sight and a painful duty to perform, but the affair was well conducted—one of them had a family—one of them made his escape from the guard yesterday morning before their execution—the Corporal Shot at him twice but failed to Stop him. Skirmishers were immediately thrown out for him when he was found and brought in again—it was him that had to be killed by the Sergeant—this war is calculated to harden the Softest heart—I am very uneasy about Some of our Boys—but my dear you will never hear of that being my fate—I want to live & die honorably.

—Weymouth T. Jordan, "Mathew Andrew Dunn Letters," *Journal of Mississippi History,* I (1939), 112.

¶ Dunn wanted a furlough to go home. Others got there and forgot to return. He stuck by his command, but it was hard to do. In November, 1863, he wrote to his wife, "Stumpy":

I Have Made an Effort for a Furlough

STUMPY I HAVE made an effort for a Furlough but failed—and an order came from Gen Loring today—not to let any off under no considerations —only according to the old rule which is one Furlough for every twenty five men in the Reg—according to that as Several is ahead of me, it will be Some time next Summer before I will be entitled to one—It really Seems that the best Soldiers are the Sufferers in this war. But if it is right I will try and Submit to it—with a hope that we will have peace before that time and all will be on an equality once more—Some thinks it will not be long before we will be disbanded, But I dont know what their hopes are based upon. Jeff Davis Said in a Speech he made in Meridian a few days ago that in a Short time we would hear Some thing that would be cheering to us—So I hope day is beginning to dawn—Every thing Seems to be quiet now. I think we will remain here for Some time—Our duty would be very light if it was not for the Deserters we have to guard. Our Cavalry bring them in and we keep them under guard until they can be tried by a Court Martial. Some are wearing a ball and

chain which they have to wear during the war and live on bread and water a portion of the time—More of them I expect will be Shot. . . . I never expect to leave my command without leave—I have never had a mark for any neglect of duty Since I have been in the Service—and I dont intend that I ever Shall if it can be avoided. I think that is more than any other member of the Co can Say. Some get put on extra duty occasionally—but they never get me—Still they wont give me a Furlough

—*Ibid.*, 114–15.

¶ The life of the prisoner was often unbelievably bad. From Johnson's Island and Fort Delaware Richard M. Leavell wrote his parents on New Year's Day, 1865.

Long and Tedious Indeed

ANOTHER NEW YEAR ushers in and finds me still far from you in prison. My imprisonment has been long and tidious, indeed. T'is is today eighteen months since my capture. Had I known then the length of confinement to which I was doomed would not the prospect have overcome me? Through each succeeding day I have looked forward with hope to some good turn of fortune to release me. I am still in hope—but I confess some fear that I am building my hope on my wishes. Nevertheless, like Micawber I am determined to look for something to turn up. I will not believe that another new year will roll up before I join you in the home circle once more. My heart yearns intensely to see you all once more. But I must be patient. My health continues as good as I could reasonably expect in prison. I have written you before asking you, if you could to send me provisions. I think it is quite practicable, if you can once get in the way—There are here several officers from our section of country. . . . The friends of these officers might make up a wagon load, and send them through to Memphis under a *Flag of Truce,* obtained from the military authorities. I would not ask this were I not in extreme need of the provisions. We are now rigidly confined to the *prison ration* and can receive nothing but from within the Confederate Lines.

—Richard M. Leavell to parents, January 1, 1865, Leavell Letters (Miss. Arch., Jackson).

¶ Corporal W. W. Davis of the Thirty-fifth Mississippi Volunteers, who was to die on Johnson's Island, kept a diary and wrote home too.

Being Deprived of Our Families Is the Thing

EMMA WE HAVE some gay old times here This week we held an election for a Commissioner to purchase (or see to it—grub blankets &c, consisted in electing Col Fite of this prison had several little speeches on the occasion) Called on Gen Marmaduke but refused. . . . We are about to build an Institute at this place for the young men also the old ones if they see proper to finish their education we have plenty men here capable of teaching from Choctaw to Greek I think the plan a very good one. . . . I will tell you what I do for a livelihood two days in the week I help wash on a machine for 50¢ per day and my own washing throwd in the rest of my time make Caps & Chairs for which I sell at $1.25 in Greenback or $1.75 on orders on the sutler do my own cooking and I can flatter myself in that line.

—W. W. Davis to wife and children, November 27, 1864, W. W. Davis Papers (Owned by W. W. Davis, Pineville, La.).

¶ Soldier chagrin at the absence of pay caused the Mississippi State legislature to upbraid the Confederate government in 1865.

No Debt More Sacred

JOINT RESOLUTIONS CALLING on the Confederate States Government for the payment of our troops.

Resolved by the Legislature of the State of Mississippi, That there is no debt more sacred than that which the Government owes those who are defending her existence with their lives, and that it has been most unfortunate for the good of the service that our soldiers have not been paid regularly and promptly, in the manner provided by law.

Resolved, That much of the dissatisfaction and demoralization which we now have to deplore in the army has arisen from this delinquency on

the part of the Government, and we trust that such asures will be taken, at once, as will secure the prompt payment of our noble troops.

Resolved, That while we repudiate the idea that Southern soldiers are fighting for pay, we, nevertheless, claim for them their just rights, and hold that, in the present condition of affairs, some compensation is necessary for their comfort and welfare.

Resolved, That the Governor be, and he is hereby requested, to submit a copy of these resolutions to each of our Senators and Representatives in Congress.

—*Mississippi Laws* (Meridian), February, 1865, 61.

¶ Sometimes news got back home that what little money the boys had was being wasted in riotous living. Thomas Jefferson Newberry was careful to clear himself when he wrote to his father in April, 1863.

I Am in Hops You Don't Believe That

I HEARD THAT SOME boddy [sic] wrote to Coffeeville that all the boys here was a playing poker I am in hops [sic] you dont believe that I have come to that as much as you have cautioned me about it

—Enoch L. Mitchell, "The Civil War Letters of Thomas Jefferson Newberry," *Journal Mississippi History,* X (1948), 66.

¶ Illness was a perpetual menace to the troops. Often the few hospitals there were amounted to a public scandal. In the winter of 1861 Hugh Harris Robison, who was a chaplain in the Third Regiment of sixty-day state volunteers in service in Kentucky, told his wife of the situation.

As If It Were Hogs

I HAVE SPENT THE time in visiting our Sick Soldiers of which there are many yet, altho' I believe they are generally improving now. In my

former letter I believe I Said that Samuel Barkly—a nephew of our neighbor & friend of the Same name would die—he is Still living but very low—entirely Speechless about Sundown & certainly cannot last much longer. None of Captain Hills Company have died Since Mr. Worsham—tho' there has been from two to four deaths every day Since I came here. Colonel Davidson's Regiment has lost already 47 men—double as many as killed in Col. Falkners Regiment at the battle of Manassa. Such distressing Scenes I have never witnessed but the great majority of the Soldiers are as unconcerned as if it were hogs dying around them.

—Weymouth T. Jordan, "Hugh Harris Robison Letters," *Journal Mississippi History,* I (1939), 53–54.

¶ As the war progressed hospitals for Mississippi soldiers were maintained in many parts of the state. At Oxford the Reverend T. W. Caskey, a Fire-Eater "Campbellite" parson of considerable renown, was in charge of a hospital set up on the university campus. He had his difficulties, and somehow state rights became the major issue. Caskey wrote Governor Pettus on March 30, 1862:

A Brass Buttoned Jack Ass from Richmond

Gov Pettus. Dr Sir I am tired to death. A good deal out of humor and sadly in need of advice. I had a distinct understanding with Dr. Ford Medical director on Gen Braggs staff, That Miss. were to have the prefference. I took the responsibility of taking troops from other states, when not filled up with our own people, without authority of law. Not only on the score of humanity but economy, so as to keep our Ward Masters Nurses Etc. employed & to draw the rations or commutation money for them and the sick soldiers. But, instead of giving Miss. the prefference as promised, out of 550 now on hand we have eight Miss all told. I have written to Gen Clark at Corinth to know where all our boys are—and why they are not sent to our hospital I would write to Dr. Ford, But am too much out of humor—He has also sent us a Brass buttoned Jack Ass from Richmond not asked for by us—When the aggreement was that we were to recommend all the Surgeons for service here. But

I can soon get rid of him. But here lies the difficulty. When I make my report to you as the representave of our people and show that the men of other states had been cared for by the toll of our men the labour and sacrifices of our women, while the gallant and true of our own own [*sic*] State has been turned over to those accursed p[e]ns called Confederate hospitals. There may be reasons which would justify this course, and shield me from censure But I am not yet in possesion of them, and am [un] willing to take the responsibillity . . . I cannot send the poor dieing men back to Camp— . . . One thing I do know and that is that every old red tapeist throws his influence against the efforts of the States to provide for their sick. A man with them must live, Die and go to Heaven by Confederate regulations, or not do and go at all—From the bottom of my heart I wish the last one of the whole tribe was safely landed the other side of jordan. I have unlimited controll here, and have come to the conclusion that the man who seeks authority and power over others except to do good is a great and huge fool. I learn that an agent of the Confederacy is now at Clinton to organise a hospital. Let it be Confederate. Do not identify the State with it for the present. Nor suffer our supplies to be drawn off, from this place and Holly Springs together with Jackson and Corinth. I proposed to Dr. Ford to put the State elliment in at Oakolona Have not yet heard from him. These will be as many as we can manage. I fear a general smash up of things if we undertake too much The Confederacy Has no supplies and cant get them and [tho?] contemptable took through whom she has to work. Treats the States as doggs—Cant you send us a thousand yds of osenburgs—they had borrowed here to make mattresses and must return it. We are preparing for a thousand men. This is a huge concern and getting on finely. We have the best surgeons ward masters and nurses in the state or as good Let me hear from you as soon as you can

—Willie D. Halsell, "The Oxford Hospital, 1862," *Journal of Mississippi History,* VIII (1946), 38–39.

¶ For the sick and wounded there were camp hospitals. Often these were taxed beyond their resources. In Virginia during the fall of 1861 the Reverend C. K. Marshall, an outstanding Methodist min-

ister from Vicksburg, undertook to bring relief to Mississippi soldiers. This was the beginning of an ambitious soldier aid campaign which was a sort of Civil War U.S.O. He wrote from Virginia in November:

Unless Outside Aid Is Freely Bestowed

I FOUND THE SICKNESS amongst the soldiers alarming, both for its fatality and extent. And the officers and regimental surgeons appealed to me to devise some means of relief if practicable. It was too much for the medical board to grapple. Thousands of grown men and old men lay like infants, with infantile diseases, and the whole Army of the Potomac for awhile, from the prevalence of these complaints and their concomitants, bade fair to become one grand hospital. I at once resolved on the establishment of a Mississippi Hospital.

* * *

The Hospital was opened about the 20th of September, and up to the present time we have had over 400 of our citizen soldiers there in various stages of disease and convalescence.—And had I command of money I would have had many more; but for want of what a few thousand dollars would furnish many of our sick are sent to any place the government can extemporise or obtain. We must not leave our sick and wounded in the government hospitals. All is done, perhaps, that the peculiar circumstances arising out of this savage, I might say diabolical war, would allow the department having charge of the Hospital to accomplish; but nothing has saved the army but the assistance offered outside of the army regulations. And with the best intentions and the utmost care it will be still impossible for the sick to be properly cared for during the winter unless the same outside aid is freely bestowed.

—Jackson *Daily Mississippian,* November 14, 1861.

¶ Of as great concern to the soldier as his own welfare was that of his family at home. Many of the homebodies were in dire circumstances. As the Natchez *Courier* observed in 1861:

Protect Their Families While the Defenders Are in the Field

IT IS NO TIME for men to count the cost. We are in the midst of civil war. The stern realities attending upon war are about us, and men must do, and act, and give. Mississippi has men enough to serve her and the South, and those too that are ready and willing to do their duty in the tented field. But additional measures must be taken, and at once, to provide for the families of those who have already gone, or are going. There are many who will need no such provisions. Some leave families in comparative comfort; but there are many who have gone to the wars, and many more who have yet to go, who leave behind them those whose only support was the daily exertion of father, brother, or son. The families of such must be supported while they are away. It is the most positive of duties, and the sooner it is understood that that duty will be performed, the sooner will the Companies now raising be enrolled, and the sooner will noble hearts be made glad.

Such men as we have described are, or will be away from their homes defending the rights, the honor and the property of the South. It is not their own property they are defending, for their property is their labor. They are protecting the property of those who stay at home, and that property should protect their families while the defenders are in the field.

—Natchez *Courier,* April 27, 1861.

Despite troubles at home and troubles away from home the soldier in the long run realized that the only place for him was in the army. This idea was the theme of a popular Mississippi ballad of the day:

I'd Rather Be a Soldier

I WOULD NOT be a conscript a-hiding in the wood;
I'd be a volunteer and do my country good.
I wouldn't be alone, I wouldn't be alone,
I wouldn't be alone to weep and moan.

I wouldn't be a lawyer a-pleading at the bar;
I'd rather be a soldier and wear the Southern star.
I wouldn't be alone, etc.

I wouldn't be a doctor a-waiting on the sick;
I'd rather be a soldier and go in double quick.
I wouldn't be alone, etc.

I wouldn't be a lady the people call a belle;
I'd rather be a soldier and hear the Yankees yell.
I wouldn't be alone, etc.

I wouldn't be a nurse and hear the children squall;
I'd rather be a soldier and face a cannon ball.
I wouldn't be alone, etc.

I wouldn't be a farmer working in the sun;
I'd rather be a soldier and see the Yankees run.
I wouldn't be alone, etc.

I wouldn't be a miller and grind the people's meal;
I'd rather be a soldier and die on the battle-field.
I wouldn't be alone, I wouldn't be alone,
I wouldn't be alone to weep and moan.

—Hudson, *Folksongs of Mississippi,* 263–64.

3) 'Mid Pleasures and Trenches

¶ The whiling away of time could sometimes be pleasurable, even in the midst of war. Some soldiers did quiet things, like reading books. Others indulged the flesh.

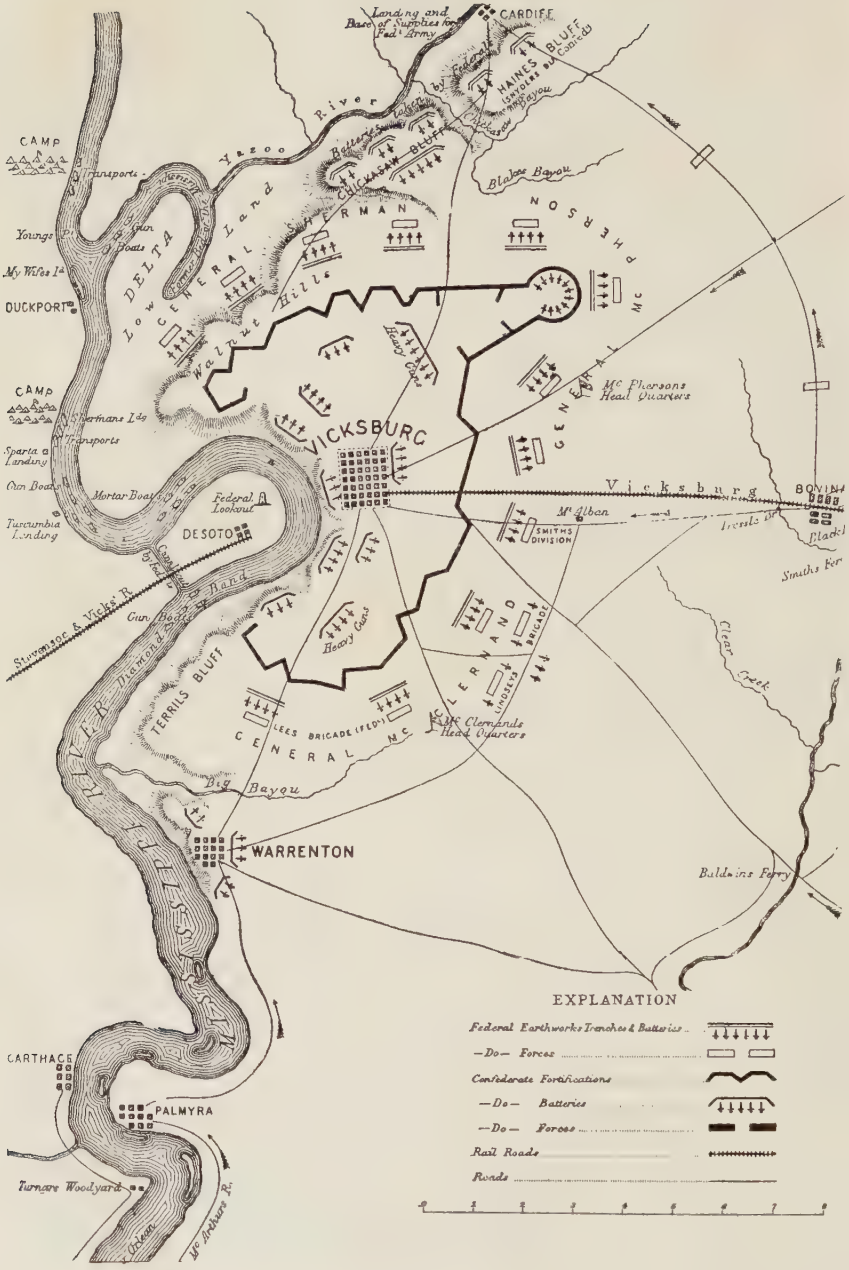
James Robinson told his sister, Elizabeth Robinson, of Camden about the camp routine:

The Very Place for Him to Bee At

Tell old Jo I wish I had [him] here if he was here he would wish he was in The cornfield many a Time before he got there you only haft To get up here away before day here of amorning and Then walk about quarter [of a mile?] after water and Then another after wood and Then go To cooking breakfast and Soon every mele and drill eight hour day wee get off of drill . . . then go To Tents go to getting supper or do without The The [*sic*] beats at nine clock The[n] you are

Harper's Weekly

10) Map of Mississippi showing the fields of military operation.



London Illustrated

11) Map of Vicksburg.

got To put out all of The light if have not got supper Then you do with owt. Tell Jo this is The very place for him To bee at

—James Robinson to Elizabeth Robinson, June 23, 1862, Lawrence Papers.

¶ J. Hardeman Stuart was the reflective sort. He read books.

Did Nothing—Read

DID NOTHING—READ Wild Western Scenes—Joe and Sneak were quite amusing characters, wish most heartily I had something *solid* to read. I could borrow I expect from Dr Price but he has two charming daughters and I do not care to be at the trouble of "primping"—I might get books at the country hotel over the way, but the daughter of the Proprietor tells me that she never read anything but *novels;* and I suppose the rest of the family have her taste— . . . By the way I have read "Hot Corn"—by Solon Robinson I think— This book created quite a sensation at one time in Jackson— It is a *dirty* work which no *lady* should ever see— Men are so corrupt, it can scarcely do them much harm — I am sorry that I ever read it for I have derived no benefit by its perusal—

—J. Hardeman Stuart, Diary [August 14, 1862], James Hardeman Stuart Papers (Miss. Arch., Jackson).

¶ For J. M. Love of Senatobia there were many amusing episodes to the life in camp.

Played Out Like the Gal's Milk

IT WAS HERE that the joke of "Played out like the gal's milk" originated. I commenced the joke, which happens thus: Major Prather, Capt. Haynes, Lieut. Rogers and I were at supper, which the Major with his accustomed kindness had ordered for us. The table was crammed with officers and men. A young (and raw) girl of 18 summers, feeling proud of her station as table governess, did many acts of awkwardness to all.

One man, who was proud of the position of courier to a colonel, took on as many consequential airs, but more awkwardly than the girl, called for coffee loudly. "You can't get it," said the girl, "that's played out." "Give me some milk then" said the courier. "I guess you'll have to take water, for thar milk wus played out sooner and wus the coffee. Yesiree, boaf played out long ago."—"Played out like the gal's milk" now as popular as "here's your mule" ever was.

—J. M. Love, Diary, 1862 (Owned by Gordon Love, Hughes, Ark.).

It Made Him Sick

During our skirmishes on this retreat many amusing incidents occurred, one viz: One of our men B——— was slightly wounded with a fragment of a shell, thought himself so badly injured as to leave the column and that night lost his horse, when indeed he was not injured at all, but he thought he was and it made him sick. Another: I tried to get a green soldier to shoot at the enemy, whilst their balls were flying thickly around, but he would not—could not get up from the scant shelter of a fallen fence to shoot. I took his gun and much to the amusement of all, and fired it, after which he seemed more composed.

—*Ibid.*, July, 1863.

¶ One of the most colorful diaries of soldier life was kept by Robert Elam Jones in 1863–1864.

Telegraphed to Sis for 300 Dollars

Frank Garrison returned. I went to Enterprise went to a jewel store, a lady came in and looked at a gold watch and took off with her, and her husband was so stingy, she sent it back and I stepped up and bought it, borrowed 200 dollars from Luke Brittain and paid 300 dollars for the watch, a nice little single case ladies watch, bought it from Theilgaard, I then went to the telegraph office and telegraphed to Sis for 300 dollars.

—Robert Elam Jones, Diary, January 12, 1864 (Miss. Arch., Jackson).

¶ There were conflicting views on dancing:

Patted for a Lady to Dance

[JAN. 21.] I AM officer of the guard today. Got Frank to take my place at night. Brittain, Sanders, Lieut. Pace and myself went to Miss Suel's, got egg nog and cake, the old lady would not allow us to dance and we went to another house and danced and played. Mrs. Johnson a very fast widow.

Jan. 22nd. Drew two months pay from Maj. Williams, November and December.

Jan. 23rd. A letter from cousin Mag. Ragan. Serenaded Capt. Enochs and his wife also Mrs. Sandifers, a poor people but respectful.

Jan. 24th. Got a letter and 300 dollars from home by Mr. Rutter.

Jan. 26th. Commenced platoon drill, took K. B. G. and D. to make large enough company & I was in charge. Went serenading also to Mrs. Cummings, they wanted us to play for them to dance but would not but one set.

Jan. 27th. Sanders, Ed Brown went three miles in the country to party. Miss Brown did not dance.

Jan. 28th. Commenced Batt. drill by Enochs, went with Thompson to serenade some ladies, got buttermilk. I went as drummer for them.

Jan. 29th. Turning warm a little cloudy, we went to Mrs. Sandifers

Jan. 30th. Raining, we have had the prettiest weather I ever saw for the season. Wrote to Bob Matts, cousin Mag Regan and to Sister.

Jan. 30th. Brittain came up and brought Maj. Yates guitar and the base viol.

Jan. 31st. D and L Kennebrew refused to go on guard and I put them in the ward house and let them stay only that day as they could. I am on guard in Enterprise today, good time anyway about it.

Feb. 1st. To another party at Mr. Brown's tolerably good time, danced. One man remarked that his shoes were too heavy, another said pull them off and he shucked them quick enough. Ed Brown and I patted for a lady to dance.

—*Ibid.*, January 21–February 1, 1864.

¶ While Jackson was falling before Sherman in February, 1864, the serenading went right on.

Went Serenading, Got Cake and Brandy

FEB. 5TH. OFFICER of the day got Capt. Enochs to take my place at night to attend a party given by the Sargot (?), our bands to play for the, they couldn't play on the strings with me and I played which I hated to do, a nice party. Capt. Yates and Ross came in. Yanks coming out.

Feb. 6th. Reported telegraph dispatch of the evacuation of Jackson occupied by the Feds.

Feb. 7th. The Yanks are still coming we gave up Jackson without a fight.

Feb. 8th. Went serenading, got cake and brandy at Freeman's, got wine at one more place. I have forgotten the name, and cake and brandy plenty of it at Maj Mimms, serenaded at several other places.

—*Ibid.*, February 5–8, 1864.

¶ It was Christmastime that brought thoughts of home to the boys far afield. At the Parole Camp in Enterprise the men were screaming for furloughs in 1863.

By a Scratch of the Pen, Some Are Made Glad

AS THE HOLLIDAYS approach, the applications for furloughs increase, and many eyes are daily and hopefully turned toward headquarters. By a scratch of the pen, some are made glad, and visions of turkey and egg nog loom up before them; while by another scratch, many unfortunate chaps are consigned to Christmas fare on beef and cornbread. Of course, in such cases, headquarters come in for a round share of left-handed compliments, and the General is not regarded as the possessor of one drop of "milk of human kindness." A thirty days' furlough is being granted each soldier who secures a recruit.

—James L. Power Scrapbook, Miss. Arch., file L–122.

¶ A. F. Drake found Christmas, 1863, in Tennessee a dismal affair.

We Snatched a Bite of Turkey

THIS DAY, WHICH brings to our recollection the appearance upon Earth of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, The Prince of Peace, dawned upon us in a military camp, in readiness to make war upon our fellow beings and to counteract, as far as feable [*sic*] worms can, the influence of that Saviour. Instead of spending the day in thanksgiving and praise to God for his unspeakable Gift, most of our men are spending it in drunkeness and rioting. In such a state of things it is almost impossible for me to think even a proper thought or engage in any profitable exercise. Such a thing as reading during the morning I found out of the question. "Christmas at home!" who can appreciate it, until they have spent it in the army under such circumstances as now surround me. O! for that peace and good will that was proclaimed upon earth, eighteen hundred and sixty three years ago, and which the bad passions of men have driven from our desolated country. About five minutes before our dinner was ready, we suddenly received an order to be ready to meet the enemy immediately, who were said to be advancing, so we snatched a bite of turkey out of the oven and started off in double quick, but had hardly gotten out of camp, when we were ordered back, the move only serving to spoil our dinner and cause what we did gulp down to sit badly upon our stomachs. The day was cloudy and warm.

—A. F. Drake, Civil War Diary, December 25, 1863 (Owned by Magruder Drake, Lafayette, La.).

¶ The contrasts of gayety and tragedy as the war drew to a close were recorded with unintended drama in the diary of Albert Quincy Porter, a musician of the Twenty-second Mississippi Regiment.

Serenades and Reflections

AP. 21ST—LAST night Capt. Nelson, one of Gen. Featherston's Staff officers invited our band to go to serenade some ladies who lived 6 miles from camp & one mile beyond Greensburrow. We were furnished with a wagon. We passed through Greensburrow on our way. It is a very pretty place. On our way back we stopped at a Gentleman's house in town

and played several tunes. He have us some of as good peach brandy as I ever drank, after which we came back to camp, getting in at 12 o'clock. Gen. Stewart, Louring, and Featherston made speaches to the souldiers. I did not hear them but understood they all said the War was at an end, and wanted all the souldiers to stay and go home together, that it would be much better—that transportation and rations would be furnished them.

—Albert Quincy Porter, Diary, 1865 (Miss. Arch., Jackson), 6–7.

¶ No war's story is complete without tales of mistaken identification. One of the best stories with a Mississippi flavor happened to a sergeant who told off General Robert E. Lee.

A Cowardly Virginia Cavalryman

Not a Straggler,—On the morning after the great battle of Manassas Plains, Sergeant ———, of Co. A., 16th Mississippi Regiment, being barefooted, straggled off from his command, traversing the battle field in pursuit of a pair of shoes which some frightened Yankee might have thrown away in his flight. After looking for a long time in vain, he at last saw a pretty good pair on the pedal extremities of a dead Yankee. He sat down at the foot of the dead Yankee, pulled off his shoes and put them on his own feet. Admiring the fit, and complimenting himself upon this addition to his marching abilities, he arose, and with knapsack on his back and gun in hand, was about starting to overtake his regiment, when he observed coming towards him a small squadron of cavalry, all of whom, as it was drizzling rain, were wrapped in their large rubber or oil-cloth overcoats. It will be remembered that the cavalry are frequently assigned to the duty of picking up the stragglers, and hence there is no good feeling between the infantry and cavalry. As they approached Sergeant ———, the foremost one asked: "What are you doing here, sir, away from your command!"

"That's none of your business, by G-d," answered the Sergeant.

"You are a straggler, sir, and deserve the severest punishment."

"It's a d--d lie, sir—I am not a straggler—I only left my regiment a few minutes ago, to hunt me a pair of shoes. I went all through the fight

yesterday, and that's more than you can say—for where were you yesterday when General Stuart wanted your d—d cavalry to charge the Yankees after we put 'em to running? You were lying back in the pine thickets, and couldn't be found; but to-day, when there's no danger, you can come out and charge other men with straggling, d—n you."

The cavalry man, instead of getting mad, seemed to enjoy this raking over from the plucky little Sergeant, and as he rode on, laughed heartily at it. As the squadron was filing nearby past the Sergeant, one of them remarked: "Do you know who you were talking to?"

"Yes—to a cowardly Virginia cavalryman."

"No, sir—that's General Lee."

"The hell you say."

"And his staff."

"Jesus—hell!" With this exclamation the sergeant pulled off his hat and readjusting it over his eyes, struck a double quick on the straightest line for his regiment.

—Jackson *Daily Mississippian,* April 8, 1863.

¶ Nor could war be complete without tournaments. Tournaments were much fancied by the ante bellum Mississippians. In the spring of 1864 a Mississippian, Ernest D. Cavett, an officer in the Third Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, described for his sister and cousin a time out for a "grand Tournament and Coronation Ball."

Out of Fifty Knights Chosen

THE TOURNAMENT WAS to have taken place on the 5th of this month and then the Ball was to have been given on the evening of the 6th at 7 oclock in honor of the Queen of Love & Beauty and her Maids of Honor (of whom there were four).

Owing to the rain and bad weather it had to be postponed until last Monday and the Ball until last tuesday evening.

Each Knight had to put in $30.00 apiece (and there was 50 Knights) and 50 Gentlemen subscribed $30.00 apiece for the privelege of attending the ball. The whole sum subscribed was $3000.00 (three thousand dollars,) we sent the money to Richmond and foraged around in the sur-

rounding country and got up a most splendid Supper. Cake of all sorts and kinds, Icecream, Lemonade, Champagne, Candy, Chicken Salad, meats of all kinds and served in every style, Oysters in the greatest abundance, and every thing else that we could possibly get.

We had a large Ball room built and covered with tentflys. It was 50 feet long and 18 feet wide and capable of having three double sets dancing at once. It is needless to tell you I was one of the Knights. Monday came and by eleven (11) oclock a vast crowd of Citizens and Soldiers and about one hundred Ladys had assembled on the ground.

I forgot to mention that Gen's Hill, Anderson, Wilcox [,] Heth, and several Brigadier Generals were appointed Judges. Gen Hill feeling a little unwell declined acting only as a spectator. Brig. General A. R. Wright of Ga was appointed Field Marshall and Gen's Kirkland and McGowan Asst. Marshals.

All the Knights having assembled we proceeded to Register our names alphabetically and out of the 50 there were only 5 privates, (myself among the number,), we were to ride 5 times apiece (and all had sabres) we had first to cut off a head on a post, next take a ring then cut a head on the ground and last take off a bag of straw (about the size of a man's head) from a pole, on the point of your Sabre. The Knights having registered they were formed in a line and addressed by Gen. Davis. That being over we commenced riding Gen Wright calling out their names alphabetically and we starting at the Sounding of a bugle. Each Knight had told who (what young lady) he was riding for and she would send him a Rosette to designate her Knight. I was riding for Miss Kate Willis an elegant and accomplished young Lady of Orange, and I send you the rosette she sent me and which I wore at the Tournament and at the Ball (pinned over my heart)

By some means (that I have not been able to account for whether on account of looking so young or some other reason) I had gained the Sympathy of all the young Ladies and in fact of the whole crowd. They rode around until they got to me Gen. Wright called out my name, I mounted my Charger, the bugle sounded and I was off like the wind, (for recollect we all had to ride at full speed) I took the first one, took the ring cut off the lower head and took the last one making a clean through (and by far the best ride that had been made) amid the cheers of the whole crowd and waving of the Lady's handkerchiefs.

Every time I rode through it was the signal for them to commence cheering and they did not stop until I regained my place in the line.

After supper we again resumed the dance and did not cease until broad daylight in the morning. I danced every set. I asked a Miss Bailey to dance with me the 5th set and she told me she was engaged and handed me her card. I took it off to the light and rubbed off Gen. Perry's name and put mine down. The 5th set came and we took our places and Gen Perry stepped up and said that he was engaged for that set with Miss Bailey. I referred him to her card and before he could remonstrate the music struck up and they sung out all balance, and we left the old General standing there.

I carried on quite a flirtation with Miss Sallie Wright and think I would have lost my heart if it had not been lost before.

—Joseph C. Robert, "A Ring Tournament in 1864," *Journal of Mississippi History,* III (1941), 293–96.

CHAPTER NINE

WAR'S DESTRUCTION

SINCE MISSISSIPPI WAS LARGELY OVERRUN BY THE ENEMY BEFORE THE war was over, there were few areas that did not come to know war's destructiveness. Some of this devastation was the result of battle; but most of it was willful—the work of the invader and the victor. Down came factories and warehouses and railroad shops, as might have been expected. But down also came homes and schools and churches—sometimes by accident, occasionally on purpose. In Natchez a mansion was blown up to provide a site for a fort. Elsewhere plantation homes were burned. In cities fires set to "contraband" got out of hand and burned residences and churches.

What was done to exteriors was sometimes negligible compared to the spoliation of the interiors of homes and public buildings. Removable items were sometimes stolen; what could not be carried off was wrecked or damaged. Of course, Rebs could do a fair job of destruction, too, in the rare cases where an opportunity occurred; but even the Yanks themselves had to admit of superior achievements in this category. Their opportunities for vandalism were almost unlimited. Human nature took care of the rest.

1) Chimneyville

¶ Jackson, as the seat of government, probably received the worst going-over of any city in the state except Vicksburg, and Vicks-

burg's was by shelling, not by torch. Jackson had its baptism of fire at short range and with careful deliberateness.

Dr. D. W. Yandell, Johnston's surgeon, wrote to another doctor, John M. Johnson, the story of the evacuation of Jackson by the Confederates and the occupation by the Yankees on May 14, 1863.

Strange Things . . . in This Bailwick

Genl. Johnston and a portion of his staff reached Jackson, May 13th. We came as fast as steam could drive us. We met but one delay, and that short, and made the trip in less than four days. As the train which was carrying us neared the city, we met the Governor of the State fleeing from his capital. A very few days before, we had seen in all the public prints, the most positive assurances from the same official "that affairs were in a most satisfactory condition; the State, the capital, and the country entirely safe" &c &c &c. We found the Governor's family gone, his mansion deserted, the entire machinery of his government removed, and we, who had come well nigh a thousand miles to assist in defending that government were left, without the assistance, support, countenance, or even the presence of its head.

At the railroad depot our eyes rested upon a sea of anxious and affrighted faces. The entire community of Jackson was in motion, and it was the movement of alarm. Every mode of conveyance was in requisition. Entire households were fleeing from the approaching tread of the invader. Confusion, fear, consternation ran riot. Terror reigned supreme.

* * *

At one o'clock . . . the enemy was in sight. Soon his vast columns were seen entering Jackson on the West, as we, with our little army, moved out north on the Canton road. This was at one o'clock and thirty minutes. Our road lay at right angles to that by which the enemy was approaching. On an eminence about a mile from town, and overlooking it, we halted. In a few moments a dense volume of smoke, from the direction of the railroad depot, was seen slowly mounting into the air. A messenger announced that the enemy had fired the depot and surrounding buildings, and was engaged in tearing up the railroad track. Silently we returned to the road, and mingling with the infantry, resumed our way towards Canton. At three o'clock the Federal flag floated from the dome of the State House of Mississippi. Rain fell at intervals through-

out the afternoon. The enemy did not pursue, and we bivouacked seven miles from Jackson.

Throughout the silent watches of the night, the twinkling stars looked down upon the merciless conflagration kindled by the enemy. Much of Jackson was laid in ashes.

—Rowland (ed.), *Jefferson Davis, Constitutionalist,* VI, 2–6.

¶ The Memphis *Appeal,* which was caught in Jackson at the time of its capture by Grant, told the story from the standpoint of the losses to the press.

The Depredation of the Foe

LARGE NUMBERS OF the citizens fled on the approach of the enemy and wagons and drays were in great demand. Most of the government property and stores were removed in advance, and much of what was left was thrown into the streets, and picked up by the retiring soldiers and others. The resistance on our part was but feeble, the only infantry engaged being a Georgia and a S. Carolina Regiment. We had some ten or twelve cannons in the rifle pits manned by raw troops, which served to stay the enemy's progress. A serious resistance, on our part, it seems, was not intended, and the enemy entered the city at about half-past two o'clock on Thursday evening.

The depredations of the foe consisted in the burning of Pott's building, Green's banking house, the Confederate House and all the buildings in front of it, together with the Penitentary and all the machine shops in the city. All the stores but two were gutted, and private houses robbed indiscriminately. The Baptist printing office was saved by a Federal guard being placed around it, but the *Mississippian* office was gutted, the presses being broken to pieces and the type thrown into the street. The material of the *Appeal* office left behind was not disturbed, except the large safe which was blown to atoms.

The *Mississippian*'s loss, we learn from another source, does not amount to much beyond the destruction of the large Hoe press, on which the weekly was printed. This, however, is a serious loss, not only to the

proprietors, but to the reading public, which will probably be deprived of this large and beautiful edition of that excellent journal for some time to come.

—Aberdeen *Sunny South,* May 21, 1863.

¶ Before its fall Jackson had been somewhat of a boom town. Now it declined rapidly. In June, 1863, the only remaining hotel, the Bowman House, was burned:

A Great Public Calamity

In yesterday's edition we stopped the press to announce the destruction of this, the only hotel in Jackson. The alarm of fire was given at twenty minutes past 3 o'clock, Wednesday morning, and so rapid was the progress of the flames that in fifteen minutes from its discovery the entire roof on both wings fell in, and ten minutes later the upper story was in flames. The fire originated in the top of the house, under the roof, as there was no fire in the upper story when discovered by the sentinel.

Rumors have been circulated that one or two persons perished in the flames, but it is contradicted by the officers of the house. It has been conjectured to be the work of an incendiary, but we are inclined to attribute it to accident.

The loss of this hotel is a great public calamity, especially as it is impossible to rebuild for the present.

The building was insured for $25,000 and the furniture for $10,000. All the furniture and other preparations of the establishment were lost. We understand that the loss of Messrs. Danile & Co., the proprietors, in this respect was $20,000.

—Jackson *Daily Mississippian,* June 11, 1863.

¶ The city was "occupied" many times before the war ended. In the spring of 1864 only ten buildings were still standing on State Street. Yet the city continued to exist in spite of everything. On May 22, 1864, a friend of Governor Clark, L. Julienne, wrote from the city. Clark was apparently homesick for Jackson.

Poor Old Jackson

So YOU LONG to get back to poor old Jackson. Every one who leaves it is delighted to get back. I am indeed sorry that the people in the East are so little enclined to be hospitable. Your comparison of them is most appropriate. If you & some others were out of the way it would not be a pity for them to have a visit from the Yankees to teach them a lesson. Then they would know how to treat refugees.

—L. Julienne to Clark, May 22, 1864, Gov. Corr., file E–65.

2) A Ravaged Countryside

¶ Most of the destruction by the Yankees came to towns and countryside along the Mississippi River and in the northernmost counties of the state. In September, 1862, the Federals landed at Prentiss, the onetime county seat of Bolivar and left "only one small tenement."

What Yankee depredations did to Holly Springs was described in the diary of Yankee soldier Cyrus F. Boyd of the Fifteenth Iowa Infantry.

My Heart Almost Ceased to Beat

DEC 22D. . . . AFTER dark we entered Holly Springs and went through the town and halted on the North side Soon as the men could get their things off they commenced going for things generaly. Every one was gone except those who could not travel from fatigue As for myself I was so far gone that I could not get up to move I could hear hogs squeal and chickens squall in all directions By 11 oclock we had devoured some fresh pig Sergt Gray had secured for our mess a fine Pig. He can hear a hog grunt or a chicken breathe as far as any other man in this Army . . . Dec 23d. . . . Almost all the men left Camp and were soon scattered all over the town in a few hours Soldiers could be

seen everywhere Out of the cellar of a large brick residence close to our camp there came a constant stream of men and others kept going in and it resembled a *hive of bees* I went over and found the molasses running about 2 inches deep on the floor of the cellar and the men were wading through and carrying off various articles The occupants of the house were inside and locked up and no one outside except a little Negro boy Around were all the indications of Wealth Beautiful shrubbery and trees and vines and flowers and arbors While I was looking around I heard a *row* inside and soon seen a soldier come through the kitchen window heels first and a boot close to his *rear* and attached to a pair of *shoulder straps* About this time I had *business* toward camp

Going down to the "Clayton House" a large frame building I noticed a great crowd around the front door with their arms full of books and papers. I came around the house and just then a lady raised the window and called to me and asked me if I was an officer I replied that I was not a commissioned officer Said she for Gods sake keep the "soldiers from breaking into my room they have possession of the house and I fear they will *Kill me*" I told her not to fear as no man would disturb her. She was a rather good looking woman and had four little children with her This evening this *same* woman was arrested for *shooting* one of our men who was on guard at the "Clayton House" (2 days ago) She cowardly shot him although he was guarding her property This whole town was literly gutted today Van Dorn was here two days ago with a large force of Cavalry and surprised what few men we had here Then the Rebs blew up several buildings right in the Centre of the town and burned the Depots and all the rolling stock and Warehouses and destroyed more than one million Dollars worth of our supplies and also captured several of our Pay Masters with large amounts of Money. Long trains of cars were burned with all their contents and nothing but the irons and trucks stand for almost a *mile* There has been a fearful destruction of property and many of the citizens were killed by the explosions. . . .

I found the Court House square filled with horses, cannon and ammunition Women had band-boxes and other traps were leaving in all directions The soldiers were in every house and garret and cellar, store and church, and nook and corner. The streets were white with all kinds of paper and men were running with their arms full of books and ledgers and one lot of soldiers had their arms full of Confederate *bank*

notes which were perfect in all except the Presidents signature (I think the President did not have time to sign) The boys said they could do that *themselves* On the east side of the square the large brick buildings which we saw there two weeks ago were now one vast shapeless mass of ruins Some of these buildings had been stored with shell and other amunition and explosive material Fully one half the fine buildings on North side of the square were likewise blown to pieces

There had been a Bank in one of them and some gold and silver had been melted among the rubbish and the soldiers were in digging to their knees in the brick bats Sudden and complete destruction has overtaken this city. . . .

I came by a fine large Roman Catholic Church A lot of soldiers were in the building some were taking the organ to pieces and had the pipes out blowing on them and throwing them away Up in the pulpit was a squad playing *cards* and another lot were scattering the library over the floor One daring and reckless soldier climbed to the pinnacle of the temple and took off the little silver image of "Jesus" that stood there. It was at a giddy height but he got it—said to be worth several hundred dollars Every portion of the *fated* city seemed given over to *pillage* and destruction and no hand was raised to save anything from the general *sack and ruin*

Finely dressed ladies were leaving on all the streets and going God knows where Women and children were standing in their houses wailing with the most piteous cries Young girls whose eyes were red with weeping peered from behind the curtains of the windows and gazed listlessly upon the passing throngs that crowed the streets No insults were offered any women or citizen that I saw or heard of

When I had witnessed all this destruction and terror my heart almost ceased to beat when I thought of the sadness and woe that is caused by this inhuman war of brother against brother and how the innocent shall suffer in the cause of treason and Rebellion.

—Throne (ed.), *The Civil War Diary of Cyrus F. Boyd,* 96–98.

¶ A first-hand experience with a large army on the move came to the women of the Crutcher family, Vicksburgers who were refugeeing at Raymond in the summer of 1863.

Federal Gentlemen Flying with Armloads

NOT, MORE THAN fifteen minutes had elapsed since the retreat of our troops, before the federals began to pour into town in quite an orderly manner. Ma and the rest of us were sitting on the front porch when a party came up, looking around the yard and in the outhouses for "rebels."

They were very common looking men. Then an aid of Gen. Logan dashed up on horseback to spy around. I suppose, did not get off his horse, wanted water. We came to the conclusion that he was a dentist by the way he talked. Calm yourself, madam, be calm, I see you are nervous, be calm. Ma said she was afraid her house would not be safe from the pillaging of the soldiers. "Why madam, we came to protect you, . . . our soldiers are gentlemen. Where have they pillaged?" That question being unanswerable, nobody said anything. Next came an aid to Gen. McPherson, wanted to pitch the General's tents in the front yard. Father in the meantime had arrived, having walked part of the way from Bolton's. "The General will be a protection" they said. Accordingly, the General's tents were pitched. Then began to throng in Aids, officers of all kinds guards, niggers and horses. Some of the aids, who all looked like spry New York clerks, came and seated themselves on the edge of the porch, and entered into conversation. Among them was the special artist of Harpers' Weekly, a tallow faced youth in enormous, high-topped boots, had a regular down-eastern look. One of them was assuring Ma that "nothing on this place will be touched, your property is perfectly safe." When here came Aunt Esther with a most distressed air. "Mists, they are taking all my bedclothes and my clothes and everything I've got." Sure enough, there were the federal *gentlemen* flying with armloads of dresses, quilts, blankets and &c. The aid who was administering consolation, seemed very much non-plussed. Springing to his feet, he dashed wildly after them, but too late. They were lost in the hundreds of other men around, so he returned crestfallen to his seat, remarking, "its the meanest thing a white man can do, stealing from a nigger."

—Undated letter in Crutcher-Shannon Papers (Miss. Arch., Jackson).

¶ The Federals took special delight in wrecking the property of Jefferson Davis. Robert Melvin wrote the sad story to the President.

"Old Jeff's" Books, Furniture

As YOU HAVE without doubt before this had an account through the medium of the Northern Press, of the despoiling of your property, left at the residence of O. B. Cox Esqr of this county, and as your account has doubtless been colored by the exaggerations and embellishments characteristic of Yankee mendacity, I feel it due to myself as well as to your Excellency, to give you a literal statement of the facts of the case, I having been an eye witness of the whole transaction from first to last.

On the morning succeeding the intelligence of the surrender of Vicksburg, I was called on by Mr. Cox, with the request that I would remove my family, for a temporary sojourn, to his residence, to take, and exercise, a kind of guardianship over the place, and property left on it, as he was going he knew not where, to be absent he knew not how long. As my wife has been an invalid for many years, the last six confined to her bed, my residence was about in the center of where we supposed their (the federal) army would march and Mr. Cox's residence was considerably removed, I consented. Mr. Cox left on Wednesday and I moved in on the same day. He however gave me no intimation that there was any property belonging to your Excellency on the premises nor had I the remotest suspicion of the existence of such property at the time of my removal nor for some time after the Federal troops began to arrive.

The secret of its existence however, together with the place of its concealment was betrayed by the treachery of a negro, formerly the property of Mr. Cox, who ran away and went to the Federal army in May last.

The consequence of his treachery was that from the very first of their arrival which was about 10 o'clock on Friday they began to inquire for books, furniture, and wine belonging to your Excellency. (Their exact language was "Old Jeff's" books, furniture and wine.) In vain I denied all knowledge of any such property. The assertion was made and repeated again and again that this was your plantation and I your Overseer, my denial being utterly disregarded.

Early in the day on Saturday, Alfred (the negro in question) arrived, when he immediately began to point out place after place where property was concealed. Their first attack was on the books and furniture, boxed up and placed over the dining room. (I presume you know

where and how the property was secured). Soon as the discovery was made of anything bearing your Excellency's name the news ran like fire in the prairie and the crowd of thousands was soon swelled to tens of thousands. Boxes were torn open and emptied of their contents; books and papers were strewed over the yard and scattered through the woods for miles; fine carpets were cut to pieces and carried off for saddle blankets and saddle covers & fine window curtains were taken for tent blankets; and in fact every thing useful or ornamental was plundered and destroyed with a ruthlessness worthy of Attilla himself.

During all this scene of desolation I was not suffered even to look at the theatre of their havoc being my self under guard, having the bayonets of three soldiers pointed at my breast all the time; and being threatened with the most shocking imprecations not to move on pain of instant death.

Of all things taken by them they appeared to exult more in some walking sticks than anything else except the wine.

The destruction commenced on Saturday and continued without any interruption except a few hours in the latter part of the night until about Noon on Monday when one of their Generals came with a wagon and team (six mules) and carried off everything he thought worth removing. I was then permitted to look over the general wreck for the first time. I found a small walnut card table, one leaf split off, a small writing case (Rosewood I think) top & bottom torn off doors torn to pieces and otherwise much injured and defaced, two sofas one hair cloth seat and other velvet. The only injury I have as yet perceived done to them is the seat of the hair cloth sofa has been somewhat cut up either to gratify a petty malice or in the hope of finding something concealed the velvet one is untouched.

There were some fine chairs in the parlor and elsewhere on which my daughter found the name "President Davis" in large letters on cotton cloth. She slipped noiselessly through the crowds succeeded in tearing off and destroying the name and then claimed them as her own. She thus saved them. A marble statue I claimed as the likeness of my dead child by which means I saved it. Otherwise it would have been broken to pieces and the fragments sent North as trophies.

I have just finished boxing up the books and papers and truly I find it a much easier matter for a thousand men to tear up and destroy than for one to follow after and restore order out of their confusion.

In the load carried off by Genl. Ewing there was a considerable amount of the personal property both of Mr. Cox and my own but it was useless to remonstrate.

During the first two days (Saturday and Sunday) the negro Alfred looked on the general destruction with perfect & fiendish delight.

Among the evidences of petty malice a book was found containing your Excellency's likeness; this the soldiers stabbed as often as they could find a piece of the paper large enough to receive the point of a knife.

—Robert Melvin to Davis, 1863, Jefferson Davis Papers (Manuscripts Division, Duke University Library).

¶ In March, 1864, F. F. Freeman wrote from Enterprise about the destruction following Sherman's raid on the Southern Railroad:

More Than Their Usual Heartlessness

SINCE WE HAD the pleasure of being honored with your presence, many have been the changes that have occured in this community & also in this portion of the State. The enemies march through our state was characterised with even more than their usual heartlessness. They not only seem to ignore, but utterly to disregard every feeling that should dilate the human heart. No act seems too base for them to perpetrate & nothing too pure for them to despoil. Even age in its weakness, served only to excite feelings of contempt & derision. Aside from the losses sustained by citizens, we have suffered but little. After burning the bridges &c they succeeded in tearing up the railroad for about twenty miles. Much credit is due for the energy displayed in repairing the road & although the Yankeys boasted that it would be six months before we would have the pleasure of hearing another locomotive, yet the trains will run through on regular schedule time tomorrow, evincing to the world the great recuperative power of our cuntry. I am satisfied that the damage inflicted by them is more than counterbalanced by the effect consequent in their failure to permanently hold this section of cuntry. All express themselves as being fully convinced & well satisfied that we can never be subdued, although we may be temporarily overrun. And then again such was the indiscriminate system of robbery & theft inaugurated by

them, that it has had the happy effect of more & more deeply impressing all with the conviction that nothing can be expected at the hands of such an enemy. Surely a righteous God will not suffer such fiends to go unpunished even in this world.

—F. F. Freeman Diary, March 28, 1864, Jefferson Davis Papers.

¶ In the war's last year William L. Nugent described to his wife the countryside north of Jackson. It was a desolate sight—pillaged and half abandoned.

A Dreary Spectacle Indeed

THIS COUNTRY IS a dreary spectacle indeed. The largest plantations are thinning out, grown up in weeds & pastured upon by a few scattering cattle; fences are pulled down & destroyed; house burned; negroes run off. A general gloom pervades everything and the people appear to be in a listless spirit, perfectly impassable, subjugated, in some instances, by prospective want and suffering, and utterly devoid of any disposition to continue longer the struggle for Independence. In the glow & hurrah of excitement that ushered in the war, they doubtless freely participated. Flag presentations and gay parties have however given place to a serious war and the end is not yet. What the poor people here as elsewhere will do I know not. The prospects are gloomy enough and may be worse. I think the present year will wind it up and next December, by the blessing of Providence see me at home again.

—William L. Nugent to wife, March 13, 1864, Howorth Letters.

CHAPTER TEN

THE PLOWSHARE WAR

THOUSANDS OF MISSISSIPPIANS FOUGHT THEIR WAR ON THE BATTLEfield; thousands more fought it in the cotton and corn fields, which had been there before the war began and would still be there after it was over. Perhaps, after all, it was King Cotton's war. Except for him Mississippians would have found little use for slavery and few reasons for leaving a union. But if cotton were the strength of the ante bellum South, it was the weakness of the wartime South. It was a money crop that could not be spent, except at the great hazard of running gunboat blockades or in what many regarded as highly unpatriotic—the trade through the lines.

As Mississippians quickly learned, the fighting of their war would depend largely on diversifying their economy—on growing other crops than cotton and on the factories and railroads and banks, of which Mississippi had so few, thanks to the fact that ante bellum capital had gone into land and Negroes at the expense of machines and iron horses and such. How could the cottonfield be enlisted for the fighting of a war? It was a much harder task than the training of a raw recruit in the camp. Yet it had to be done, or the war would be lost before it had well begun.

1) The King Falters

¶ Secession and war came before all of the 1860 cotton crop had been marketed, and at first President Davis chose to withhold the Confederacy's precious cotton in order to create a "cotton famine" in Europe that would force England and France to come to the aid of the Confederacy by recognizing it as an independent nation and lending it the money for carrying on war. Davis' policy caused cotton to pile up in the South, and when the error of the President's strategy became apparent, another crop was on the way. But by this time the Northern blockade was making it difficult to export any cotton at all.

Early in 1861 the Mississippi convention had endeavored to take cognizance of the crop problem by appointing a committee to apprise the planting public of the necessity of shifting to a wartime economy. Yet little seems actually to have been done to adjust to the changed situation in the planting season of 1861. The Southern Planters' Convention of 1861 was also alerted to the crisis. Its president, Thomas J. Hudson, a Mississippian, gave proper warning to planters.

We Can Raise Abundant Supplies of Food

HAVING THE COTTON crop of 1861 still in the possession of planters, shall we plant for another large crop in 1862? All confess that we should divert a sufficient amount of labor from the production of cotton, sugar and tobacco to supply ourselves with an abundance of the necessaries of life. At the same time we should struggle to maintain the monopoly of cotton in the markets of the world. I need not remind you that to make themselves independent of Southern cotton, the Governments of England and France have encouraged its production in India, Egypt, Algeria, the West coast of Africa, and wherever there has been the least prospect of success. Cotton Supply Associations have been formed, seeds, and the most improved implements and machinery have been forwarded, premiums offered, bounties given, all that Government could do has been done to accomplish their great design. The present blockade of our ports, the consequent decrease in supplies, and the great advance in

price, will stimulate to increase production, all countries that can be engaged in its growth. Just to the extent as the supply from other countries is increased, is our monopoly destroyed and our greatest interest injured. It seems to be our wisest policy to be able, with the removal of the blockade, to furnish an abundance of cotton at the lowest remunerative prices. Having the best soil, climate, season and labor, we should, and can, counteract any stimulating influence the result of the present war.

But it has been urged that with two crops at the close of the present year, amounting to eight or nine millions of bales, we should receive no more compensation than if we had but one crop. Admit this to be true, (which I do not) would it not be wiser than to adopt a policy that results in surrendering our monopoly by stimulating its production wherever it can be grown.

What, then, should be done? I believe that by diverting one-fourth of the labor hitherto employed in the production of cotton, sugar and tobacco, with more attention paid to the necessaries of life, we can be independent of the world for food. It must be remembered, that before the present struggle no attention was paid to this question by a large number of our planters. Now, an entire change has taken place, and the past year demonstrates that by decreasing the quantity of cotton, tobacco and sugar but little, we can raise abundant supplies of food.

—*Southern Cultivator,* XIX (1861), 104–105.

¶ It was not until late in 1861, after the crops were largely harvested, with no place to ship the cotton, that the folly of cotton growing became fully apparent. The legislature acted promptly on December 3.

A Well-Directed System of Mixed Husbandry

Resolution for the Promotion of not only our political, but material prosperity and independence.

Whereas, in a well-directed system of mixed husbandry consists the true elements of our material prosperity and independence; and whereas, this end cannot be attained by the system of exclusiveness heretofore practiced by the planting of cotton; and whereas, it is necessary to

change the habits of our people in order to inaugurate a more judicious, economical and generally sustaining system; and whereas, a large surplus of cotton on hand at the raising of the blockade would result in ruinously low prices for years, and our prosperity materially abridge [*sic*] by neglect of the cereals and of stock; and whereas, we are now feeling and will continue to feel the paralyzing effects of studied neglect of mixed husbandry heretofore, and too much engrossment in the production of cotton: Therefore,

1st. *Be it resolved by the Legislature of the State of Mississippi,* That our planters and farmers be requested to plant not exceeding one-fourth of the usual or average amount of cotton during the continuance of the blockade, and to form county associations promotive of this end, pledging their word of honor not to exceed the amount to be planted, embraced in this section.

2nd. *Resolved,* That our planters and farmers are hereby exhorted to largely increase the amount and breadth of land to grain and the grasses, to give increased attention to the raising of stock and the growing of fruits generally.

3rd. *Resolved,* That the Legislature of our sister cotton States are hereby most respectfully invited to join us in our recommendations, and urge the same upon their people.

4th. *Resolved,* That we earnestly hope the Southern Planters' Convention, which meets in Memphis, Tennessee, on the 16th day of December inst., will also join us in our recommendations, and that a copy of these resolutions and preamble be forwarded to its President by the President of the State Agricultural Bureau.

—*Mississippi Laws* (Jackson), November, 1861, 76–77.

When the state faced the prospect of two harvests, with no place to ship them, the seriousness of the situation became fully apparent. On December 14, 1861, Governor Pettus sent an urgent message to the legislature urging vigorous measures to nip the next cotton crop in the bud by taxing cotton into oblivion. But his words were not harkened to.

In 1862 the struggle to curtail cotton planting made some headway. In this year a system had been devised by both the Con-

federate and the state governments to set up a cotton loan whereby cotton "money" could be issued for unsold cotton held up by the blockade. All this would have worked well but for the fact that the pledged cotton had to be burned on the approach of the Yanks to prevent the seizure of the precious staple. Burning was ordered along the Mississippi River in the spring of 1862, as the river attack on Vicksburg got under way. There was some reluctance to set fire to cotton, but on April 26, 1862, General Beauregard sent orders to General Van Dorn.

Burn All Cotton Within Their Reach

PLANTERS ALONG MISSISSIPPI hesitate to burn cotton. Order parties under proper officers to go in small steamboats to burn all cotton within their reach along river, and call in public paper on said planters to burn their cotton forthwith, keeping an account of number of bales burnt.

—*Official Records,* Ser. 1, X, part 2, 451.

¶ Once invasion had demoralized the state and left it almost destitute, only cotton seemed to have any value; so it soon became the medium of exchange between the lines. Not only did citizens trade illegally through the lines, but the state and Confederate governments also did so to get much-needed supplies for the armies and for the people. It was hard to dethrone cotton. In January, 1864, John C. Kay of Senatobia wrote General Leonidas Polk telling him how extensive the trade was:

Everyone . . . Sells Cotton

EVERYBODY IN THIS section sells cotton. I could not to-day name anyone innocent of trading with the enemy's flag, yet a vast amount of that trade is beneficial to the Confederacy. Very few of these men are friendly enough toward the enemy to treasure up their currency. Nobody wants the greenbacks except for immediate use. Our money is not worth anything in the river counties, for it will not buy a pound of salt or a pair of shoes. If our currency would pass muster, every man in the bottom

would prefer it to any other currency. These people have never traded anywhere but on the river. The party that uses the river will secure the trade of the people on the banks, and nothing can be done to change the order of things but whip the Federals away or whip the natives out of those counties.

Ibid., LII, part 2, 600.

¶ There were a number of dubious cases. William L. Nugent disgustedly wrote his wife about some of the female contraband traders on September 25, 1863.

A Whole Batch of Women

Major General Hurlbut has his Head Quarters at Memphis and makes every man woman & child who comes in take the path of allegiance, before he will allow them to trade. We had up yesterday some half dozen trading wagons and a whole batch of women, whose goods had been confiscated. They begged hard, but the General was unmoved by their entreaties. Some of these women had traveled one hundred miles to trade, carrying a bale of cotton with them. They all brought back a full supply of *Scotch Snuff* and were as busy as bees with their rubbers. Think of a female with the dirty colored tobacco streak around her mouth & on her lips, squirting discolored spittle all around her, and you have a fair sample of the "Buncombe *Gals*"— You must, though, add to the pitiable picture, a *tousled* head, unwashed face, drabbled dress, (no corsets), heavy shoes, a guffaw laugh and a sidelong leer. A dirty baby, too, is no unfrequent addition to the scene. These women will take up their line of march hence to Memphis, preceeded by a small wagon drawn by a pair of mules in reference to whom there are several Bills of foreclosure filed by the undisciplined flocks of Buzzards hereabouts, with as much nonchalance as they would to go to the Cross-roads Meeting House. "Friends & *feller* citizens," we live in strange times and amid novel and stirring events. We have two of these women in the Guard House for practicing their tory principles and keeping our people in dread.

—William L. Nugent to wife, September 25, 1863, Howorth Letters.

2) King Corn

¶ A diligent campaign to bring about diversification of crops in Mississippi began in the first year of the war. In March, 1861, an anonymous letter to Governor Pettus warned that the agricultural interests must go all-out, or the war could well be lost.

The Indifference . . . About Making Crops Alarms Me

URGE THE PEOPLE of the State to plant corn, potatoes, peas, beans, everything necessary to subsist the people and the army— People many of the people have fallen into the idea that it is uselessly to attempt to make anything more than a bare subsistance until the war is over. Carry out that idea and the war will end soon—and disastrously to the south— The whole people of the south ought to be urged to cultivate an early and a late crop— Almost a double crop might thus be made— The indifference of the people about making crops alarms me.

—Gov. Corr., March 22, 1861, file E–51.

¶ It was corn above all else that occupied the attention of the diversifiers. In 1863 the Natchez *Courier* quoted a diatribe against cotton and a paean of praise for corn that appeared in the Woodville *Republican.*

I Am a Corn Planter

AND SO BECAUSE I protest against planting cotton and urge the planting of corn, I am a speculator in Cotton! so say some very shrewd individuals. You are mistaken neighbors; I am a corn planter and intend to continue such while the war continues, and how any one who has the capacity to understand a simple sum in Arithmetic—multiplication and short division, and who has a fair share of the patriotism and spirit of sacrifice accredited to our people, can plant cotton where there is any hope of getting corn and peas to grow, is past my understanding. With

facts like these before us, let us pause and wisely consider: Our armies must subsist where they are, each department and sub-division of territory feeding its sub-division of forces; an extraordinary extent of land was put in corn last year, and what with the fortunes of war, the hazards of weather, &c., we are now anxiously eking out our supplies by the small; after a rational estimate has been made for the supply of the armies with meat and bread, add one-third for waste from the worthlessness of officials, high and low.

And finally the Governor is trying to hold in camp many corn-makers, of no service there and of much service at home, and he will succeed just long enough to make it too late to plant corn; their families must be fed from the general stock: I say, with these facts before us, it is an awfully cold-blooded procedure to plant cotton with any eye to profit, while these chances are impending and these facts indisputable. I impugn no man's motives; I call no man "cotton speculator" because he differs (honestly) with me in opinion; I use no terms intended to be approbrious, but in the name of common sense, or our common country and ordianary foresight, I protest against cotton planting in this exigency.

An old treatise on morals, older than Aristotle's says: "I will curse your blessings; yea, I have already cursed them," because abused. Cotton is in the list of blessings abused, and the curse is following hard after. King Cotton! Discrowned King! with his Privy Council of Avarice, Arrogance, Presumption, Prodigality and Dependence. If cotton has not been a curse to us for years past then history is a tissue of nonsense. And if this cotton planting is pursued, the curse will culminate in the establishment of Yankee depotism over these lands, and for two reasons:

1st. Stint the army in "rations and something to wear," and you demoralize, destroy it. Let the soldiers once understand that the tillers of the soil have deliberately sold them for cotton or tobacco and they will not fight, and should not.

2d. Any people that can hazard, by the thousandth part of a hair, the safety and liberty of their country for sordid motives, are not worthy these blessings, and indeed are not fit to enjoy them, and will not get them. Nations generally get what they deserve, be it good or evil. Read history and think common sense awhile.

But says one, this is a great ado about a small matter. It is not so small. Suppose every man in the country under our control, plant only one acre of cotton to the hand. This State will plant 100,000 acres in

cotton, which would produce 1,500,000 bushels of corn, peas or potatoes, which will fatten many hogs and beeves, feed many soldiers and soldier's families, all of which will have to be done.

But Mr. Editor, where's the use! I do not suppose any argument, statistics, entreaty, rebuke, which I might use, will plant one acre more in corn. The man who can resist the appeals of facts, which thunder louder than the Hartford's guns, which guns make a part of the facts—he is past the reach of reason or sympathy.

—Natchez *Daily Courier,* April 18, 1863.

3) Running the Plantation and the Farm

¶ In spite of war the farm and the plantation had to operate. In many cases old men, women, and slaves did the job. There were problems galore, of course; and many were the tearful wails of the frustrated folks on the farm. Yet the crop-making went on, whatever happened.

In April, 1861, a Mississippi woman living at Hillsboro in Scott County wrote to her sister about the plantings of the year in this hill area:

One Can Make As Much As They Can Gather

We are having fine weather now. Fine for farming The planters are busily engaged planting their crops. We are done planting the corn looks finely, and the wheat looks more promising than I ever saw it almost. If nothing befalls it there will be an abundance of it made You asked about this country. The land is not very rich but of a good season any one can make as much as they can gather Some of the land will produce a bale of cotton per acre and from 15 to 20 bushels of corn it is also well adopted to sweet and Irish potatoes and wheat, but in my opinion it is no such a country as N Carolina.

—Mrs. Malinda Chambers to sister, April 26, 1861, Mathew N. Love Papers (Manuscripts Division, Duke University Library).

¶ From Brooksville, in Noxubee County, T. J. Koger's wife wrote in October, 1861, to keep her husband up to date on the affairs of the plantation:

I Wish You Were Here to See Them

We are having the finest weather you ever saw for October, warm and dry. Almost too warm, it feels unseasonable. A fine time for housing corn. They have one side of the crib full, are now hauling to the outside Crib, the trashy corn to feed the Hogs. The best is not yet touched. Evans says we will make as much as last year, if not more. I saw your Hogs the other day, they all look well, were eating pumpkins when I saw them. There are so many black ones and they are so much of a size many of them, that I do not know them apart. And then old Rob is so big that he makes all the others look like Pigs. He certainly is an enormous piece of Pork. I wish you were here to see them, you take an interest in them that no one else can, though I think Evans likes to attend to them.

Our meat will hold out, we have two more calves yet to kill, the last one very fat and nice.

My Hog up here will weigh about three hundred so Evans says. We will make meat, lots of it. And I think we will have salt enough. Mrs. Murdock says there will be salt for sale in Brooksville before it [is] time to kill Hogs.

The pea crop at the plantation was tolerably good, we have had one mess of Potatoes, very fine. But Evans says they are scattering and he has only a small patch. Up here we made more peas than we ever did, though that is not saying much. But the Sugar Crowders have done finely until the worms took to them, the Army worm, they ate all the leaves off and then commenced on the peas . . . I had them pulled, ate the green ones and saved every one that would do. The Thompson Peas were not making much, I had them cut and cured for my cows before the worms got them.

The garden looks well, I have fine Collards, plenty of Turnips, greens and mustard. Have set out another strawberry bed. We have more vegetables than at any time this year.

Next week I am going to have the pasture sowed in Rye. Evans says he can spare it and that it will be of as much use up here as at the planta-

tion. I have just got the Hargrove cow home, she gives a good deal of milk but it is poor.

—Mrs. T. J. Koger to T. J. Koger, October 4, 1861, Koger Papers.

¶ Naturally the shift in crop patterns posed some serious problems as to handling the slave labor force. In 1862 a Mississippi overseer told a correspondent of the Mobile *Tribune* how he used his Negroes:

Plenty to Do, That Ought to Have Been Done Before

"We planted last year," said the overseer of an extensive interest, "six hundred acres in cotton, and two hundred in corn. This year we reverse the figures." But what will you have your negroes doing—so little cotton? "O, plenty to do, that ought to have been done before, but we were run down after cotton-cotton! We shall have time to ditch, and the plantation needs it much, and long has needed it. We shall fix our fences and hedges; we shall move the negro cabins, and put them up right, and in order, and with brick chimneys. We shall do a heap, that we have heretofore left undone."

—*Southern Cultivator,* XX (1862), 132.

¶ Benjamin L. C. Wailes, the Natchez planter who had prepared the state's first agricultural survey back in the fifties, found wartime on the plantation serious business. He hated secession, anyway, and his impatience with his trials was poorly concealed from his diary.

At the Mercy of These Times of Overseers & Negroes

Fonsylvania Thursday 13 March 1862.

Having sent for Doct W. T. Beall yesterday he rode over this morning

National Archives

12) General Grant's Headquarters on the Mississippi River above Vicksburg—This is an incident in the campaign of General Grant, who immediately after the Battle of Corinth set about the capture of Vicksburg. In January, 1863, with 50,000 men he arrived at Young's Point, opposite the mouth of the Yazoo, above Vicksburg. His plan was to cut a canal across the peninsula, opposite the city. The high water broke the levees, drowned out the camps, and flooded the country. After two months of laborious effort General Grant reported the plan impracticable.

Mississippi Archives

13) Five Locomotives built at Vicksburg by the Federal soldiers after the fall of the "Gibraltar of the Confederacy."

Harper's Weekly

14) CUTTING THE CANAL opposite Vicksburg. An unsuccessful attempt by Grant to change the channel of the Mississippi River.

when we made a contingent arrangement with him for his brother . . . to oversee for Miss Covington. The Doctor promised to go over to Rocky Spring and have his brother here tomorrow He is disabled by a cripled limb produced by accute rheumatism from going to the war but is represented as capable of managing the plantation his wife a confirmed invalid with asthma

My own overseer Smithers cross and peevish *again* tonight wants to go to Vicksburg for a few days on *business* and hints at leaving—God keep those who are at the mercy of these times of overseers & negroes

Fonsylvania Sunday 16 March 1862.

Mr Gee and Doct Bealle called after dinner—& sat with us till near night. The latter has made up his mind finally to take the overseer Situation & will come over with his family Owen seems restless & anxious to learn who is to be his superior & would be pleased I think if none could be found—My own overseer exhibited some more tendency of his petulence discontent & ill feelings which is becoming insufferable. He evidently is seeking a pretext to grumble & wants to leave—

Fonsylvania Saturday 23 Aug 1862.

I arrived at the Plantation about dark last night. . . . My cotton was all burned up but the hoops & baging was saved—Found the Cook Woman & dairy maid in very ill humor & shaming sick to save her self from a floging having got into a quarrel & a fisticuff with some of the other women—Mr Magruder & my niece gone to Vicksburg with the keys . . . went to bed supperless Richard the servant of the latter went up to Vicksburg this morning early sent him a letter for his mistress and two from Mrs Magruder—which I bought up with me Mrs Gee called in the evening & sat an hour or two Mr Gee has been quite unwell —his cotton and that of Judge Byrd has not been destroyed. This savors strongly of partiality or favoritism Mine & that of Miss. Covington was burned on the 25 June Capt W. H. Johnson's Company (I) of P B Stark Cavalry I hold his certificate stating that he had burned 135 Bales the average quality middling by order of Lieut Col S. W. Ferguson dated 5 June 1862.—

I found also the order of D. B. Nailor, by order of B. Blake Provost Marshall requiring me to send four negro men with one team & 8 days rations.—These were sent and put into the water up to the breast in the

swamp below Vicksburg choping trees the Consequence we have lost one by death the others are still ill one kept over there & got sick & we had to send a waggon & bed to bring him home.—

—B. L. C. Wailes, Diary, March 13, 16, August 23, 1862.

¶ One of the state's leading scientific agriculturalists, M. W. Philips of Edwards was even more disgusted than Wailes:

The-Stay-at-Home-and-Would-Have-Everybody-Else-Go-to-the-War, Lie Around

MANY OF OUR people are as crazed, run wild on the war question, as they ever were on the Tyrant "Cotton" question, and think everybody and the rest of mankind, should think and talk of nothing else. The-stay-at-homes-and-would-have-everybody-else-go-to-the-war, lie around Depots, Post offices, Villages, Towns and Cities to get nibbles at the little "news" always afloat, neglecting their ordinary vocations for war gossip. They are always finding out men who ought to go—but never do one or the other themselves. It is as necessary to make corn and meat and hay, and to have proper discipline among our negroes, as it is to fight; and it now requires more moral courage for a bold man to stay at home, than for the timid to go. There are other things to do besides fighting and making food; among them stands first always, preaching the sacred Gospel to dying man; not that preachers are, in my opinion any more exempt from defending with the bayonet our household gods, than the others of our population who are able bodied; yet the sacred desk should not be left vacant in extended districts. Our schools, and I affirm it, especially Female schools, are not to be left, unless to defend our very altars. Upon woman depends the prosperity of any nation under the sun. Without going too far into detail, I come down to the more proper work you and I are immediately interested in—THE HOMESTEAD. I say Fruit trees should be set out, war or no war, and receive a proper attention. To postpone, is losing a year or years for a few day's labor; and dispensing with, not alone a luxury and a comfort, but a means of food and health. A friend of mine is expending his cash and his time in raising troops for the war and asked my assistance in putting out a large

orchard, some 2 or 3,000 trees, embracing all varieties grown among us. Of course, while he is working for us, I can afford to work a few days for him, and have done so, with cheerfulness and to the extent of my ability.

I have assisted and superintended the planting of 600 peach, 300 apple, 1000 to 2000 pear, with apricot, nectarine, plum; and now come to the main object of my writing—NURSERYMEN. These trees have been bought of course in the Confederacy, and never have I seen so rough a lot of trees in my 30 years' experience in orcharding. Some few exceptions, but generally the stock had not been headed; in many had old wood above bud and graft as thick as my thumb and some larger, 2 or 3 or 4 inches long; some were partly decayed and of course the rotten wood, will be soon enclosed in the growth. I ask nurserymen, (whether Northern or Southern raised,) if this is the way to secure patronage, or to give satisfaction to fruit growers?

—*Southern Cultivator*, XX (1862), 140.

¶ There was no end of ill-feeling between farmer and planter over the apparent favoritism for the latter in the "Twenty-Negro Law" which exempted one white man for every twenty slaves he had to supervise on a plantation. Planters frequently did not take advantage of this exemption. Yet there was a disposition on the part of the poor boys to complain and to make the planter out an ogre. On July 15, 1862, such a complaint was sent to Governor Pettus from Columbia.

The Poor Soldiers Wives Are Plowing

I AM REQUESTED BY great numbers of our good citizens who are doing *their all* for the great struggle we are engaged in—to call your Excellencys attention to a few of our citizens, who in contravention of your proclamation have planted large cotton crops and have their negroes busily engaged cutivating [sic] them, which in sight almost of their brood lands, the poor soldiers wives are plowing with *their own* hands to make a subsistence for themselves and children—while their husbands are suffering bleeding and dying for their country.

Now these miscreants have no sons in the army—two of them no

children—one, Yankee born, no[t] here in the confederacy, refuse peremptorily to do a thing to aid us—will not let our poor boys in the field have a negro even for pay—and refuse to take confederate money.

Now your Excy. is it doing justice to us who have sent all our sons over sixteen—there is not a boy over that age of good health left in the county—to defend the property of these rich misers who care nothing for public opprobrium—while they are oppressing the poor and preparing for greater gains. If they are suffered to go on it will be discouraging to many—while their being brought up would render universal satisfaction—

A word from your Excellency to Maj. Gen. Van Dorn would set the remedy to work—

Hoping to report my company of Home rangers ready for service to your Excellency soon

—Isaac Applewhite to Pettus, July 15, 1862,
Gov. Corr., file E–57.

¶ But whatever seeds of discord were sown, the crops were planted, and life went on. A typical winter day was described by B. L. C. Wailes in his diary for January 15, 1862. Other planters might not have achieved Wailes's degree of agricultural diversification, but Wailes had almost created a self-contained community:

Some of a Winter Days Operations

CLOUDY DAMP CHILLY day but calm— John and the women engaged cleaning out the cotton gin & packing away the cotton seed— Some of the men hawling wood to the different negro quarters— Others in doors plating shuch to make collars— Some of the women picking wool Others carding it to make mattress for Overseer & Some of them spinning cotton to make plough lines— Gabriel attending to stock & Kitt repairing grist mill putting bond around the nether stone This is an epitome of some of a winter days operations on a Southern plantation.

—B. L. C. Wailes, Diary, January 15, 1862.

¶ After Vicksburg it was a matter of day-to-day survival. One never knew who would reap the crop that one planted. Some planters

were even down to the end of their wits and beyond. One of the most touching stories is that told by British Colonel Fremantle of the Coldwater Guards, who ran into a ruined planter on the road toward Vicksburg in the summer of 1863:

Present to Queen Victoria

We had a crazy old planter, Mr. ———, with us. He insisted upon accompanying the column, mounted on a miserable animal which had been left him by the enemy as not being worth carrying away. The small remains of this poor old man's sense had been shattered by the Yankees a few days ago. They cleaned him completely out, taking his horses, mules, cows, and pigs, and stealing his clothes and anything they wanted, destroying what they could not carry away. But what "riled" him most was that he had been visited by a Federal officer, disguised in the Confederate uniform. Poor old ———, full of Rebel zeal, had, on being invited to do so, mounted en croupe behind this officer, and unbosomed himself to him. His fury and rage may be imagined at finding himself shortly afterwards in the very midst of the Federal camp; but the Yankee General M'Pherson ordered him to be released; and it appears that the reason of his being kidnapped was to extract from him a large quantity of gold, which he was supposed to have hidden somewhere.

This Mr. (or Major) ——— took a great fancy to me, and insisted on picking some of the silk of Indian corn, which he requested I would present to Queen Victoria to show her how far advanced the crops were in Mississippi.

—Lord (ed.), *The Fremantle Diary,* 91–92.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

SLAVES AND FREEDMEN

In 1860 Mississippi counted 436,631 slaves and 30,943 slaveholders. The state boasted more slaveowners and more slaves than it had ever had before. There had been times in the early days when Mississippians had had their doubts about the desirability of the slave system. But circumstances, economic and social, had altered views so thoroughly that by the 1850's there was scant opposition to the institution as it existed in the state.

1) Defense by Words

Before drawing their swords in 1861 Mississippians had taken up their pens to write books in defense of slavery. P. R. Leatherman's *Elements of Moral Science,* published in 1860, together with Judge W. B. Trotter's *History and Defense of African Slavery* and W. J. Barbee's *Physical and Moral Aspects of Geology,* both published in 1861, were stirring supports of slavery. Already in the fifties Port Gibson had produced "the first American sociologist," Henry Hughes, whose *Treatise on Sociology* envisioned an ideal society based on a slavery system, a society in which the owner

occupied a position of responsibility for his wards that Hughes liked to call "warranteeism."

Call It the Dream of a Poet

He makes it clear beyond controversy that what is called free society has always failed and must forever fail in the lowest and most elementary object of society; namely, the subsistence of all its members, whilst any progress for them is of course impossible, except among the favored few who have secured the lion's share of the values produced by the common toil of all. On the other hand, the subsistence of all and the security of all, in what is called slave society is warranted and defended by the state and its just laws—the progress of the laborer is secured by the individual conscience and increasing means of the capitalist—and the subordination of the former to the latter *by an immutable bond* (rendered immutable by an ethnic qualification, that is, a qualification of race)—eliminates all the suffering and crime arising from the tyranny of lawless and ungoverned capital in free societies. Nor is the time far distant, in his judgment, when the progress of this subordinate race will become the care of the state as well as of individuals—when the hygienic, moral, philosophical, religious, and aesthetic culture of that race will be acknowledged as an economical advantage and demanded by the reason and conscience of the superior race as a sacred duty to God the Master of all—and then "in the plump flesh of full-feeding health, the happy warrantees shall banquet in plantation refectories, worship in plantation chapels; or in plantation saloons, at the cool of evening, or in the green and bloomy gloom of cold catalpas and magnolias, chant songs, tell tales; or, to the metred rattle of chanting castanets, or flutes, or rumbling tambourines, dance down the moon and evening star; and after slumbers in plantation domitories, over whose gates health and wealth sit smiling at the fact of labor, rise at the musical blowing of the morning conchs to begin again days of jocund toil, in reeling fields, where, weak with laughter and her load, Plenty yearly falls, gives up, and splits her overstuffed horn, and where behind twin interests' double throne, Justice stands at reckoning dusk and rules supreme. When these and more than these shall be the happy fulfilment of warranteeism, then shall this federation and the world praise the power, wisdom, and goodness of a system which may well be divine; then shall experience aid philosophy and vindicate the ways of God to man." In how exalted an

aspiration, in what a noble and reverend spirit does this book close its long and laborious course of reasoning! In what a sublime prophecy, breathing the purest love to man and the profoundest devotion to God, does the prolonged and rigorous logic at last unfold its hidden splendor! Call it the dream of a poet—it is yet the aspiration of the sage and the prayer of a saint. Its realization is the best object for which any man could live, or failing in it, nobly die.

—W. D. Moore, *Life and Works of Col. Henry Hughes; a Funeral Sermon, . . .* (Mobile, 1863), 16–18.

¶ When the war brought invasion and emancipation proclamations, the dreams of poets were dispelled. The cruel realities were far too apparent. Before the end of it all, many were ready to undertake a thoroughgoing reform of the whole slavery system. The Reverend James A. Lyon of Columbus headed a committee which prepared a statement that was presented to the Southern Presbyterian Synod in 1863.

It Was Difficult . . . to Investigate the Subject of Slavery

In conclusion, dear brethren, let us, with the Bible in our hands, resolve that, with God's helping grace, we will discharge our whole duty with regard to this great and all-absorbing subject, to which the eyes of all christendom are now turned. We have hitherto labored at a disadvantage in defending negro slavery as it exists amongst us, from the fact that it has been encumbered with certain confessed evils and abuses, condemned by the letter and spirit of Christianity, which the world has mistaken for the necessary characteristics of slavery itself. Let us correct these abuses, which are not only contrary to the teachings of the Bible, but detrimental to the interests of the institution itself, as we have already shown, and elevate slavery up to the Gospel standard, and then the prejudice now arrayed against it, in the minds of Christians abroad, and of great and good men every where, will subside. There is a natural repugnance in the breast of civilized men against *tyranny*; but there is none against the *domestic* relations. Let us, therefore, make slavery, by

law, the patriarchal institution that is recognized and sanctioned in the Bible, and it will appear in entirely a different and a milder light to the eyes of the civilized world than that in which it now appears. And let us not mistake our responsibility on this subject; and through fear, and a time-serving policy, excuse ourselves from prompt and decided action, with the delusive plea that we must *wait* for a suitable time—"a more convenient season"—before we move in this matter. There never was a more suitable time, or convenient season, to move and take a step upward on this subject, than the present, when the eyes of the whole civilized world are turned upon it; and all ears are open to hear any utterance that may be made in reference to it. Let us not sit still, and expect the world to get, of itself, into a temper to be reformed. This would be absurd; nay, more; it is wilful and wicked delusion. How is the world ever to get into a temper to be reformed, if the Church and people of God do not bring them to it?

—"Slavery, and the Duties Growing Out of the Relation," *Southern Presbyterian Review,* XVI (1863), 35–36.

2) The Slave Makes a Decision

¶ What would be the slave's reaction to secession and war? That remained to be seen. One thing was certain: No matter how people might argue that the war was over state rights or the Union there was much evidence that it was over slavery.

All things considered, the continuing loyalty of most of the slaves to their masters and mistresses was one of the miracles of wartime. There were, however, fears of insurrection. On August 6 the legislature took steps to prevent "tampering with slaves."

Aid, Assist, or Abet

Section 1. *Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Mississippi,* That if any white person shall advise or conspire with any slave or slaves to rebel or make insurrection against the white inhabitants of this State, or shall in anywise aid, assist or abet any slave or slaves making rebellion or insurrection, or shall advise or assist any slave or slaves in the

murder of any person whatsoever, or in the commission or the attempt to commit any felony, or shall consult, advise or conspire with any other white person, free negro, or any slave or slaves, to induce, entice or excite any slave or slaves to rebel or make insurrection, or commit other felony, or shall tamper with any slave or slaves to induce them to run away from their master or lawful employer, or to commit any crime, or shall teach or attempt to teach any slave or slaves any seditious, revolutionary or rebellious sentiments, every such white person so offending shall, on conviction, be deemed guilty of felony, and shall be imprisoned in the penitentiary not less than ten years, and for such longer period as the court trying the offence may direct.

SECTION 2. Be it further enacted, That this act shall take effect and be in force in thirty days from and after its passage.

—*Mississippi Laws* (Jackson), July, 1861, 66–67.

¶ B. L. C. Wailes was aroused over a threatened insurrection in September, 1861.

A Meditated Negro Insurrection

Washington Saturday 21 Sept 1861

CLOUDY ALL DAY but no rain here— Wind Shifted to the North in the afternoon & turned quite cool

Mr Kibbe and Mr. Hutton called this morning the former to apply for some military gilt buttons manufactured some years since for Jefferson College for the Ladies Military Aid Society who are engaged in making overcoats for the Soldiers and can procure no buttons for them As these may never be wanted in the College and it will probably meet with the approbation of the Board of whom the above gentlemen are members I permitted Mr. Kibbe to take a box of Coat buttons containing 8 gross or 96 dozzen or 1152 buttons. The buttons are double gilt large Size with an eagle surrounded with the words Jefferson College— In the forenoon I am pulling up Coco and Bitterweed in Freeman lot. Nat cutting Seed tops off of the Natchez grass between my gate and the Church and down to Street near Harper house after dinner Spread-

ing and drying hay Robert gathered about half a bushel more Pacans from the large tree in the garden.

It seems there has been a meditated Negro insurrection on Second Creek extending to Natchez & neighborhood it was discovered about Monday last and a Committee of Citizens of different parts of the County composed in part of the Officers of the Two Military Companies of Pine Ridge & this place have been closely engaged for Several days past in making investigation A number of arrests have been made and very positive proof obtained It is said a number of the Slaves are to be hung today. The City of Natchez was to have been as a signal for a general rising—

Washington Sunday 22 Sept 1861

Owing to the disturbed State of the County I was advised not to send a Servant in to meet the boat last night Robert accordingly went in with Cab early this morning & brought out a letter. . . .

Went to the College after three PM to attend a meeting of the Washington troop convened in view of the proceedings of the Committee on Second Creek to claim the right of *deciding* on cases of accused slaves who may be arrested by our own Committee to secure the innocent f'm *wanton severity* & to give the accused the benefit of trial by those to whom they are best known.

—B. L. C. Wailes, Diary, September 21, 22, 1861.

¶ By the summer of 1862 the provost marshal at Natchez, A. K. Farrar, was deeply disturbed over the slave situation there.

A Great Disposition . . . to Be Insubordinate

ACCORDING TO INSTRUCTIONS which you gave me by telegraph, I have detailed militia men who are overseeing on plantations to do police and patrol duty upon the same. This is a matter of great importance to us here, as there is a great disposition among the Negroes to be insubordinate, and to run away and go to the federals. Within the last 12 months we have had to hang some 40 for plotting an insurrection, and there has been about that number put in irons. I appeal to you for assistance, for

I do assure you that if the overseers are taken off this County will be left in a condition that will be by no means safe. I do not wish to exempt them from entire service, I only want to keep them until an emergency arises requiring their services, then let them go and do service, but don't let them be taken off as long as it can be helped. I would like your written authority to do this. Also instructions as to the manner of proceeding against persons who will keep no overseer, and make but little provision for their Negroes, rendering it necessary for them to steal or starve and go naked. There are some few cases of that kind here, when Negroes seemingly are permitted to forage upon the Community. The owners will not look after them, will not provide for them, nor will they employ an overseer. The Negroes having such large liberties, they are enabled to harbor runaways, who have fire arms, traverse the whole country, kill stock, and steal generally, supplying those who harbor them, and send to market by Negro market men. The state of things in reference to this in a few cases are a serious nuisance as well as dangerous to the Community. Complaints are made to me to remedy the evil.

—A. K. Farrar to Pettus, July 17, 1862, Gov. Corr., file E–57.

¶ Mississippians learned of Lincoln's projected Emancipation Proclamation with mixed feelings. The Natchez *Courier* waxed sarcastic by printing a mock proclamation.

To Establish an Edoulosarky

I, Abram Linkoss, President of the United States and commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the Universal Continent of America, do issue this my proclamation.

That whereas, I have, of my own supreme power, decreed the emancipation of a pretty considerable number of negroes, on certain contingencies, which contingencies are sure to happen, and said negroes are certain to be free.

And whereas, it is my design to establish an Edoulosarky which to the unlearned may be Greek, but which means, for short a free negro government.

And whereas, by the 1st day of January, proximo, I will have to pro-

vide for the colonization and sustenance of some four millions of these Ebonhued freedmen, and there is not room enough for them, on this continent, as my intention is to divide and distribute all the land of Rebeldom amongst my pied, that is, *white* Black Republicans.

With a view therefore to meet these exigencies, I do hereby order that by the 13th day of December, proximo, all the inhabitants, citizens and residents of the Island of Cuba, do vacate said island, in order that my per se *Black* Republicans, may occupy the same—or in more expressive Spanish lingo, that said inhabitants, do at said time specified *"vamose the Ranche"*—for the purposes afore said, but they must leave their Negroes behind them. In case any should voluntarily obey this, my proclamation, they are directed to file in the proper office, under oath, the value of the lands so vacated by them, and on so doing, I hereby pledge myself that I will, at the next meeting of the Congress of these *United* States, recommend that each *vacator* shall be paid the full value of his land in the *sticking plaster* currency, of said States.

But in case said inhabitants refuse to remove, themselves I hereby declare said lands confiscated, and to them my reply will be in the language of one of old *"nary red."*

I further order, with a view to render the translation of my per se Black Republicans, easy, quiet and agreeable, that Spanish dances, waltzes, etc., be discontinued in said island, and that in lieu thereof my ambassadors, "Cuffie" and "Juba" be allowed to instruct the black inhabitants thereof, in the "Vestigia retrorsum,"[1] vulgularly translated the *"black step"* in the old Virginia "break down" and such like dances. The Spanish language must also cease to be used in Court and the Americano Africano dialect be substituted in its stead.

I would call attention to the Monroe doctrine of this continent, by way of gentle reminder to the Cuban authorities, in case they should be so indiscreet as to rebel, or, to speak more plainly, *kick up* against this proclamation.

The transplantation of 4,000,000 colored Republicans will be attended with considerable *aroma,* but as my Secretary of State is the pink of perfection, and has traveled, he will recommend in his report to the Congress aforesaid, that at least 4,000,000 bottles of Cologne be furnished, in addition to transportation, so as, if possible, to neutralize their odor.

As this new policy is based upon an *upturning of old relations under the plea of re-establishing them,* and as I desire all things to be in harmony, and as Cuba is the key of the Gulf of Mexico, I order that the

name of the said Gulf be changed, and hereafter forever be called *Negro Pont.*

With regard to the future destiny of the dislodged and to be exiled Cubans, that is no concern of mine. They may return to the fertile plains of Andalusia, from whence their ancestors sprung, or go to the genial plateaux of Mexico, where their kindred abound. The world is all before them whence to choose. The white race is able to take care of itself, it is my destiny to take care of the black. My name and fame is to be forever linked with theirs, and whatever may be my faults, I have at least the consolation to know that I have made a reputation, as black as the dark skinned daughter of Ethiopia, or as the ace of spades.

Proclaimed this September 23d, Anno Domini 1862, at Lavington.

ABRAM LINKOFF, President

GULICEMUS H. MAREWARD, Secretary of State.

—Natchez *Courier*, October 7, 1862.

¶ In April, 1863, a South Carolinian felt that Jackson had been taken over by the Negroes:

Horse, Foot, and Dragoons

"THE NEGROES HAVE taken Jackson—horse, foot, and dragoons," was remarked by a friend of our [sic] as we walked along one of the fashionable promenades of Jackson a day or two ago. He was a South Carolinian, accustomed to the respectful deportment and subordination of the slave population of that excellent State. His remark was elicited by a group of well dressed negroes, who, arm in arm, were striding along the pavement, smoking cigars, talking and swearing, loud and deep, and perfectly oblivious of the proximity of Caucasion [sic] blood. Several times during our walk we saw those civilized descendents of Ham mimicing the air of foppish whites, and carelessly indifferent to the presence of any but "colored gemmen." Indeed no man can be in Jackson twenty-four hours without censuring the insolence of our negro population. Everybody remarks it. Servants swell along our streets, giving the sidewalk to no one, hardly touching the hat, when addressed, and scarcely yielding the way even to ladies. It is becoming as great a nuisance, as any

the city has to endure, and if not corrected will lead to the demoralization of the slave himself, and call out from the white man the exercise of that personal chastisement always to be deprecated. The best servants are those kept under proper restraint. Remove that restraint and leave the negro to himself and he becomes a nuisance, and it would redound as much to the well being of the slave as to the good of the city to not only prescribe a line of conduct for him at home and abroad, but to designate a style of dress suited to his condition. Jackson should learn a lesson on this head from her ancient and honorable sister, Charleston, of South Carolina. The streets and the negroes—these two, let them be corrected.

—Jackson *Daily Mississippian,* April 15, 1863.

¶ Fremantle, the "impartial English observer," found slavery still persisting with vigor, even as the fall of Vicksburg impended.

Benefited Largely by the Peculiar Institution

My friend "Major"—very kindly took me to dine with a neighboring planter, named Harrold, at whose house I met General Gregg, a Texan, who with his brigade fought the Yankees at Raymond a few days ago.

After dinner, I asked Mr. Harrold to take me over the quarters of his slaves, which he did immediately. The huts were comfortable and very clean. The Negroes seemed fond of their master, but he told me they were suffering dreadfully from the effects of the war—he had so much difficulty in providing them with clothes and shoes. I saw an old woman in one of the huts, who had been suffering from an incurable disease for thirteen years, and was utterly useless. She was evidently well cared for, and was treated with affection and care. At all events, she must have benefited largely by the "peculiar institution."

I have often told these planters that I thought the word "slave" was the most repulsive part of the institution, and I have always observed they invariably shirk using it themselves. They speak of their servant, their boy, or their Negroes, but never of their slaves. They address a Negro as boy or girl, or uncle or aunty.

—Lord (ed.), *The Fremantle Diary,* 95.

¶ When the encirclement of Vicksburg began, there was a considerable hying of Negroes to the Yankee lines. But there was often disappointment in store for the "refugees."

Most of the Negroes Became Disgusted

[THEY] FLOCKED IN to the Yankees, expecting to experience the blessings of freedom. Well the women even put to washing for the hospital. They wash from daylight until dark on the filthiest of clothes and bandages and were never paid a cent, not even given a place to sleep, only their food. The Yankees engaged some of them to make some shirts but never thought of paying for them. Most of the negroes became disgusted and returned home. There too Yankees, of whom the army of Grant is mostly composed hold negroes in the greatest detestation. They all vow that not a negro shall enter their state when they return.

—Letter to "Emmie," June 21, 1863, Crutcher-Shannon Papers.

¶ In spite of mistreatment by the Yankees, the Negroes continued to change "masters." Mary L. Blake of Snyder's Bluff and James H. Maury of Port Gibson found their slaves slipping away during the summer of 1863.

It Is a Great Comfort

SINCE THE 29TH of April I have been rid of the negroes on my plantations. Then Snyder's Bluff was evacuated & there was also a stampeed among the negros. I have only my house-servants & those negros who are working my places left & it is a great comfort to be once more alone. I never see soldiers except when I go to town, which is pretty often to get my letters & papers & by the way the Provost Marshal McKee send me your letter without opening it, it certainly was very polite in /?/ him. There are a great many stores open in Vicksburg & you can buy anything you want, but to get them through the lines is some trouble & some young ladies have been imprisoned in the *common jail* for doing so, but by *so doing* they have been made heroines & martyrs to the Confederate

cause & of course will be handed down to posterity. The ladies were Miss Nailer & Miss Celine. The Yankees say that "old sister Blake's rebelious daughter (my sister Garrison) thinks she must support the dignity of the Confederacy" by this you see that my sister has not made herself very agreeable to the Federals, & that trouble has made me grow older or my sister would not be taken for my daughter. She regretted greatly your mislaying the grass you gathered from the great "Stonewalls" grave, & said that she hoped that you would find it for she would prize it very much. The people out here are in fine spirits & think the war will end this year. I pray that they may realize their hopes but I am not so confident, although no one could welcome peace with more heart felt joy than I or more devoutly thankful for so great a boon. If you have any business you must take a run down to Albany I know they will all be very glad to see you & my sister will take pleasure in showing you some of their beautiful springs that Mrs. Blake describes as being so wonderfully deceptive in depth. Whenever you have the time I will be very glad to hear from you & direct your letters to the care of Judge Wm Yerger, Jackson, Miss. I expect my sister & the children tomorrow evening. Mrs. B. has gone around to Genl Adams' or would join me in kind regards & many good wishes for your health & happiness.

—Mary L. Blake to Marshall McDonald, August 3 [1863], McDonald Papers (Manuscripts Division, Duke University Library).

Recognized the Moment of Deliverance

It is amazing with what intuitive familiarity the negroes recognized the moment of deliverance. Eleven of my young men were carried off at once, and thirty-two men, women, and children shortly afterwards escaped to Grand Gulf where a garrison was maintained. Two men, three women and eight children were all that remained with us, and they were much demoralized.

—James H. Maury to James J. Maury, September 28, 1863, Maury Papers (Miss. Arch., Jackson).

3) The Yankee and the Negro

¶ The periodic incursions of Yankee raiders into the interior of the state after the fall of Vicksburg usually resulted in substantial additions to the number of Negroes running off to join the Federals. When Jackson was raided in July, 1864, its major loss was most of the Negro population.

Their "Duty" to Go

THERE WERE A FEW companies of negro cavalry among them, who busied themselves in persuading their colored brethren and sisters to bid farewell to Dixie, and accept Yankee freedom. They were quite successful. Nine-tenths of the negro population of the city went off with them, and families that on Monday had a dozen house-servants, are now doing their own cooking and washing. Many of the negroes wept freely as they parted with their masters, but they had been induced to believe that it was their "duty" to go. We heard one colored philosopher remark: "Well, the Yankees took my old woman, but I'm very glad they didn't get my mules; a little nice talking will get me another wife, but it takes mighty hard work to get a pair of mules."

—Canton *Tri-Weekly American Citizen*, July 13, 1864.

¶ At Vicksburg the occupation authorities were hard pressed to deal with the freedmen. In some cases there was an effort to place them on abandoned plantations, where Yankee "employers" sought to work them. The results were often disastrous. The reports of the Superintendent of Freedmen for 1864 described a variety of experiments, including what were called "Home Farms."

A special project of the Yankees was the conversion of the Palmyra Bend plantations belonging to the Davis family into a haven for freedmen.

For Their Own Cultivation

ALL THE PROPERTY in the Palmyra Bend, Miss., except the Turner and Quitman plantations, is hereby reserved for military purposes, on which

will be established a "Home Farm," and to furnish land for Freedmen for their own cultivation. The General Superintendent of Freedmen will have entire control, under the proper military authorities.

By order of the Secretary of War

[Signed] L. THOMAS, Adj't Gen'l.

The exceptions made in the order above, will no longer be regarded, and the whole peninsula known as Davis' Bend, including the three islands known as "Hurricane," "Palmyra" and "Big Black," is reserved for military purposes and will be exclusively devoted to the colonization, residence and support of Freedmen.

The limits described will easily support not less than twenty-five thousand of that class, who are now more or less dependent on the Government; and, as the place is garrisoned and defended with that intention, it will no longer be suffered to be used for private profit whilst destitute colored people are wandering as vagrants through the streets of towns, are huddled in localities exposed to inroads from the enemy, and are fed on Government rations.

Davis' Bend is perfectly secured against attack and rebel raids; it is the natural home of the destitute and needy contraband, where his labor will be easily and richly rewarded under sure protection. It was never intended that this security should be afforded, at a high cost to the Government, under pretence of providing a "Freedman's Home," in order that three or four *fortunate* persons should be favored with Leases of plantations in so desirable a locality.

The home of Jefferson Davis is a suitable place to furnish the means of support and security for the unfortunate race he is being so instrumental in oppressing.

All white persons not connected with the military service, will be required to leave the above limits before the first day of January, 1865, and after that date no white person will be allowed to land on any part of the same without written permission so to do, either from these Headquarters, the Headquarters District of Vicksburg, the General Superintendent of Freedmen or the Provost Marshall General of Freedmen.

—Natchez *Courier*, November 22, 1864.

4) The Confederates and the Negro

¶ The waning years of the war found Mississippians engaged in rethinking the problems posed by slavery. Should the slave be armed and sent out to fight just as the Yanks had done with the runaways? Should there be a relaxation of some of the harsher features of the slave code? Should there be a gradual emancipation of the slaves?

About the last of these questions some Mississippians were already making up their minds. An act of the legislature was required to manumit a slave, but already petitions were being made for the privilege of freeing loyal body servants of fighting men:

A Trusty Negro Servant

An Act to authorize Narcissa L. Barksdale to emancipate her slave John.

Whereas, The late Brigadier General William Barksdale, who was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, while nobly leading on his brigade, had with him a trusty negro servant named John, who remained on the field, faithfully attached to the person of his master; and whereas, said negro servant John, disdaining to receive his liberty from the hands of the murderers of his master, and did return to the family of his said master. Therefore,

Section 1. Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Mississippi, That Narcissa L. Barksdale, widow and sole legatee of the said William Barksdale, be and she is hereby authorized by her last will and testament to emancipate said slave John, to take effect at her death.

Section 2. Be it further enacted, That this act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

—*Mississippi Laws* (Selma, Ala.), December, 1863, 213.

Risked His Life in Recovering the Body of His Young Master

An Act to grant freedom to male slave Loyd, the property of James N. Harper, of Tallahatchie county.

WHEREAS, Loyd, a negro slave the property of James N. Harper, of Tallahatchie county, Mississippi, has proved himself a faithful and devoted servant to his young masters, Lucius and Charles E. Harper, whom he attended in the army, and both of whom have fallen in battle, the first at Denmark in Tennessee, the second near New Hope Church, Ga.; and whereas, the said Loyd risked his own life in recovering the body of his young master, Charles E. Harper, from the field of battle, and aided in his interment; and whereas, the said James N. Harper has expressed his desire, in writing, that the Legislature shall free said negro. Therefore,

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Mississippi,* That said negro boy Loyd be, and he is hereby declared, freed and emancipated from the condition of a slave, and is granted all the privileges and immunities extended to free negroes by the laws of this State, and is permitted to remain in the State on his good behavior.

SEC. 2. *Be it further enacted,* That this act shall not affect the right of creditors; and that the said James N. Harper and his representatives shall be at all times liable for the support and maintenance of the said negro Loyd, so as to prevent him from ever becoming a public charge.

SEC. 3. *Be it further enacted,* That this act take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

—*Mississippi Laws* (Meridian), February, 1865, 47.

¶ As early as August, 1863, the Jackson *Mississippian* was proposing that the slaves who had hitherto been employed only as body servants or in such capacities as laborers for building fortifications, should now be freed and armed to fight for the South:

Let Not Slavery Prove a Barrier to Our Independence

WE SINCERELY TRUST that the Southern people will be found willing to make any and every sacrifice which the establishment of our independence may require. Let it never be said that to preserve slavery we were willing to wear the chains of bondage ourselves—that the very avarice which prompted us to hold on to the negro for the sake of the money invested in him, riveted upon us shackles more galling and bitter than

over a people yet endured. Let not slavery prove a barrier to our independence. If it is found in the way—if it proves an insurmountable object of the achievement of our liberty and separate nationality, away with it! Let it perish! We must make up our minds to one solemn duty the first duty of the patriot, and that is, to save ourselves from the rapacious North, whatever the cost.

—Quoted in Natchez *Courier,* December 18, 1863.

¶ In March, 1865, the Jackson *News* put the advocates of a Negro army in their place.

A Total Abandonment of the Chief Object of This War

We unhesitatingly say that the moment we arrive at the conclusions enunciated by the *Mississippian,* we shall advocate an immediate peace upon the best terms that may be attended to us. We consider the position as a total abandonment of the chief object of this war, and if the institution is already irretrievably undermined, the rights of the States are buried with it. When we admit this to be true beyond adventure, then our voice will be for peace; for why fight one moment longer, if the object and occasion of the fight is dying, dead or damned?

Ibid., March 10, 1865.

¶ More constructive than efforts to arm Negroes was a proposal by the Columbus Presbyterian clergyman, James A. Lyon, that the state's slave code be modified to allow for teaching servants to read, legal marriage for slaves, legal parental relations for wives and children of slaves, and acceptance of slave testimony in the courts. Governor Clark was impressed with the Lyon scheme, but a Senate committee killed the proposals.

The Present As an Unfavorable Time

The Judiciary Committee to which was referred Senate bill, entitled, "An act regulating the marriage and parental relations between slaves,"

have instructed me to report that they regard the subject of great importance and sincerely trust that public opinion may be so directed to it as to insure such action on the part of the Legislature, at some future period, as will remedy the evils which the committee believe to exist.

The committee regard the present as an unfavorable time for inaugurating so important a change in legislation and have instructed me to report the bill back to the Senate and recommend that the same do not pass.

—*Mississippi Senate Journal* (Meridian), February, 1865, 65.

CHAPTER TWELVE

WAR WITHOUT SINEWS

MISSISSIPPI HAD MORE COTTON AND NEGROES THAN IT NEEDED TO win a war, but it did not have the banks and capital, the factories and operatives, nor the railroads and rolling stock required. Lacking these things which generate the money with which wars are won—the sinews of war—Mississippi was hard put, indeed. So, in fact, was the whole Confederacy.

For four years Mississippians got along without money; for two years they had to live without the handful of factories they had at the war's start. There were railroads to be sure, but they were few, and at the end they were a shambles. What Mississippi had to fight the war *without* was enough to break the spirit and will of almost any people.

1) State Without Money

¶ The state of Mississippi entered the war with practically no debt. It had no credit, either. Thanks to the Great Repudiation of the days of wildcat banking in Mississippi, when the state repudiated its obligation to make good the Union Bank bonds, the state had

for some years operated without a strong banking system. Also there was little disposition to embark again on any banking venture which might involve the state's credit.

The repudiation record of Southern states was not calculated to bring creditors in Europe to the point of lending money either to Mississippi or the Confederacy. Both governments were forced to depend on paper—bonds and notes. With little to back them up, these issues would inevitably become worthless. Nevertheless, there was a brave attempt to make a currency out of them. Planters and others generously bought bonds at first, hazardous as it was to their own precarious credit to do so. When the Confederate subscription books were opened, even slaves and free Negroes were quick to subscribe.

The Very First Subscriber Was a Slave

On Thursday last, when the books for subscription to the Southern Confederacy loan were opened in this town [Port Gibson], the very first subscriber was a slave. Jas. Selden, or rather Colonel James Selden, (for he is to command Claiborne county's colored regiment when Greely comes to invade the South,) took fifty dollars of the loan. James, some years ago, voluntarily became a slave, is now the property of Major James S. Mason, of this place. The feeling at the South can be learned from this little incident. The negroes are ready to fight for *their* people, and they are ready to give money as well as their lives to the cause of their masters—Port Gibson *Reveille*.

—Quoted in Natchez *Courier,* April 25, 1861.

The Vicksburg Whig learns that Henry Lee, the well known colored barber of that city, and Bill Newman, another free man of color, have each taken $250 of the Confederate loan.

Ibid., April 30, 1861.

¶ In July, General of the Militia A. W. West wrote Pettus of the sentiment of the people in favor of making state notes legal tender.

With Singular Liberalty

THUS FAR MY success is equal to our most sanguine anticipations every where that I have spoken the people have voted unanimously to make the Treasury due the 1st of June 1862 a Currency in the payment of debts and in the purchase and sale of all goods, wares & merchandise. They have also with singular liberalty exchanged current money for said notes, considering that there is but a small amount of money in possession of the people save *hoarded* wealth, which nothing but the strong arm of the law can reach. I sold yesterday or rather exchanged at this place over $1200.00 and at Grenada the day previous $1080.00 that being all I had with me. Could have sold more.

—A. W. West to Pettus, July 17, 1861, Gov. Corr., file E–52.

¶ The absence of hard cash in the pockets of either government or people meant that issuing notes based on government credit would do the Confederate cause little good. Paper money must have something that was *worth something* to back it up. The only substantial wealth of the South lay in its land and its slaves, and in the cotton and tobacco they could produce. So both the Confederate and state governments eventually resorted to a "cotton loan," whereby cotton stored in warehouses could be pledged to the government and paper money (cotton money) could be issued on the strength of it.

Fiscal stability for the Confederate and state government depended on tax collections. In January, 1863, the chief clerk of the Confederate tax office in Mississippi reported on his activities.

Suspension . . . Has Only Been Asked . . . in One Instance

THE ONLY REMAINING States to be considered are Texas and Mississippi, and, as has been stated, the only States in which the war tax is being collected by Confederate officers, all the others having assumed the tax. In Mississippi all the districts in the State have been duly assessed and returned, and the amount of tax thus assessed, as shown by the chief collector's collated list, in the whole State, is $2,240,813.43,

and of this amount there has been collected and paid into the Treasury $2,052,304.96. Suspension of collections has only been asked by the chief collector in one instance, that of the county of Tishomingo, which has long been in the possession of the enemy. Nevertheless, since asking this suspension the collector of that county has deposited with the chief collector about $18,000.

—*Official Records,* Ser. 4, II, 328.

¶ Before the war was over a tax-in-kind was resorted to. Meanwhile the unhappy condition of Confederate note-issues grew more acute. In March a joke was going the rounds:

A $100 Confederate Note

Why is a $100 Confederate note like Vicksburg to the Yankees? Because they pass it, but they can't take it.

This was got off by 1st Lieut. C. C. L., of the Artillery service, the "Ginger" or "Bones" of the Amature [sic] Minstrels, at a concert given at Natchez last fall for the benefit of the Free Market. The concert netted $500.50.

—Jackson *Daily Southern Crisis,* March 14, 1863.

¶ As the war progressed, Confederate notes had to be refunded, but they never became a sound currency. To make matters worse, the cotton that had been pledged for state and Confederate cotton loans often had to be destroyed to keep it from the Yankees. Planters reluctantly watched their bales of cotton go up in flames. As conditions grew worse, T. A. Ventress complained bitterly to Governor Clark in 1864:

Inhumanity and Imbecility

Does not the government know full well, that the two great sinews of war, are Men and money, and that each is powerless without the other? Has it forgotten that National wealth is naught else than the sum of the wealth of the individual Citizens of the nation?—In a word destroy our

cotton and you sever the tendon Achilles of the war—there can be no farther progression; the sword of the warrior will drop from his hand . . . our Country will be no more—we shall be compelled to dig-out our miserable exhistences with self-accusing consciences ever whispering to us that the fatal calamity was brought about by inhumanity and imbecility.

—T. A. Ventress to Clark, February 6, 1864, Gov. Corr., file E–65.

2) People Without Money

¶ Mississippians were used to being without hard cash. Prior to the war they had operated on credit—money borrowed on the prospective crop, or cotton money based on the bales of ginned cotton ready for the market. So, in war as in peace, the only money that was to be worth anything would be based on cotton. But there was not money enough of any kind to go around. On January 1, 1861, as secession impended, B. L. C. Wailes wrote in his diary:

Ruined & Poor

Nat drove me to Natchez in carriage. . . . Waited on Wharf Boat Several hours and got off on the Gen Quitman about 5 pm

Mr Robert Rose who has made a fortune in and about Natchez where he has lived for twenty years or more as a Master Mechanic and who is worth not less than $150,000 dolls. is on board in Charge of his Son and a few friends who are taking him to the Lunatic assylum at Jackson having been deranged by the present political excitement & immagines himself ruined & poor— He is worthy industrious sober man & much esteemed. From present indications in the political arena there are thousands among the disunionists more mad than he

—B. L. C. Wailes, Diary, January 1, 1861.

¶ In Byhalia, Mississippi, Thomas Webber was having his troubles running a store:

I Am Confounded—I Am Ruined

JAN 5, 1861: WE HAVE had a fine trade to day having sold about three hundred dollars for cash We are succeeding finely in our attempt to close out our stock of goods.

Money matters are giving me a great deal of trouble I am pressed almost out of my life for money to meet my pressing engagements and it is alone by the assistance of my friends and their disposition to accomodate me that I am enabled to meet my debts the assistance from collections are almost nothing

I am in hopes we can soon be easy in money. . . .

January 28, 1861: Ever since last august I have been pressed almost out of my life for money and it seems that times are getting tighter and money harder to raise The last thirty days have been the worst on me in all my business career and life has lost all of its sweets to me on account of financial troubles I have a plenty due me to make me easy and I am determined to collect and be at ease once more if the accursed Secession movements of the country dont ruin me.

January 29, 1861: Our sales are as good as I expected they would be. But collections are very dull— Every day I am more and more convinced of the wisdom of our *At Cost for Cash* policy

I think we will endeavor to do a cash business hereafter or quit alltogether Selling goods has become an unprofitable business especially selling at retail on time I am sick and tired of the business and am in hopes that I can soon close out Entirely.

February 28, 1861: The past month I have not had time to write in my journal the whole truth is that I am so much troubled about all things generally that I have not felt like writing I am Confounded I am ruined. My Country is ruined Would to God I had never been born to the troubles and responsibilities of life Life is a heavy burthen to me.

March 1, 1861: It has been my political creed to try and arrest the calamities which now beset us. But as we are in trouble we must meet it like men. I notice though that men who stood by me and voted by my

side for the Union as long as there was a hope of maintaining it (and far better would be if it could be maintained on principles of honesty and equality. *Upon the principles of the Constitution.*) have been first and the most liberal in getting up volunteer companies & enlisting in them for the mantainance of our rights And the open & avowed Secessionists men who have been clamorers for secession for years seem disposed to fold their arms and leave the work of defense to the men who would gladly have avoided the trouble and lived on in peace & quiet—loving & preserving our whole Country on a constitutional basis only—

March 8, 1861: I am spending a miserably poor life—I need money to pay what I owe and can not collect it from my costomers to liquidate my debts. I will venture to swear that I am never again caught this deep into the credit system.

I am miserable. I feel tired of life It has no charms or sweets for me. I am loosing my energy my health my mind

Yes My Soul

March 9, 1861: From time to time we have been having meetings of our Cavalry Company and today had quite an encouraging one. Though my faith in getting the Company up is weak

This is Webber & Watkins last days business in Byhalia & it has been quite a Complementary one in the way of Selling goods having sold about Seven Hundred Dollars

No money Collected

—Thomas Webber, Diary, Jan. 5, 28, 29, Feb. 28, March 1, 8, 9, 1861.

¶ On July 10 W. C. Smedes of Vicksburg attempted to explain to President Davis why the planters were even too broke to exchange their crops for Confederate treasury notes and bonds.

How the Cotton Business . . . Is Managed

YOU KNOW HOW the cotton business of this section of the country is managed. Some two millions of bales find their way to New Orleans, and the great body of it was pledged before it was planted to the com-

mission merchant of New Orleans for past and present-accruing indebtedness; and the merchant, as you know, is not the creditor, but in the vast majority of cases is, with the planter, a debtor to the banks and other capitalists of New Orleans, who hold the factors' acceptances, with the knowledge of the pledge of the factors' crop for their payment. Thus the most of the cotton crop of the southwest is under *quasi* if not real mortgage to the capital brought to New Orleans to operate in the purchase of factors' paper. Much of this capital, and especially that invested in the stocks of the different banks, is foreign capital, and a great deal of it is owned in the North. This state of things very materially affects the pledge of cotton to the government. Take my own case: I make say five hundred bales of cotton. My merchant's acceptances are already out for more than, at ten cents per pound, my whole crop would sell for. My merchant cannot give me permission to exchange my crops for Confederate notes, because his paper is held by the banks, and they will not assent to the arrangement, under the plea that, he agreeing to receive and pay out the obligations of the Government at par, they imperil their charters, which can only be renewed by conventional act. Thus the liabilities of the government are certain to be put at a discount, and ultimately to be dishonored . . . [and] the effect of this is to put patriotism under the ban.

—R. P. Thion (ed.), *Correspondence with the Treasury Department . . .*, 1861–62 (4 vols., Washington, 1880), App., Part V, 204.

¶ Many people entered the war in debt. Stay laws enabled debtors to delay payment until the war was over. Creditors were unhappy, indeed. In October, 1862, A. Proniewski, a moneylender of Summit, wrote plaintively to Governor Pettus, seeking a job since moneylending had fallen on evil days.

An Evil That Exists

As YOU ARE chief mgestrate of this State, I hope you will pordon me for coling to you attention, to an evil that exists in this State, and I will cite as an instonce: In the time of mine affliction with my foot, I converted my property into money, and every one of them that owe me take

advantage of the law that I was not able to collect even from the interest due to me for some years, a nuf to pay my taxes, and all of them have plenty of money obtained from pledged of cotton, they are speculeting on my money for their benefit, for which money I am compeld to pay taxes, and they please to keep it from me by abertery power, and I have to auffer for wont of it, as I have no other resorces to obtain money, some of them even base enough to render as an excuse for not paying me, that money was worth to them from two to three hundred percent; (I was compel to rase some money to pay my taxes) I was compel to pay one of them twenty-five percent, while he keeps my money at ten, and has been due for some yers, and the worse of it, that I have to pay taxes on the money that he derives greatest benifit of it, I should think if law deprives me of the use of my money, and grant the power to others to keep and speculate on my money, let them pay taxes on it, I do not know how to sostain my self, as I have no othe resons to live but from the interest of my money, if I could not kolekt I culd not pay my taxes or suport myself; Those very men makes more money now that they did before the war, not only obtain money from the state but everything for most extavegant prices, speculeting on the Government, and the nessesity of menkind. I hope you wil recomend to the legisleture to pass some law to remedy this evil, men should certenly pay interest, if he is not to be compelled to pay principal by the law.

—A. Proniewski to Pettus, October 29, 1862,
Gov. Corr., file E–58.

¶ By the end of the war's first year goods to be bought were sometimes as scarce as the money to buy them. J. B. D. DeBow recorded some of the prices being asked in Jackson.

Hardly . . . Overpaid with a Dollar

Tuesday, 5. [August, 1862]—The *Mississippian* of today says:

"If one would make up a table of the ruling prices of every staple article in that line—as they are at present obtained in the city of Jackson and frame it, or preserve it for future reference—it would be one of the greatest curiosities of the times. Think of common calico, which was held at a dime or a bit a year, now held at one dollar and a quarter;

Harper's Weekly

15) Destruction of Property by Union troops at Jackson, May 15, 1863.

Harper's Weekly

16) Battle of Champion's Hill, May 16, 1863. It was here that General Stephen D. Lee, later to become the first president of Mississippi State University, was cited for heroic conduct.

London Illustrated

17) Reoccupation of Jackson by the Confederates.

Mississippi Archives

18) Ruins of Jackson after capture by Union troops.

ginghams at one dollar and seventy-five cents; pins at from seventy-five cents to one dollar per paper; spool thread at from nine to twelve dollars a dozen; cotton cards from forty to forty-five dollars a pair; shoes from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a pair, and every other article indispensable in a family at like exorbitant rates."

We may add to this list board $3½ to $4 per day; washing $1.50 per dozen; towels, yard wide, 75 cents; letter paper $25 per ream; envelopes $25 per M.; watermelons $1 to $2; peaches 5 cents each. The spirit of extortion reaches to everything. The darkey who holds your horse or blacks your boots would hardly think himself overpaid with a dollar.

And thus the cause goes on, though the people bear their sufferings without a groan.

SATURDAY, 8th Nov. [1862] . . . Commodities grow scarcer and scarcer. Shoes here sell at 25 or 30 dollars the pair, and boots 40 to 50 dollars; hats 15 to 20, and other things in proportion. Coffee now commands $4 per pound, and tea $25. Salt $75 to $100 per sack. Whiskey $15 per gallon. Brandy $30 to $50, &c., &c.

—J. B. D. DeBow, "Journal of the War," *DeBow's Review,* After-the-War Series, II (1866), 195, 543.

A British merchant who visited Mississippi in 1862 found business at a standstill in Jackson:

They Had Sold Out Their Stocks

PROBABLY JACKSON NEVER was so full of people before as when I was there. The streets swarmed with officers and men; the hotels had to put down mattresses even in their halls and on the landings of the stairs; to almost every available fence strong, useful-looking cavalry-horses were hitched, saddled and bridled; and the whole place had the appearance of being the head-quarters of some immensely important movement.

Most of the stores were closed, not because the owners had failed, but because they had sold out their stocks, and realized immense profits, and could not replace them. Those that were open had the most mixed lot of

goods I ever saw—the odds and ends, in fact, of their used-up neighbors' stocks—medicines, dry-goods, books, hardware, and tobacco being a common assortment. As for the prices which these enterprising shopkeepers were getting, they were simply amusing. I paid thirty-five cents (one shilling and fourpence) for a square of "Confederate-" made soap, about the size of a small billiard-ball, the colour of clay, and the consistency of stiff curds; fifty cents (two shillings) for two small boxes of "Confederate" matches, of which the seller candidly told me not one in five would light ("but," he added, "we shall improve gradually, sir!"); and five cents (twopence) for an envelope made out of a sort of slate-coloured grocer's paper (also a Confederate production), with the words printed on it—

"Stand firmly by our cannon,
Let ball and grape-shot fly,
Trust in God and Davis,
And keep your powder dry!"

—*Two Months in the Confederate States* (London, 1863), 99–101.

¶ In the crisis year of 1863 business conditions had become chaotic. By the time the Yankees hit Jackson prices had become astronomical. A Yankee soldier quoted some of them in a letter to the North in May, 1863:

A Few of Jackson Prices

I WILL GIV YOU a few of Jackson Prices Shoes 10 to 20 Dollars Boots 35 to 50 Dol. Calico 3 to 5 Dol. per yard Tea 20 pr lbs Coffee not to be had at any price Whiskey 15 Dol per (Bottle [*sic*] I wish it was double that price all over the market I dont think their would be as mutch drank) Flower 125 Dol pr. Bbl. Corn Meel 4 Dol pr Bushel and every thing else in propotion.

—Robert B. Hoadley to his cousin, May 29, 1863, Hoadley Papers (Manuscripts Division, Duke University Library).

¶ Naturally beleaguered Vicksburg had the highest prices of all. In March, 1863, S. M. Meek, who was writing from Irby's Hotel, quoted the following:

Every Thing in the Eating Line Is High Here

EVERY THING IN the eating line is high here. Eggs sell rapidly at $2 per doz—turkeys $5 to 7—chickens $1.50—butter $2 per pound—and bacon at from one to two dollars a pound. This is a sample! How do such things sell in Columbus?

—S. M. Meek to Lula, March 20, 1863, Alexander B. Meek Papers (Manuscripts Division, Duke University Library).

3) Crisis by Rail

¶ When war began, Mississippi had barely made a start in rail communication. In 1850 there had been only seventy-five miles of railroads in the state; in 1860 there were 872.3 miles. These belonged to eight railroads. One of the most vital from the standpoint of defense was not even completed—the Southern Railroad, which had to be rushed through the Chunkey River gorges into Meridian in 1861 so that an east-west contact with Richmond could be made. This, however, had to be via Mobile on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad.

War was hard on the state's railroads. Rails were difficult to replace and rolling stock almost impossible to repair, thanks to the industrial weakness of the Confederacy. Before invasion hit, the roads did amazingly well, all things considered. But after war's destruction was visited upon them, Mississippi was without regular rail service much of the time.

The condition of physical equipment and rails on the heavily traveled Southern Railroad had become so precarious that travel or freight shipments were at great risk. The Jackson *Crisis* reported wreck after wreck in the early months of 1863. In February there was a fearful accident just west of Meridian in the flooded Chunkey River area:

Terrible Railroad Accident

We have been favored with a copy of the following telegraphic dispatches which reached this city last night and this morning. The accident occurred on the Southern road about eighteen miles west of Meridian.

To C. S. Williams:

Meridian, Feb. 19.—The telegraph repairer from Newton to-day, reports the railroad badly washed between Newton and Hickory. The engine, Hercules, which left herewith a freight train at 8 o'clk this morning ran into the river near the Chunkey. The engineer, fireman, and a large number of the passengers are supposed to be drowned. Eight bodies have been recovered. The engine and four cars are out of sight in the water.

J. M. Booker.

Meridian. Feb. 20.—To C. S. Williams: Gen. Smith went back to Mobile this morning.

Gen Adams left this morning on a hand-car.

Gen Price is here waiting.

A man just in from Chunkey says the engine and five cars are under water. The conductor is hurt, but swam out. The engineer has not been heard from yet. Between twenty-five and fifty persons are supposed to be lost—mostly soldiers, who broke open every car in the train and got in there before leaving here. The third and fifth cars had only troops and one horse—about seventy men in the two. The engineer was forward on the engine looking out, and the conductor was on the engine.

Hart.

We are informed that the officers on this train were among the very best connected with the railroad department. They were careful and prudent men, and no blame can be attached to them for this terrible accident. The soldiers, before getting on the cars were warned, both by the citizens and officers, of the danger attending the trip, but they would not be restrained. The train was running at a low rate of speed when the accident occured. The engineer and conductor, knowing the bad condition of the road since the rains, were more careful than usual and

had taken the positions of danger. The loss of the engineer is very much regretted by the officers of the road, and by his acquantances generally.

—Jackson *Daily Southern Crisis,* February 20, 1863.

¶ In March there was another wreck.

Less Risk in Fighting a Battle

We have to record another railroad accident on the Southern road by which two men were killed, and one badly, perhaps fatally wounded. Yesterday, as the train east from Vicksburg was running at a moderate rate of speed, and when about five miles west of Clinton, a rail gave way which precipitated the locomotive and three cars from the track. The locomotive was turned botton upwards, crushing to death the engineer and fireman who had leaped from the engine on the approach of danger.

A soldier, whose name we did not learn, had his leg badly fractured and received other injuries. One man was lamed by jumping from the train. The track was slightly injured, occasioning a delay of a day or so in the running of trains.

No blame can be attached to the officers of the train for this accident. That road is in a wretched condition. There is less risk in fighting a battle than in travelling a short distance on that road.

In the name of God and humanity why does not the government or its military representative take charge of these roads and put them in order at the expense of the corporation?

* * *

It is the general opinion of all who have had any experience in traveling on the various Railroads in the Confederacy, that the Southern road, from Vicksburg to Meridian, is the meanest of them all, at the same time it is looked upon as one of the most important; from the fact that all supplies, not only for the army of the Mississippi at Vicksburg, Jackson and Port Hudson, but for a large amount of the supplies for the citizens of the same sections of the State are shipped over it. Again, it is the connecting link for Arkansas, Texas, and Missouri. We con-

sider it one of the important branches and should be put at once in good order. The Government has taken charge of the rolling stock, and we think they should at once put hands upon it, and have it at least repaired, so that the brave troops, passing over it daily, can feel that they have some guarantee for their lives.—The dreadful accident a short time since, at Chunkey River, in which some forty or fifty persons lost their lives, besides the daily accidents of less notice, should claim the attention of Gen. Pemberton. We are in hopes he will put four or five hundred negroes to work at once.

—*Ibid.,* March 9, 1863.

¶ Colonel Fremantle observed the perilous condition of the railroads in May, 1863, a situation scarcely improved by a private vendetta of one of the engineers from the Mobile and Ohio Railroad.

Get Out to Push Along the Cars

23d May

We drove to the nearest point at which the railroad was in working order, a distance of nearly five miles.

We then got into the cars at 6 P.M. for Meridian. This piece of railroad was in a most dangerous state, and enjoys the reputation of being the very worst of all the bad railroads in the South. It was completely worn out, and could not be repaired. Accidents are of almost daily occurrence, and a nasty one had happened the day before.

After we had proceeded five miles, our engine ran off the track, which caused a stoppage of three hours. All male passengers had to get out to push along the cars.

24th May (Sunday)—We reached Meridian at 7:30 A.M., with sound limbs, and only five hours late.

We left for Mobile at 9 A.M., and arrived there at 7:15 P.M. This part of the line was in very good order.

We were delayed a short time, owing to a "difficulty" which had occurred in the up-train. The difficulty was this. The engineer had shot a passenger, then unhitched his engine, cut the telegraph, and bolted up the line, leaving his train planted on a single track. He had allowed our

train to pass by shunting himself, until we had done so without any suspicion. The news of this occurrence caused really hardly any excitement amongst my fellow travelers; but I heard one man remark that "it was mighty mean to leave a train to be run into like that." We avoided this catastrophe by singular good fortune.

—Lord (ed.), *The Fremantle Diary,* 100–101.

¶ The condition of the railroads was no joke, but some made a joking matter of it.

The Railroad Accident

"HAVE YOU HEARD of the railroad accident" "No—where was it?" "The Western train left Meridian and arrived at Jackson in schedule time."

The above needs confirmation. A friend at our elbow, who ought to be familiar with the running of that road, says he has heard of no such accident on that route.

—Jackson *Daily Southern Crisis,* March 2, 1863.

¶ In the spring of 1863 the Columbus *Republic* told a sad story of a man and his freight in an age when the speculators and the government seemingly had the railroads to themselves.

That Speculators and Railroad Men May Make a Fortune

A LITTLE INCIDENT CAME to our knowledge of a certain party, who had purchased a large amount of wool and a trifle over one thousand dollars' worth of sugar. The wool was especially valuable and the sugar was also to be got through. After some manoeuver on the part of the owner, he got a car and loaded it up, paying handsomely for the same, putting the sugar in sacks. When the car came to be switched on the track, the switchman demanded his part, and received, we believe, $40. Soon after the engineer came along and declared that he never would take that wool

and sugar through without half the sugar. There was no appeal, and the other half followed the first. The wool came through. The owner had also paid freight in advance for both wool and sugar.

So we go. Our people may suffer for the necessaries of life—our soldiers are put on half rations for the want of supplies, that speculators and railroad men may make a fortune.

—*Ibid.,* March 17, 1863.

¶ Sometimes the bitter resentment against the railroads boiled over. In the fall of 1864 someone tried to blow up the train on which the directors of the Mississippi Central were going to a board meeting:

A Fancy for Blowing Up Something

On the 5th inst. the stockholders in the Mississippi Central assembled at Grenada, in pursuance of notice, to hear the report of its officers, and elect a Board of Directors for the ensuing year. Unexpectedly to most of the stockholders and the old board of directors, and the presidential incumbent for the last ten years, they found the ground beneath their feet had been mined, and a grand programme had been arranged to blow them sky-high, or a little higher, if possible. To the worthy presidential incumbent it was a complete surprise, unlooked for and unexpected, which should not have been the case in the time of war, of strategy, of tactics, of mining and counter-mining. He should have been on the look-out for an onslaught of some valiant Harry, fresh from the tented field, as the serried hosts of vandal invaders that infest the land. These war gentlemen have quite a fancy for blowing up something, and it is a matter of indifference with them whether it is a yankee, a railroad locomotive, or a board of directors—it is all the same to them, so somebody goes up.

—Canton *Tri-Weekly Citizen,* October 11, 1864.

4) Industry Dies A-Borning

¶ Before the war Mississippi could count its important textile mills on the fingers of one hand. Not many fingers were needed to count

the remainder of the state's industry. Mississippi was still almost exclusively an agricultural state. Naturally some hasty catching-up was attempted after war broke out, particularly insofar as supplying the fighting forces was concerned. By 1863 a great deal had been accomplished.

Cumulative Evidences of . . . Great Resources

We had the pleasure, yesterday, through the politeness of Major Mims, Chief Quartermaster of this Military Department, of inspecting several workshops, instituted for the manufacture of clothes, hats, blankets, etc., etc., for the army.

All the goods, materials, etc., are the growth and product of Mississippi; the labor performed within the State, and, to a large extent, by the wives of soldiers who are now in the army, thus furnishing in many cases, the means of support to those who would be greatly straightened for the necessary resources. Among the manufacturers, within the State, who are furnishing the material for clothing, two establishments deserve especial notice and commendation. J. M. Wesson, & Co., Choctaw county, Miss., furnish from their mills a large amount of goods, at a price *seventy-five per cent. cheaper* than the same goods are sold at in open market anywhere in the Confederate States.

Judge McGee, Woodville, Miss., has furnished the product of his mill to this department, expressly for the benefit of the public service, at a price *one hundred per cent. cheaper* than that commanded by the same goods in market. Such a noble, patriotic course of conduct in these times, when the vice of money-grasping has corrupted so many men, eating out character and love of country, should be duly chronicled. It is not for this that such men do good deeds; but let such a virtuous ex-example [*sic*] be held up for imitation. Such men are a light to the world—let that light shine till, by contrast, it may shame away that clan of blood suckers who would amass wealth at the expense of precious life and widows' tears. We say to these high-minded Mississippians, well done!

We are sure our readers will be astonished at the results which the energy, business talent, and great good sense of Major Mims have been able to achieve, having, in the first instance, almost to improvise the means of doing anything.

Soldiers' garments, durable and warm and well suited to camp exposure—per week 10,000

Excellent coarse hats, almost water-proof, manufactured in the suburbs of Jackson—per month 5,000

Within a period of less than two months, issued an assortment of good coarse shoes 12,000

Also, a most superior article of blankets is being manufactured, and the production will be greatly increased.

Arrangements are now being made by Maj. M. for a large shoe manufactory at this place, by which he hopes to supply the wants of the entire army.

It is most gratifying to have these cumulative evidences of the great resources of our country, which require only the skill, energy and capacity of men in the service of government to make them available for all our necessary wants for peace, as for war.

Shot and shell are manufactured at Jackson by machinery and appliances all our own. We can feed and clothe the largest army necessary for our triumphant defence, if the right man are put in the right place, and the planters of Mississippi will co-operate, in a liberal spirit, with the government."

—Jackson *Daily Southern Crisis,* March 3, 1863.

Almost Exclusively Drawn From the State

THE SUBSISTANCE, THE clothing, and the camp equipage for a tremendous army [Pemberton's] have been almost exclusively drawn from the State of Mississippi; and this, too, when several of her most populous and productive counties have been under the control of the enemy. Mississippi manufactories have made nearly all the material used for the army in the whole department.

A brief mention of the Mississippi factories, many of which have sprung up almost like magic, will not be uninteresting to our readers. The Jackson manufactory makes five thousand garments weekly. The material is cut out in the city by experienced and industrious tailors, and distributed over the country in Hinds and adjoining counties to be made up. Soldiers wives and destitute families are always supplied with work first; thus enabling them to support themselves while lending a helping hand to the cause. Similar factories at Bankston, Choctaw county, Columbus, Enterprise, Natchez and Woodville, make up five thousand per week, the sewing of which if distributed in the same way.

The hat factories at Jackson and Columbus, make two hundred hats per day. We also have a manufactory at Jackson which turns out fifty blankets per day.

The Pemberton Works at Enterprise and the Dixie Works at Canton, make not less than sixty wagons and ambulances per week.

These factories are all new, established within a few months past, and their capacity is being constantly increased.

The Chief Quartermaster has now private contracts, with parties in the State which supply eight thousand pairs of shoes per week. Arrangements are now being made to start an extensive Government shoe-shop in Jackson, with a capacity of turning out six thousand pairs of shoes per month.

The tanneries in the State are sufficient to tan all the leather that can be procured. The most extensive tannery in the Confederacy is situated at Magnolia and supplies six hundred hides daily.

Tents manufactured from Mississippi cloth are the best in the Confederacy, and enough of them are made at Jackson and Columbus to supply the army.

All the horses, mules, wagons and harness, for the transportation of the army stores, etc., have been supplied from Mississippi.

—*Ibid.*, March 21, 1863.

¶ Invasion brought a different story. With the investment and fall of Vicksburg much of Mississippi fell prey to enemy destruction. Factories were speedily burned, and efforts to put them back into operation were often unsuccessful. In 1864 J. M. Wesson's factory at Bankston in Choctaw County was the only prewar textile mill still standing, although a new one was being started in Columbus. At Bankston, Wesson had labor troubles and threats of raids. In 1864 he wrote to Governor Clark:

We Are in Great Danger

THE COMPANY YOU had the kindness to order here for our protection have not reported.

Co. McCollough of Gen Forest's Command had ordered a company here when I saw you, who have quieted the riot among the shoemakers, and have arrested some few deserters. The company have left, and we are without protection.

The burning of dwelling houses, corn cribs, cotton pens, and the attacking of loyal citizens at their homes, and on the public highways by armed deserters, has occured in this neighborhood within the past few weeks. This, in connection with the threat to burn our factory and government shoe shops induces me earnestly to urge you to give us, for a short time at least, a company for our protection. The company would be of great services to the Country by arresting these deserters, who are not only threatning, but are executing their malignant designs on good and loyal citizens

I assure you my dear sir, I would not make this earnest appeal, if I was not entirely satisfied that we are in great danger, and that it would be to the good of the Country to have a company stationed here.

—J. M. Wesson to Clark, March 26, 1864, Gov. Corr., file E–65.

¶ A company of troops was dispatched to Bankston, but the mill was soon destroyed by the Yankees. About all that remained of Mississippi industry now was located around Columbus, which was relatively well protected throughout the war. In May, 1864, the activity at Columbus was described in a letter to General Bragg.

The Material Is Excellent

THE QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT receives here from a neighboring factory from ten to twelve bales of jeans and linsey per week, which are at once converted into clothing. The number of garments manufactured weekly varies from 1,000 to 1,500. The material is excellent, and the sewing strong and substantial. Another factory is now in the process of construction about twelve miles from this place, which I am informed will be in operation by the 1st of June, with a capacity sufficient to turn out from 500 to 700 yards per day. About 3,000 pairs of shoes per month are manufactured in this vicinity, 600 pairs from a shop established by the district quartermaster, and the residue supplied by contract.

—*Official Records,* Ser. 1, XXXIX, part 2, 565–66.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

WAR BY MAKESHIFT

CONFEDERATE MISSISSIPPI WILL BE REMEMBERED NOT SO MUCH FOR what people did without but what they did with. What Mississippians had failed to do for lack of capital to invest in gadget-making before the war, their ingenuity enabled them to find substitutes for after war came. In the war by makeshift Mississippians experienced one of their finest hours.

Among the severest privations were the lack of salt and the scarcity of cards for making homespun. But medicines were also in short supply. Food there should have been plenty of, but to satisfy their needs Mississippians had to make some adjustments. There was also a problem involving, not the handling of a scarce item, but the control of its production—distilled spirits!

1) Without Savor

¶ Salt was one of the most necessary and at the same time one of the scarcest items in the Confederacy. Mississippi, having no salt mines, had to depend on what could be obtained from the neighboring states of Louisiana and Alabama or from the soil around plantation smokehouses. The state government inevitably had to assume the task of importing salt, and at the end of the year 1862 Pettus described his operations designed to bring salt into the state:

A Very Small Amount

THE MOST PRESSING want of our people at the present time is a supply of salt. During the last summer I sent agents to Virginia, Alabama and Louisiana, in order to secure, if possible, a supply of salt for the people of the State, either by purchase or by mining. Their missions have, however, from various causes, proven entirely unsuccessful, except the agent to Louisiana, who succeeded in purchasing a small quantity of salt in New Iberia, in Louisiana. About 40,000 pounds of salt are now at Vicksburg, which I propose to distribute to the destitute families of soldiers. Some other contracts have been recently made for a large supply of salt, and if I should be successful in these, I hope to be able to supply the State. These contracts I will be pleased to submit to any committee that the Legislature may appoint for that purpose. If these efforts should prove a failure, I know of no other source of supply but by mining on State account at New Iberia, Louisiana, where the deposit so far as is known, is unlimited. In that event I ask that authority be given to use the slave labor of the State, and the wagons and teams necessary for the mining and hauling the salt to Atchafalya, the nearest point to steamboat navigation. While my efforts have procured but a very small amount of salt on State accounts, I have given all the information and assistance in my power to private enterprise, and it affords me much satisfaction to say that in consequence of such information and assistance many individuals have succeeded in supplying themselves and neighbors with salt. I have been unable to obtain transportation sufficient to convey the salt obtained to the interior of the State. I therefore request that the Legislature will take some action in the premises so as to secure speedy transportation for the salt that may be obtained in the future.

—*Mississippi House Journal* (Jackson), December, 1862, 10.

¶ In the last two years of the war the state maintained a special agent charged with procuring salt. There were many problems to be faced, not the least being the securing of transportation for the salt after it was obtained. In 1865 Z. A. Phillips reported on his operations:

Four Furnaces in Successful Operation

He has made to Jan. 1, 1865 of Salt	579,783 lbs.
Of this there has been distributed to counties free of charge in lieu of same quantity destroyed by the enemy	5,869 lbs.
Exchanged for necessary supplies	79,703 lbs.
Distributed to the various counties	436,316 lbs.
Remaining on hand Jan. 1, '65	57,895 lbs.
Total	579,783 lbs.

There are now four furnaces in successful operation, with an estimated producing capacity of forty to fifty bushels each per day. The labor is very seriously interfered with by the exceedingly wet fall and winter of the past and present year, the wells being ten feet under water at date of report; but much of the delay and inconvenience resulting from this source is avoided by conveying the salt water in tubes a distance of two and a half miles, to the higher pine lands; by which also is saved the great expense and labor of hauling the wood to the water. Another and not the least important advantage obtained by this skillful device of Mr. P. is that, whereas the wells are situated in a low, marshy, miasmatic district, productive of much disease, intermittent, billious and typhoid fevers, in the summer and fall, and pneumonia in winter, a healthier locality is secured for the operatives in the dry pine lands adjacent.

—*Mississippi House Journal* (Meridian), February, 1865, 69.

2) Making Clothes

¶ With its few textile mills largely monopolized by the government before they were finally destroyed by the Yankees, Mississippians had to resort to homespun early in the war. As early as March, 1861, women in Scott County were learning to do with homemade cloth.

Ma Never Made Any Cloth at Home Untill Last Year

I AM SPINNING FOR me a dress now. We are going to make us sum home spun dresses like the sample that had the green in it. I think it is the prettiest piece of home spun I ever saw. When we get it made I will send you a sample though I know we cant make as nice cloth as the Carolinas. Ma never made any cloth at home untill last year.

—Lizzie to "Cousin Lizzie," March 8, 1861,
Mathew N. Love Papers.

Busy . . . Making Clothes for the Soldiers

WE HAVE BEEN VERY busy for the last month., making clothes for the soldiers. And I made three suits of Jeans. The first I ever made at home and the Taylor pronounced it the best piece of cloth he cut. And while I think of it, if you have any samples of pretty homespun for dresses please send me some as I intend as soon we get through making for the soldiers to make some homespun dresses and would like to have you send me a sample if you have it.

—Malinda Chambers to sister, Oct. 27, 1861,
Mathew N. Love Papers.

¶ At Hays Creek Kate Baker described the reaction to homespun female attire.

Trying Who Can Make the Prettiest Homespun

WELL COUSIN MARY the girls are all comeing to homespun again you hear as much talk about a cotton dress now as if it was silk and indeed more, for they are puting away there fine dresses and trying who can make the prettiest homespun I have not comenced making any yet but I thought I would try my hand to see how I would come out in making a liveing at home, I think I will succeed in though I do not know any thing about spining and weaving I have spun a little but I never wove a yard in my life but I intent to try before a great while and then I can boast a

little about my weaving for I intend to try my best, I was at church yesterday and a lady had on a homespun dress it looked very nice.

—Kate Baker to cousin, January 12, 1862, Mock Papers (Owned by Mrs. Wiley Mock, Greenville, Miss.).

¶ The era of homespun begot a Mississippi ballad.

The Homespun Dress

Oh, yes, I am a Southern girl,
And glory in the name;
I boast of it with greater pride
Than glittering wealth and fame.
I envy not the Northern girl
Her robes of beauty rare,
Though diamonds deck her snowy neck
And pearls bestud her hair.

Chorus

Hurrah! Hurrah!
For the Sunny South so dear!
Three cheers for the homespun dress
The Southern ladies wear.

Now Northern goods are out of date,
And since old Abe's blockade
We Southern girls can be content
With goods that's Southern made.
We send our sweethearts to the war,
But, girls, ne'er you mind—
Your soldier love will not forget
The girl he left behind.

The Southern land's a glorious land
And has a glorious cause;
Then cheer, three cheers for Southern rights
And for the Southern boys.

We scorn to wear a bit of silk,
A bit of Northern lace,
But make our homespun dresses up
And wear them with a grace.

And now, young man, a word to you:
If you would win the fair,
Go to the field where honor calls
And win your lady there.
Remember that our brightest smiles
Are for the true and brave,
And that our tears are all for those
Who fill the soldier's grave

—Hudson, *Folksongs of Mississippi,* 265–66.

¶ Before the war's end the necessity of importing cotton and woolen cards to facilitate home operations became a major undertaking. Governor Clark, realizing the urgency, arranged to have cards brought in through the lines in exchange for cotton. There was much criticism of the practice, and for a time the Confederate government pretended to stop this variety of blockade running; but Governor Clark would not acquiesce. It was that or no clothing at all. In February, 1865, Clark ably defended his actions before the legislature.

What Difference . . . in Sending Cotton to Boston by Way of Nassau, or of Memphis?

I DEEM THE POLICY of the Confederate Government on this subject unwise and injurious. Its only effect has been to inaugurate a system of fraud, to demoralize the troops on the frontier, to enhance the profits of illegal traffic, and to prevent our people, except at enormous cost, from obtaining articles of prime necessity, even the implements of industry with which they might manufacture clothing for the people and the army. It is to be hoped that before its adjournment, Congress will so modify the law, as to enable the people, under proper regulations and restrictions, and through authorized channels, to be supplied with these articles, without which not only all manufactories, but agriculture and the me-

chanic arts must cease. What difference is there in morals or policy in sending cotton to Boston by way of Nassau, or of Memphis? At least, let the Confederate Government raise Quartermasters from the position of peddlers of cotton cards, cotton yarns and cooking utensils, to the dignity of merchants. If the Government be the sole trader, let it fulfill the duty of supplying its customers at reasonable rates for cash.

—*Mississippi House Journal* (Meridian), February, 1865, 44.

¶ Whether there were cotton cards or not, some ingenious tricks were employed for making clothing, particularly for children, who could not protest.

"Meating" the Crisis

WE HAVE NEVER WITNESSED a more laughable case of *meating* the crisis, than one day last week. A scarcity of cloth in the Confederacy has driven the housewife to many an extremity. The servants, too, have had their share of trouble in fitting out their children with clothing, the past year. One of these instances we will relate. It is that of a fat, plump and robust little boy of probably four years, with a pair of breeches made from two canvas cases, from hams long since departed. The cases were neatly joined together, with button-holes and buttons in front, and the little fellow was marching down street as gay as a peacock, with his yellow breeches on, and red band around his cap. We was alone and could not help a hearty laugh; yet we felt that the crisis had been fully met in this instance by the duck-legged boy's mother in Natchez.

—Natchez *Daily Courier*, January 13, 1863.

¶ Whoever got clothed, there must always be something for the lonely man at Richmond. In October, 1864, Julia Dunbar sent a present to Jefferson Davis.

Made with My Own Hands

I SEND YOU A SMALL present made with my own hands for you about a year ago. The yarn is not as fine as I wished, but the socks will be more

durable and afford you more substantial comfort than if it was finer; and what we all should prise most now in our Confederacy, is that which is most useful. Accept it, with the sincere wishes of your friend that the Christmas just passed has been to yourself and Mrs. Davis a pleasant one, and that the New Year may open upon you both, and the children in good health, that greatest of all blessings; and with bright auspices for the success of our good cause, which we all have so much at heart. And may God bless you and make you able in all things to conduct us safely to the end of our struggle, and bring us to an honorable peace, with our country's independence established, is the earnest prayer of

Your very true friend

—Rowland (ed.), *Jefferson Davis, Constitutionalist,* VI, 158.

3) "Do-It-Yourself" Household Hints

¶ How the necessities of everyday life could be obtained without the ways and means of the past was a subject that Mississippians were constantly putting their minds to. The people at home consequently became adept at makeshift. Every new device, every substitute, was promptly passed on to others by press, word of mouth, or letter. Sereno Taylor caught the spirit of the times in a letter to his brother in 1863:

Primitive Necessities and Simplicities

Our civilised conventionalities must once more give place to primitive necessities and simplicities— Every man woman girl and boy must again do their own building, cooking, washing and mending soapmaking dish-cleaning and all the little and big decencies of sober primitive life In short when the Lord closes this war the rich and poor will be much on a common level—and extortioners have an indefinite furlough for "furrein" parts I hope

—Sereno Taylor to Calvin Taylor, April 17, 1863, Miscellaneous Civil War Soldiers' Letters (Manuscripts Division, Duke University Library).

¶ The Fayette *Gazette* gave a recipe for "Home Made Starch":

I Never Knew But One Miscarriage

IN THE PRESENT STATE of the corn as good starch can be made of it as any housewife needs. Grate it from the ear; mix the pulp thoroughly with cold water and strain it through a sieve. Let the liquor settle, and, pouring off the water, which will be discolored, the starch will be found at the bottom of the vessel in a rather soft cake. Pour on more water, stir it up, and repeat the process. At each repetition the cake will be found firmer, and when the water comes off clear, and the starch is free from a pink or yellow tinge on the top, the process is complete, except drying. I never knew but one miscarriage, and that was in very warm weather, when the water was not cold enough, or was allowed to stand too long, and the mass fermented. A grater can be made from an old coffee pot or tin bucket, by punching it (outwards) full of holes—a hammer and nail will answer the purpose—and tacking it to a piece of board.

—Fayette *Gazette*, August 2, 1862.

¶ The Vicksburg *Whig* described a "Model Economical Candle" made by Mrs. Wilson Blanchard of Bolivar County:

Makes a Pretty Ornament

IT IS A "MODEL ECONOMICAL CANDLE," sixty yards long, and it is said will burn six hours each night for six months, and all that light at a cost of about fifty cents. It is made by taking one pound of beeswax and three-fourths of apound of resin, and melting them together; then take about four threads of slack twisted cotton for a wick, and draw it about three times through the melted wax and rosin and wind it in a ball; pull the end up above the ball and light it, and you have a good candle. Ours is very fancifully wound on a corn cob, and makes a pretty ornament. The curious can see it at our office.

—Natchez *Courier*, November 8, 1861.

¶ Home tanning was a necessity. The Natchez *Daily Courier* gave a recipe for the do-it-yourself treatment:

The Plan Usually Pursued

THE PLAN USUALLY PURSUED, is to dig out a trough from the large end of a popular tree, some two feet deep and the same width, and twelve feet long to supply the place of a tan-vat. The hide, as soon as taken from the animal, should be immersed in lime water until the hair is loosened, then taken out, and with a suitable instrument the hair is easily removed; it should then be well washed in water to remove the lime, when it is ready to be put into the tan-vat. Tan or ranning is made of the very best kind, from Oak bark. I think the White Oak probably the best, but Red Oak, which is so plenty through this country, will make better leather by far, than most of the shoes we have been buying from the north, made either from Hemlock bark or if not all of Hemlock a part at least. There is no doubt that the leather tanned with cold water is the best, although the process is expedited by heating the water of the tan-vat occasionally. There are other processes by which hides may be made into leather, much sooner than by the old process, but whether the leather is as durable when made by the short plan, is yet doubtful.

—Natchez *Daily Courier*, October 17, 1861.

¶ The *Mississippian* found a quick method of making leather for shoes.

Squirrel Skin Shoes

AN EXCHANGE SAYS THAT squirrel skins, tacked down to a board, the hair next to the board, with hickory ashes sprinkled over them, for a few days, to facilitate the removal of the hair, and then placed in a strong decoction of red-oak bark, will, at the end of four days, make excellent leather, far stronger and tougher than calf skin. Four skins will make a pair of ladies' shoes. We hear that the ladies of some of the intertor [*sic*] counties are wearing these shoes, and find them equal in softness and superior in durability to any others. The longer the skins are left in the decoction of the bark the better the leather.—By this plan anybody may have a tan yard, and make their leather, as the skins are easily and cheaply procured, and any vessel holding a gallon will serve as a vat. Our readers will do well to try it.

—Meridian *Mississippian*, August 29, 1863.

¶ In his scrapbook, Col. J. L. Power of Jackson pasted a recipe for dyes.

Receipt for Dyeing

TAKE RED OAK bark, sufficient to make four gallons of very strong dye, boil very strong, then strain it, and add two table spoons' full of blue stone, then dip your thread in the dye, then in strong lye, repeat it for four times, then hang out and let it get half dry, and rinse in clear water.

Blue Dye—Take one quarter of a pound of extract of logwood, put into four gallons of water, boil one half an hour, add two table spoons' full of blue stone, put in your thread or cloth, boil one half hour more, take it out and let it air fifteen minutes longer, take out and wash out in warm soap suds, then rinse in clear water.

Black Dye—Put a quarter of a pound of extract of logwood in three gallons of water, boil it thirty minutes, add two table spoons' full of copperas, put in your thread, boil fifteen minutes, take out, wash in strong soap suds, then air and rinse in clear water.

Yellow Dye—Take of each a lot of sasafras, swamp bay, and butterfly root, put in four gallons of water, boil until strong, then strain and put in your thread or cloth and boil thirty minutes, take out and air fifteen minutes then rinse in clear water and let it dry.

Five pounds of thread can be dyed in any of these.

—James L. Power Scrapbook, Miss. Arch., file L–122.

4) Table Fare

¶ That an agricultural people should go hungry may seem an absurdity. Yet these were times of actual privation, both for soldiers and for civilians, not only at Vicksburg, but in the other areas that were subjected to enemy raid and siege. The folks at home had to do a lot of learning before they could cure meat and make substitutes for soda, coffee, and such. Yet these things were learned. At Natchez the *Courier* gave advice on meat production:

We Must Learn to Live Within Ourselves

WE CANNOT TOO STRONGLY recommend to our friends the propriety of putting up their own meat. There are planters in this section of the State who are feeding their negroes on fresh Beef. We do not know whether this is as wholesome food for them as salt meats, it is certainly rather troublesome and much more expensive, except in the winter, even though the cattle are raised upon the plantations. The preparation, too, of this kind of food, requiring to be killed at least weekly, is a matter of great inconvenience. There are in this State, no doubt more than a sufficiency of hogs and horned cattle, if properly cared for, to afford an ample supply of meat food for every negro in it, for more than two years. Then why not go to work at once to make them available? We *must* learn to live within ourselves. It seems to us, it would be advisable under existing circumstances, to pay less attention to Cotton, and to raise more corn or feed of any kind, upon which to fatten hogs or cattle. We have seen in another State a fine grain called Dourah Corn, raised for the purpose of feeding stock. We have known as much as 160 bushels to the acre gathered from it in one summer. It grows like the Chinese Sugar Cane, the seed only, however, being used. Cattle, hogs and horses, are remarkabley fond of it, and will not leave it for any other grain. A friend informed us that from less than two-thirds of an acre of praire land he raised a sufficient quantity to fatten 1500 lbs of excellent pork, to feed his drove (30) of outside hogs, and to furnish his neighbors with enough seed to plant 250 acres. It does not exhaust the evil [*sic*—soil?] to a greater extent than any other kind of cereal; is easily plowed up and will not spring up in the same place; but if the roots are protected with a heavy furrow of earth, thrown over them by a turning plow previous to the first Fall frost, they will make a fine crop the second year. There is a seed known in this country as the Dourah which is probably as great a nuisance as the "cocoa," but the article referred to above is entirely a different thing. It is sometimes called "Egyptian Wheat," and when fully matured the grain is as large as a grain of "popcorn." When ground and bolted it makes as fine a *cake* as the best Buckeye Buckwheat.

—Natchez *Daily Courier*, September 6, 1861.

¶ In Vicksburg, until the town was besieged, and at Mobile thereafter H. C. Clarke published his *Confederate Household Almanac*. The homebody could profit by the almanac's collection of hints.

Domestic Recipes

PORK, BEEF OR MUTTON—HOW TO PRESERVE—Take water, four gallons, coarse sugar, one and a half pounds, saltpeter, two ounces; common salt, eight pounds; put the whole into a clean pot and let it boil carefully taking off the scum; and when no more scum will rise, pour it into the vessel you intend to keep it in and when cold, put in your meat. This is all that is necessary, if you head up your cask; but if kept as a house pickle in an open vessel, when fresh, is put in weekly, or from time to time; then in that case, the pickle should be reboiled every six weeks.

CURING HAMS AND BACON—Use equal quantities of common Soda and Saltpeter—one ounce and a half of each to the fourteen pounds of Ham or Bacon, using the usual quantity of salt. The Soda prevents that hardness in the lean of the Bacon which is so often found, and keeps it quite mellow all through, besides being a preventive of rust.

* * *

CORN BEER—A GOOD DRINK.—Boil a small teacupful of Corn till soft and string it like beads to prevent pouring it out of the bottle. Put this into a thick, strong bottle, which fill with molasses-sweetened-water—rather sweet to drink. With a long smooth cork of soft white pine, cork air (gas) tight.

Keep the bottle at a temperature of 60 to 80 deg., and before using set the bottle in cold water.

The first preparation may require several days, before fit for use. If it sours, replenish the sweetened water. The corn will last for several months without change, and even then a few of the old grains should be retained for a nucleus.

It does not require to be warmed; and if warmed loses the fine flavor.

When once it is under way (which sometimes requires a new beginner a week or two) it can be made in three or six hours.

This Beer is superior to any Cider or Beer I have ever drank; innocent for a child, if taken so soon as the gas forms and not permitted to sour.

For some cause, I cannot tell what, when the old corn is lost and you

begin entirely new with new corn, it may be days and perhaps weeks till it gets right, and then no trouble.

It can be flavored with ginger, sassafras, &c. Don't allow it to acidify, or it affects the head as does hard cider or vinegar.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR FOREIGN TEA.—MESSRS. EDITORS: Absent from the city for some days, I have taken occasion again to test the New Jersey tea tree, (Ceanothus Americana) as a substitute for foreign tea. I had before reported it as an indifferent substitute. On this occasion, I am glad to report it as a most excellent article, to be used in war times, in place of a high priced commodity, which, in every respect it closely resembles, if it does not equal. All of us find the flavor of the indigenous plant to be most excellent, and without that peculiar taste peculiar to most teas made of herbs.

Without any desire to exaggerate, I commend the substitute. It grows abundantly in our pine lands. The tea prepared from this shrub, drawn as common tea, is certainly a good substitute for indifferent black tea. Properly dried and prepared, it is certainly better than none.

—H. C. Clarke, *Clarke's Confederate Household Almanac for the Year 1863* (Vicksburg, 1863), 18–21.

¶ Sereno Taylor described a typical wartime meal in 1863:

C. C. C. B. S. & F.

About eating—Con. Coffee Corn bread & Swine's Flesh—(when you can get it) make up our Table mercies—and I wish no better untill these reach every man's door and table in the Confederacy Eatable *abb. C. C. C. B. S. & F.* The *S. & F.* may be cut down to P. (pork) then more briefly *3 C's B. P.*: no mean bill of fare—though you Coasters "mought" *pig-tail* your noses if *"oisters" and fish* were not added—but those *"sour grapes"* are too high even to tempt a jump or murmur from us the refugees of the interior of this long narrow State.

—Sereno Taylor to Calvin Taylor, April 17, 1863, Miscellaneous Civil War Soldiers' Letters.

¶ The most famous bill of fare in Confederate Mississippi was a fictitious one, that purportedly served in Vicksburg during the siege —one consisting largely of a variety of cuts of horsemeat.

Mule at the Hotel de Vicksburg

BILL OF FARE

SOUP

Mule Tail

BOILED

Mule Bacon with Poke Greens
Mule Ham canvassed

ROASTS

Mule Sirloin
Mule Rump stuffed with Rice

VEGETABLES

Peas and Rice

ENTREES

Mule head stuffed Ala Mode
Mule Beef Jerked Ala Mexicana
Mule Ears fricasseed a la Gotch
Mule Hide Stewed New Style Laid on
Mule Spare ribs plain
Mule Liver hashed

SIDE DISHES

Mule Salad
Mule hoof soused
Mule brains ala Omelette
Mule Kidney stuffed with Peas
Mule Tripe fried in Pea Meal Batter
Mule tongue cold ala bray

JELLIES

Mule foot

PASTRY

Pea Meal Pudding blackberry sause [*sic*]
Cotton Seed Pies
China berry tarts

DES[S]ERT

White Oak Acorns
Beech Nuts
Blackberry leaf Tea
Genuine Confederate Coffee

LIQUORS

Mississippi Water vintage 1492 Superior	$3.00
Lime Stone Water late importation very fine	2.75
Spring Water Vicksburg brand	1.50
Waul Legion Well very pure	5.00

Meals at all hours gentlemen to wait upon themselves any inattention on the part of servants will be promptly reported at the office

Jeff Davis & Co
Propri[e]tors

Card

The proprietors of the justly Celebrated Hotel De Vicksburg having enlarged and refitted the Same are now prepared to accomodate all who may favor them with a Call Parties arriving by the River or Grants inland rout[e] will find Grape Canister & Cos Carriages at the landing or any Depot on the line of entrenchments Buck Ball & Co take Charge of all bag[g]age No effort will be spared to make the Visit of all as interesting as possible

E. S. B., Clerk

—Eugene S. Bolling, Hotel de Vicksburg, Bill of Fare, 1863 (Manuscripts Division, Duke University Library).

¶ Edward Fontaine's bill of fare for a dinner at his war-ravaged plantation in November, 1864, "savors" less of the "hard times" than the parson intended it to do:

Every Article Was Produced at Home

Major Greaves & Mrs. Johns dined with us. Our dinner was rather singular and the bill of fare savored somewhat of the hard times, & deserves remembrance as every article was produced at home. We are without bacon, & do not kill our shoats & unfattened hogs.

Before dinner
Blackberry brandy
1st course & only one.

1. A fat baked opossum caught in a hunt Friday night, with sliced sweet potatoes
2. (4 Squirrels shot yesterday evening with homemade shot) Squirrel Soup, with carrots, turnips, tomato catsup—pepper sauce—cider vinegar (Alabama salt bartered for a bale of cotton.)
3. Squirrel pie (pastry homemade flour)
4. Fried Squirrel
5. Fried Chicken
6. Baked potatoes
7. Cushaw pie.
8. Pickled peaches, cucumbers, & tomatoes
9. Corn bread
10. biscuit.
11. Home made molasses.
12. Pure wine made of wild full grapes
13. milk
14. Butter—All on the table at once & taken thankfully with "Spartan Sauce"

—Edward Fontaine, Diary, November 15, 1864.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

FOLKS AT HOME

THE HOME FRONT HAD ITS PROBLEMS, PARTICULARLY SINCE FOR much of the latter part of the war the people at home were not, like the soldiers, equipped to resist invasion; they had to live with it. But life at home was never an easy existence at any time during the war. If the battle front was a man's world, the home front was largely a woman's world, except for the old men and the war-maimed.

The terrors of the home front were no less fearful than those of the battleground. There was the constant threat of slave violence. There were unionists and deserters to fear. There were want and privation. Then there was the constant dread of the loss of friends and relatives. War, as Sherman said, could be hell. This was true at home, and Sherman was one of those who helped to make it so. But there was also much else to make it so. Yet, despite all these, life went on. It had its happy moments, even in spite of war.

1) People in Need

¶ The very first year of the war found a portion of the central hill section of the state suffering from bad crops. So, some Mississippians entered the war hungry. By 1862 the suffering of soldiers' families was the burden of many complaints to Governor Pettus.

Another Army Besides That in the Field Must Be Supported

A DUTY WHICH I owe to the better feelings of Humanity and patriotism requires that I should address you upon the subject of the Destitution of the poor women & children of this county, and especially of the families of Volunteers, hoping that as there is to be a called Session of the Legislature soon, that your excellency may suggest to that Honorable Body some remedy.

There is now in the county much suffering amongst the poorer classes of Volunteers' families— Much suffering for want of *Corn and Salt*— owing to the drought last summer the corn crop was a failure in this section of the state except on the rich Bottom Lands owned principally by the wealthier planters of the County. These have made a super-abundance of *corn, and* if it could be properly distributed through the Co. there would be enough to prevent suffering. But the *Demon spirit* of speculation which is doing our Government and our people more injury than the Yankees, has taken hold of them and they are consequently holding their corn at $2.50 per Bu—many holding back saying they will get $3.00—thus placing the corn out of reach of the poor Women who are dependent on their Husband's $11 pr month, earned in the army, for means to purchase with. Then to deal with facts. The sufferers are here. The families of Cov Volunteers are here a large majority of whom are very poor people. They are suffering for Bread. *The Bread is also here,* but owing to the High price is beyond the reach of these poor people. Now the question is—can the Legislature place it within their reach?

Again—the Confederate Goverment has exempted all Tanners & Shoemakers from military service. There are in this county three Tan Yards at each of which Leather and shoes are manufactured,—yet not a pair can be bought by a citizen in the county—and daily the wife or child of some Soldier is turned off barefooted with the plea that "we work for Goverment." Has Goverment a right to monopolize this department of trade to the utter exclusion of all who are not in the service of the Goverment even the wives and children of Volunteers If so then the Goverment ought to furnish the families of those whom they have in the service with this indispinsible article. . . . I made a hasty trip to Vicksburge where I was fortunate enough to procure Salt and Sugar &c for them. This purchase was made about a month ago, yet

that Salt, after paying (86) cts a lb for it out of money earned by soldiering at $11 per month is still *lying at Vicksburge* for want of transportation, and these poor women and children are still without *meat*. The agent at Vicksburge told me the road was under control of the Goverment and hence could only transport such articles as the Goverment agts. directed.

In the name of God, I ask is this to be tolerated? Is this ever to be carried on and the Goverment upheld at the expense of the Starvation of the Women & children of the country? I hope not. I hope the Legislature will compell these Rail Roads to transport all articles of *prime necessity* for family consumption.

Another army besides that in the field must be supported—*the army at home* who are by their age and sex prevented from joining the army in the field.

—W. H. Hardy to Pettus, December 2, 1862,
Gov. Corr., file E–58.

¶ Invasion made conditions even more critical. In January, 1864, William L. Nugent described the situation in the hills:

A Deplorable State of Destitution

Rugged clay hills and boggy unproductive bottoms are quite a dreary prospect for a traveller wearied with a hard day's ride and anxiously looking for a "roost."—Still I found the hill people as a general thing very hospitable. A great many of them are in such a deplorable state of destitution that it is utterly impossible for them to supply even a single person with a meal, without stinting themselves almost to the point of starvation. And then you know the days of the prophets and the widow's Cruise of oil, have long since past. For an instance of this great destitution, I called at a little log cabin by the roadside and counted *thirteen* children besides four or five grown persons. The house was rudely constructed at the base of a long and dreary looking hill, whose sides were covered with the withered sedge so common to old fields in this country and a few scattered pines. At a point where the hill flattened into a miry bottom there was a corn field of about ten acres, the stalks of maize resembling—to use a familiar phrase of my Fathers—pipe stems. This was, as far as I could discern, the only source of supply for bread they

London Illustrated

19) Southern Cotton Burners interrupted by Federal scouts.

London Illustrated

20) Troop Train with reinforcements for General Joseph E. Johnston runs off the track in the forests of Mississippi.

Harper's Weekly

21) Camplife in the Confederate Army
Mississippians practice throwing the bowie knife.

London Illustrated

22) Southern Refugees
Encampment in the woods near Vicksburg.

had. A few peaked nosed specimen of the swine tribe, lazily grunted around the door and about a dozen chickens were busily picking up the few crumbs that fell in their way. How these and other people in their circumstances manage to exist is an enigma to my mind. And yet they do live and *multiply* almost *ad infinitum:* It is, however, from such retreats as I have been describing that our soldiers have, to a great extent, been drawn.

—William L. Nugent to wife, January 22, 1864, Howorth Letters.

¶ At Greensboro, in what is now Webster County, a meeting of citizens was called to demand action by the Confederate Government.

Ma, I Want a Piece of Bread

THERE IS SCARCELY a day passes but what we see three or four ladies come to town for the purpose of geting from the Commissioner, a little meal and meat with which to feed their almost starved children. But owing to the impossibility of the commissioners procuring meat, these poor women are compelled to go home without it, and frequently, we are told, without any corn or meal. Thus the poor women—the families of soldiers—are tormented by the agonizing cry of their children by calling for—"Ma, I want a piece of bread." Think of that mother's feelings when she has not nor knows not where to get the bread. The commissioners have tried in vain to buy meat but they cannot for neither love nor money because it is not to be had in the county. We wrote on this subject before, appealing to the Government authorities to sell the corn and meat that would be collected in this county, to the families here that were actually in want, knowing at the same time there would be great scarcity in provisions in this county, and for them to purchase where these commodities were plentiful. We are informed that there is an abundance of corn in the prairies close by the railroad. It is well known to every one who has resided in this county any length of time, that before the war broke out, the people would have to send to the prairies for corn and buy their meat from the market. This was when her working population was at home. This is a poor county, and two-thirds her working class of people are in the army, and their families left, helpless on the remaining portion for support. It is expected by the

Government, it appears, that these families are to support their brothers, their sons and their husbands, who are in the army, when it took all they could make to support their families when they were at home. There are but very few negroes in the county, and the people will suffer if something is not done to prevent it— Already have some of the destitute families felt the effects of the approaching crisis. Corn can scarcely be bought at any price—and as for meat we do not know of a pound for sale. How can we then expect long to have an army of true veterans in the field and their wives and little ones at home without anything to eat We can remedy this evil and let us come up boldly to their relief.

—Greensboro *Southern Motive,* May 7, 1864.

¶ Much of the suffering at home resulted from what were sometimes described as the high handed ways of the Confederate government in seizing goods from the citizens. Often it was only the extra-legal doings of soldiers acting without authority. In January, 1863, the Jackson *Crisis* was in a bad humor about the whole business.

An Army of Barnacles . . . to Buy Up

THE GOVERNMENT HAS employed an army of Barnacles to go out in swarms like the locusts of Egypt, into every section and neighborhood, to buy up what the army needed. Many of these agents knew no more of business than a Camanche Indian knew of mathematics. They wanted something for *government,* and the government was rich, and *they offered four prices,* and from that hour *that* article was raised to *that* price to every poor family in the land!

Now while this great distress has been brought upon the whole country most unnecessarily, the public debt has been increased by multiplied millions, and, what is, if possible, as bad, or worse, the army has been miserably supplied, and has lived from hand to mouth.

An army of incompetent, useless hangerson, has been fastened upon the treasury, while worthy, sensible, competent businessmen have been disgusted with the utter business incapicity of those who represented the central government of the Confederate States. The pecuniary derangements—the depreciation of Confederate money, and the destitution and suffering of the poorer classes, have been the legitimate and necessary results of a want of administrative talent at Richmond.

Has the "breed of great men died out"? If the government will interest the proper business talent of the country, these evils would be, in a great degree, remidied in a few months.

—Jackson *Daily Southern Crisis,* January 16, 1863.

¶ Despite the severity of wartime privations, people always managed somehow to pretty up for the Sabbath. J. B. D. DeBow observed this fact in the spring of 1863 at Jackson:

The Ladies Are Good Economists

Attend church. It is remarkable, considering the pressure of the war and the scarcity of articles, how well everybody manages to dress. To look at the ladies bonnets and robes, no one could imagine that a blockade of two years has shut us off from the world of fashion. Silks, laces, ribbons, flounces, frills and all that kind of gear, have kept wonderfully well. The ladies are good economists and perform marvels in cleaning, cutting up, turning inside out and refitting. Everything looks neat and tidy. Even their feet show no evidence of neglect. The gentlemen are not quite so well off, but still do very well. With them there is no motive to dress. Army clothes and colors are in fashion. The everlasting grey suit everywhere. As broad cloth gives out, country homespun and jeans badly colored are supplying the place. Some, however, are handsomely dyed and look very pretty. The old stove-pipe hats are hardly ever seen. The wool slouched hat has taken its place universally.

We shall without doubt get along very well for a year longer, as the people generally will economize in the use of their old clothing. After that we can all come down to homespun, and be not a whit the less contented and happy. The great cause will sustain us. Its privations all bear cheerfully and without repining.

—DeBow, "Journal of the War," *loc. cit.,* III (1867), 104.

2) Vigilance

¶ There was much suspiciousness in the early months of the war. There were constant fears of slave revolt. Also, every town had its Unionists who had been opposed to secession . . . and one wondered. At Natchez Miles McGehee wrote Governor Pettus in 1861.

Our Post Master Holding It Under Lyncoln

I READ YOUR DISPATCH under date of April 26th stating that Col. French had writen to me on the powder matter, it has not come to hand and should it come to thy office it is doubtful about my getting it. Our Post Master holding it under Lyncoln administration for many Letters of importance fail to reach the hands of those they are directed to There are more then one complaining.

—Miles McGehee to Pettus, May 5, 1861, Gov. Corr., file E–52.

¶ At Fair River a Vigilance Committee reported to the governor in May, 1861, about "Free Soiler" activities.

Summoned Him . . . and He Will Not Do It

THERE IS, IN our neighborhood, a man whom we regard as being dangerous, or at least he is opposed to our southern movements.

We are organising a Company here which we think will be completed in 2 or 3 weeks, and we have a Vigilance Committee of 15 connected with the Company, and our "Constitution["] makes it the duty of this Committee to ferrit out all disloyal persons in our bounds.

This Committee has found some 3 persons who are opposed to the South, one of the most notorious is named *Jasper Coon,* who has expressed himself as being a "Free Soiler" & says he hopes Lincoln will succeed and free all the negroes.

This Vigilance Committee, have summoned him to come before them and he will not do it.

We believe that he ought to be put in the Penitentiary and kept there during the war.

Our Committee have thought best to ask you for advice as what course we must take with him. He is an enemy to our Country, and would injure our Cause in any way that he could. He is going at large and we want to get rid of him and we dont want to be precipitate.

We want you to advise us what course we must take with him.

We will send him to Jackson if there is any place for him there.

Please advise us—at your earliest convenience.

—John Dickerson to Pettus, May 18, 1861,
Gov. Corr., file E–52.

¶ At State Line O. J. Hood, whose Vigilance Committee was having trouble enforcing its decrees, wrote to Governor Pettus for advice.

Feeling a Little Delicacy in Resorting to Extreme Measures

I THUS ADDRESS YOU asking advice. Will state the object of the advice as succinctly as I can. In this (Green) County live several brothers (McLeod) who have been notorious for using abolition sentiments for a year or two. And since the secession of our State from the Federal compact, have been continually abusing the south, wishing Abe Lincoln a final success &c. The Citizens finally formed themselves into a Vigilance Committee and all of our most prominent men are members, . . . in fact nearly every body wanted to join. A special committee was appointed to wait on four of the McLeods, notifying them to appear before the committee on 8th June. They appeared & were examined in the Court House, and the public were invited to see justice done. Were examined separately. Proof against them all will give you a little of the evidence. Allen McLeod has on several occasions swore that he would not fight for the south. Called Jeff Davis a Murderer, Scamp and Traitor and hoped that Lincoln would succeed in capturing him and take his head of, &c &c. Peter McLeod compares the negroes to the children of Iseral & says they sure to be free has been talking to R. D. M———'s negroes telling them that they would soon be free. Also said there was a company of 7 or 800 men in Choctaw Co Ala who would fight against the south & slave owners. The Proof against the other two brothers about the same as above. One showed a penitent disposition & was let

off. Action on two merely suspended for the present, & Peter was required to take the oath to support the Constitution of the Confederate States of America or leave the State in thirty days. He now refuses to do either I am chairman of the Committee and feeling a *little* delicacy in resorting to extreem measures however great the crime might be without some high authority. Have taken the liberty of asking from you a work of council. Please answer soon as our next meeting will be on 8th July.

—O. J. Hood to Pettus, June 19, 1861, Gov. Corr., file E–52.

¶ Often the Home Guards served as vigilantes. Captain John T. Simmons of Osyka found Abolitionists at work in his area.

Intend to Take Their First Shot at Jef. Davis

I DROP YOU THIS note in order to gain some information as regards the power of Home Guards.

I therefore in the first place beg you to inform me if the Home Guard can have the power to take up suspicious characters and try them and even punish the same. The following are such characters as we as a company wish to deal with. (Viz)

Persons who are found mustering and instructing Negroes in military discipline and claiming themselves as abolitionists and saying Publicly that if they are compelled to go into service they intend to take their first shot at Jef. Davis, and lying at and in the Negro cabins, talking with Negroes privately and characters that slip into neighborhoods and you can not know where they came from who they are or anything about them. I as a captain of a Home Guard wish to know wether I will be Punished By the state laws for dealing with such persons I do not wish to do anything wrong and I do not wish to be all the while troubled with such persons therefore I have written to you for some information on the subject, and hope you will answer me soon and instruct in regard to these fellows for we are tired of them and fear them too among our Negroes and we wish to know how to get them away By doing only what is just and right.

—John T. Simmons to Pettus, September 25, 1861, Gov. Corr., file E–53.

¶ Provost Marshal How Hines at Fayette was holding in custody a highly profane critic of the planters.

Every God Damn Plantation

I HAVE ALSO A PRISONER in Jail who was taken up on the river in this county & who it is proven by our witness to have made use of the following language, viz. He wished the Gun Boats would shell every God Dam plantation on the River the planters were all a set of thieves any how. Said if they attempted to make him fight he would tell them to take him to his country, for he was not agoing to fight for the planters as they were a set of G D thieves Also that if the negros would rise they could whip all the people in the south. Informant is a boy 17 years of age & has made oath to the above charges in substance. I understand the man with whom this fellow has been liveing has since his arrest runn off. The prisner is from Ohio.

Please advise me what to do with him

—How Hines to Pettus, June 5, 1862, Gov. Corr., file E–57.

¶ As if the Unionists and Abolitionists were not enough to create terror, the woods were haunted by bushwhackers in the latter part of the war, particularly after Yankee invaders came into the state. Claiborne County was having its troubles even before Vicksburg fell.

A Prey to Thieves

THE COUNTY IS a prey to thieves and robbers as infamous as the "Cowboys" and "Skinners" of the Revolutionary war. Armed organizations of men such as Barry's Company of Copiah and individuls alike are engaged in seizing on our stock of mules, horses &c and running them out of reach of the owners. Many have been taken to Hazelhurst and it is said were to have been publickly sold on Saturday, but the sale was postponed until Monday last. Our mules horses and oxen were taken by the enemy and negroes and turned loose at Grand Gulf and could easily have been reclaimed, but have been seized on by these thieves as prop-

erty captured from the enemy when really there was no danger in reclaiming them. In many cases they have been taken from our plantations, and our fences thrown down and stock let into our felds to distroy corn potatoes &c on on [*sic*] which we hoped to subsist. On sending for some of my mules horses & oxen my negroes found some in possession of white men who rode them off in great haste when claimed, and refused to give their names. The difference between the Federals and our own citizens is that the latter if they had the courage to do so would possibley robb both enemies and friends but really robb our people only. Some men of property are engaged in these infamous robberies. The country is full of deserters from our army most of them it is believed officers and many of them engaged in these robberies. I was surprised to hear a furloughed officer say he would like to join in an expedition of this kind as money might be made. The demoralization is so great that no power can arrest it unless the Executive can do so. Our property is being removed to such a distance that it will never be recovered unless these military companies & individuals are made to return it. I have lost about 160 negroes about 75 or 80 horses many oxen and all my waggons except a two horse waggon recovered, and, a market cart. It is charged that the people of Port Gibson aidid our negroes in escaping to the enemy and arrested those who attempted to stop negroes on their way to Grand Gulf. I learn that there is such excitement on the part of those who have lost their negroes that it is believed that Port Gibson will be burnt. Many women and children whose sons husbands and fathers are in the army fighting in defence of the country will be the victims of this outrage. Can you not arrest these lawless proceedings? At least you can take from them the character of legal military organizations to make captures from the enemy. Claiborne Jefferson and Copiah have been disgraced by these dastardly & infamous men. Good men are not able to resist them. I am with respect.

—Richard T. Archer to Pettus, June 17, 1863,
Gov. Corr., file E–61.

3) Woman's War

¶ The women were fighting—everywhere except at the front. Their battling took many forms, all the way from using their wiles to

confound Yanks to confronting the invaders with pistols. If Southern women ever sat on pedestals of beautiful inactivity—and there is considerable doubt that they did—the Civil War was not a time for such nonsense. With their uncanny ability to run from little crises and tackle big ones, they fought their war with distinction.

First of all, the women had to send their volunteers off with a flourish. In May, 1861, the ladies presented a flag to the departing Adams Light Guard at Natchez:

A Woman's Gift—Never Surrender It

THE BATTALION COLOR was a gift from Mrs. G. M. Hillyer, of this city. In size, it is about seven feet by five. The one side of red silk, with the name of the Company and date of its organization, in ribbands of gilt, with the shield of the Confederacy between, in blue, red and silver; its appropriate stars, and the word "Mississippi," running across its bars. The other side is of blue silk, with the motto of the Battalion, "Deeds, not Words," in a scroll; and in another the words, "A woman's gift—never surrender it"; between the scrolls, the stars representing the Southern Confederacy, arranged in the form of the "Southern Cross." The staff is of mahogany, covered with blue velvet where the flag was attached, and with blue velvet and silver braid at the proper place for the hands. It was surmounted by a polished spear head and axe of steel, from beneath which hung cords and tassels of silver. Fringe of silver bullion surrounded the flag.

—Natchez *Courier*, May 25, 1861.

Perhaps the most persistent demand on the women was that of sending aid to the men in the field. The redoubtable Sallie Eola Reneau actually proposed early in 1861 that she and her Mississippi "Nightingales" be allowed to visit the camps and minister to the soldiers. On June 7 she asked Pettus for "small arms—Colts Navy Repeater, or something similar—that we could carry conveniently." Actually, however, the work in the field was largely tended by men. Usually the distribution of the bounty from home was taken care of by the clergy, notable among whom was the Reverend C. K. Marshall, who became a traveling U.S.O. But

the women supplied the things that went to the front to ameliorate the asperities of camp life.

Helen Thompson was active in the "Livingston Ladies Military Aid Association," which met every Thursday morning (fine for non-attendance was a knitted pair of socks) to do the necessary for the soldiers.

Sent to City Hall Hospital Jackson Miss—

9 Shirts
6 comforts
12 pr Sheets
12 pr Slips
6 Bed Ticks
6 Pillows (feathers)
50 Towells
50 Testaments
5 prayr books & Tracts
Linnen & Lint
215 yds of bandaging
a few lbs Tapioca
3 Lambs—2 Hams
16 Doz Eggs

—Helen Thompson Papers, May 27, 1862 (Miss. Arch., Jackson).

¶ Sometimes the good works of the women were no less heroic than a battlefield death.

In a Dying Condition

The Mobile *Tribune* related an instance of female patriotism which is worthy of preservation. Mrs. Deborah Lansford, of Cherokee [*sic*] county, Miss., was in a dying condition, with no hope of recovery. While thus situated, she superintended the making of ten pairs of jeans pants for Gen. Price's army, and made a last request of her husband that he should superintend the delivery of the present. Such is a single in-

stance of the true patriotism that animates the noble mothers of our Confederacy.

—Jackson *Daily Southern Crisis,* February 27, 1863.

¶ To his wife William L. Nugent wrote a touching appeal to be good to the wandering soldier.

Never Turn a Hungry Soldier Off

It is quite a noisy & disagreeable night without; The Artillery of Heaven is resounding in sharp & continous peals and the rain is pattering on the poorly clad tentless Soldier— Ah! my precious little wife never turn a hungry soldier off as long as you have a morsel to divide or fail to minister to his wants when he needs a garment to protect him from the weather or a blanket from the dreary winter wind, if God gives you "enough & to spare." I know the story of his hardships & suffering by heart I have seen him, sustained alone by an unadulterated love of freedom, with no rights of property to protect, go forth, exultant and in the pride and strength of his manhood, to the fray and return pierced by the relentless bullet, and meekly, as the warm blood ebbed from his veins, breathe his last, I have seen him, too, on the long weary march, patiently bear up against hunger & fatigue. I have watched him, with his tattered garments & thin jacket, when the pelting rain drove against him, & froze as it fell; and listened to his cheerful laugh when he drew close to the camp fire & thawed his stiffened limbs. And with all this fail to receive the bare pittance necessary to satisfy the cravings of an appetite rendered morbid by continual fasting. Few officers ever sympathize properly with them, or if they do, venture to express it. You know, my darling, that the gentle look or tender word, in such cases, is powerful for good. I can hardly think of the subject without giving vent to my feelings, and if your sympathetic tears have blotched this sheet, God bless you for it. I would not be without this woman's weakness for all the wealth of Croesus.

—William L. Nugent to wife, March 20, 1864, Howorth Letters.

¶ The hospitality displayed by the women to visiting soldiers was the subject of many entries in wartime diaries. When J. M. Love was at Port Gibson, he was greatly impressed.

We Have Just Been to Church Praying for You

I CALLED, EVENING AFTER the charge at Port Gibson, at Mr. Archer's, in company with Capt. Garrotte; found supper and most agreeable guest in Mrs. Archer, Miss Jennie Archer and the rest. This courtesy of a well bred family, spiced with native kindness and feminine wit and elegance is a treat to the over marched soldier. This to the soldier is an oasis in the desert to the famished traveler, 'tis all he desires or hopes for; physically he is rested, fed and refreshed, mentally he is replete with enjoyment. Camp worn, march worn, hungry, tired soldier; to be fed, caressed and delighted call at Mr. Archer's near Port Gibson, or Col. Burnley's near Shepards Oldfield, Copiah County. This is general of the citizens of these vicinities. How the ladies of Port Gibson were delighted to see us. Their welcome and smiles and prayers amply rewarded us for all our troubles with the enemy. May God bless these ladies. How our hearts were buoyed when they told us, as we passed through their town, that they had just been at their church praying for us.

Success must attend us when our country women are daily praying God to shield us and bless us with victory. Ah Yankees! had you seen the women and girls of Port Gibson, in all that elevates, purifies and endears the sex to us, equal to any females in the world, as they passed us in throngs saying in the earnest simple language of the heart, "Success to you, Southerners; we have just been to church praying for you." Had you witnessed this, Yankees, your vandalism would cease, your arms would fail you, your bloody deeds would no longer stain your name, you would return home abashed and cease to trouble any longer this brave and generous people.

—J. M. Love, Diary, July, 1864.

¶ Daily life was full of routine for the women. Rarely can one find a letter so revealing of what was happening at home than a gossipy epistle written by Mrs. Thomas J. Taylor of Como to her sister-

in-law, Mrs. Alexander Speed, of North Carolina in January, 1862.

I Do Feel Truly Thankful

I AM PERFECTLY ASHAMED when looking back I see that more than two months has elapsed since your last and most welcome letter was received, and I do hope you have not attributed my silence to any want of affection or of interest in you all. The trouble is, that about the time of its reception, I was very busily engaged in [getting] Johnnie off, with an entire new outfit of everything, to start with his company to Kentucky, and this, together with grief at parting with him so absorbed me for a long while that I neglected all of my correspondents. Since, I have spent a week visiting, carrying my baby out for the first time, and then came the *hog killing*. So you must indeed forgive me this time—as I have hitherto been pretty punctual. I receive a letter almost weekly from my dear boy; he is now at Bowling Green, and is much pleased with his Company and Captain, belongs to an Artillery Company pronounced by Gen. Hardee to be the best drilled and most effective in the confederate service. His post is cannoneer. We felt greatly gratified at receiving by last mail a letter from Capt. Hudson, which I considered very complimentary. He says "I have spared your son from no duties, and have always found him prompt, active, intelligent and zealous. A good boy and an excellent soldier." To appreciate this compliment I must inform you that Capt. Alfred Hudson is a man of the greatest wealth and highest standing, who has left family and everything else for his country's good, and he is a father and a friend to all his men.

We have had a most beautiful fall and winter so far. The first snow that I've ever seen in Miss. fell last week and we have winter weather for a few days, but the cold has hardly been sufficient at any time to kill pork. (Lovely Providence must be favoring the poor soldiers). The roads which are generally so dreadful in this county at this season are as smooth and firm now as possible, and I see white hyaconths in bloom in my flower garden. Many around here have peas up and have been eating lettuce for sometime, and I saw onions as large as an egg at Dr. Irby's just before Xmas. As I don't believe in very early gardening, I have done little in mine, but I have what I *consider better,* frying sized chickens and any quantity of *eggs*. I sometimes send off ten dozen at a

time to Como, for which I get 20 cts, and 32½ for butter. These hard times I have been selling all the butter I could spare, trying in this way to get me little necessaries for housekeeping, as Mr. Taylor has hardly been able to collect enough to furnish us the actual comforts, together with things indispensable on a plantation. He has made a splendid crop of *everything* this year, and I do feel truly thankful that we have made a start once more, and felt really proud when I saw our own meat cut out and put in the smoke house. By steelyard weights we made 100 bales of cotton but this is of little use to us now. I hope John will be able to dispose of his crop on good terms, as I see a great many in Texas are selling to the Mexicans. A good many here will be compelled to sell enough of their cotton at 8 cts. to pay their taxes with. Mr. T. is having 4 or 5 hundred bushels of oats now threshed out to send to Memphis, hoping to realize enough to pay his with, not wishing to sell his cotton at those low figures. We get nothing here at even reasonable prices but sugar and molasses, the former at 7 and 8 cts., and the latter at 23 cts. per gallon. In feeding our negroes we give them meat once a day and plenty of molasses for their breadfasts, and milk for supper, which they seem well satisfied with, especially as game is so plentiful. Several times in each week you may hear Anthony's horn calling up the hounds for a hunt, and they seldom return without two or sometimes three large coons or 'possums, or some *wild varmint*. I believe every darkie on the land has made himself a coon skin cap for the winter.

* * *

The ladies in this neighborhood are busily employed working for the soldiers. The sewing society gave a splendid dinner on Xmas day at Como just to entice the *old* gentlemen out, to *beg them for their cotton.* (They have long ago got all the change in the country) But most of the old fellows *smelt the rat* and stayed quietly by their own firesides. Waller attended and represented the tables just groaning beneath their weight of nice things. . . .

Have you put up ice yet? Despairing of ever seeing another ice cream in summer, I took advantage of the last cold spell and had a nice custard made and put out in the snow all night, so had a *winter* ice cream which we all enjoyed. How does *Aunt* Pattie come on and is she yet able to cook? Our darkies have got in quite a marrying fever this winter, and I have promised all that take wives at home to give them a nice supper.

Bella wrote me that my venerable *Aunt* Lucy (Papa's weaver) was now on the *free list,* being too infirm to either milk or weave, . . .

I must now close, with many many good wishes and prayers for the welfare of your little circle, and continued love for you both I remain as ever your truly affectionate sister—

Mr. Taylor and the boys send much love to you both. Tell Bob that Mr. T. has got to be so industrious that he carries *knitting* in his *pocket.* He has just finished Waller and himself both a pr. of gloves, knit on a bone.

—Virginia H. Sowell Papers (Owned by Mrs. W. B. Sowell, Crenshaw, Miss.).

¶ Sometimes hardships were more than could be borne. The Britisher Fremantle was shocked at the situation when he visited the state in 1863.

The Silent Despair of the Women

15TH MAY (FRIDAY)—We slept at a farmhouse. All the males were absent at the war, and it is impossible to exaggerate the unfortunate condition of the women left behind in these farmhouses. They have scarcely any clothes, and nothing but the coarsest bacon to eat, and are in miserable uncertainty as to the fate of their relations, whom they hardly ever communicate with. Their slaves, however, generally remain true to them.

Our hostess, though she was reduced to the greatest distress, was well-mannered, and exceedingly well educated; very far superior to a woman of her station in England.

16th May (Saturday)—We started a little before daylight, our team looking so very mean that we expressed doubts as to their lasting—to Mr. Nelson's great indignation.

We breakfasted at another little farmhouse on some unusually tough bacon, and coffee made of sweet potatoes. The natives, under all their misery, were red-hot in favor of fighting for their independence to the last, and I constantly hear the words, "This is the most unjust war ever waged upon a people by mortal man."

At 11 A.M. we met a great crowd of Negroes, who had been run into

the swamps to be out of the way of the Yankees, and they were now returning to Louisiana.

At 2 P.M. a wounded soldier gave us the deplorable information that the enemy really was on the railroad between Jackson and Brookhaven, and that Jackson itself was in his hands. This news staggered us all, and Nelson became alarmed for the safety of his wretched animals; but we all determined to go on at all hazards, and see what turned up.

We halted for dinner at a farmhouse, in which were seven virgins, seated all of a row. They were all good-looking, but shy and bashful to a degree I never before witnessed. All the young women in this country seem to be either uncommonly free-spoken, or else extremely shy.

When I spoke to him [Jefferson Davis] of the wretched scenes I had witnessed in his own state (Mississippi), and of the miserable, almost desperate, situation in which I had found so many unfortunate women, who had been left behind by their male relations; and when I alluded in admiration to the quiet, calm, uncomplaining manner in which they bore their sufferings and their grief, he said with much feeling that he always considered *silent despair* the most painful description of misery to witness, in the same way that he thought *mute insanity* was the most awful form of madness.

—Lord (ed.), *The Fremantle Diary,* 81–82, 168.

¶ Sometimes the women were ready to take up arms. In 1862 the abandoned office of the Memphis *Appeal* yielded up the following letter:

Meet Me at Masons and Dixon Line

WHERE AS THE wicked policy of the president— Making war upon the South for refusing to submit to wrong too palpable for Southerners to do. And where as it has become necessary for the young Men of our country, My Brother, in the number To enlist to do the dirty work of Driving the Mercenarys from our sunny south. whose soil is too holy for such wretches to tramp And whose atmosphere is to pure for them to breathe

For such an indignity afford to Civilization I Merely Challenge any

abolition or Black Republican lady of character if there can be such a one found among the negro equality tribe. To Meet Me at Masons and dixon line. With a pair of Colt's repeaters or any other weapon they May Choose, That I May receive satisfaction for the insult.

—Richardson, *The Secret Service*, 267.

¶ Women frequently did their stint at hospital duties, either in their own community or away from home. Most of the stigma that had been associated with the social status of nurses seems to have been forgotten. Kate Cumming tells of her observations in northeast Mississippi in the spring of 1862.

He . . . Has Condescended to Have One Lady

MAY 28, 1862—ARRIVED AT Okolona yesterday. I am staying at Judge Thornton's. The place is much changed since we were last here; it is filled with refugees, and sick and wounded soldiers. Mrs. T. has every corner of her house filled with the latter. I am informed that all private dwellings in the place are in the same condition.

May 29—In company with a lady, I visited the General Hospital. Dr. Caldwell has improved much since my last visit here, as he granted us permission to go through it, and has *condescended* to have one lady—Mrs. Woodall—in his hospital. I was introduced to her, and tendered my services, but she did not accept them. I should not think that it was possible for her to do one third part of the work necessary. I am told that there are no less than two thousand patients in the place.

Quite a number of new buildings have been erected—large wooden sheds, well ventilated, and capable of holding from twenty-five to thirty patients each. The part which we visited looked very well, but there is certainly room for improvement. We were shown the bread which the patients eat; it was black and sour; but as Mrs. W. has been here but a few days, she has not had time to improve matters. It is said that an improvement is visible already.

—Kate Cumming, *A Journal of Hospital Life in the Confederate Army of Tennessee* (Louisville, 1866), 30–31.

¶ In the last two years of the war, after the state had become demoralized by Yankee armies, there was so much want and privation that a brisk trade between the lines sprang up. Naturally there was much that could not be commended about this "blockade running." Speculators became involved in it. But women became a major factor in the trade. In some cases they, too, were up to no good; but most of them were desperately seeking medicine and other supplies that they or their neighbors needed at home. William L. Nugent had misgivings about it all.

Bid My Gentle Sister Be Very Careful

Alf tells me Evie has gone to Memphis & returned. If Sis will allow me to play Mentor awhile I would strongly dissuade her from making any unnecessary trips of the kind. It is very "demoralizing" for gentle girls to be brought into Contact with the traffickers in Memphis & elsewhere in such times as these; and while I have every confidence in Evie's purity and modesty, I should dislike to see her thrown among them too much. Southern ladies are not regarded very highly by the miserable stuff that now, as a general thing, floats up and down the Mississippi; and it is strange but true, that numbers of our best & most polished girls have been gradually driven from the high ground of modest demeanor.

—William L. Nugent to wife, March 27, 1864,
Howorth Papers.

¶ The Mississippi attorney general had more than misgivings:

Women (I Cannot Call Them Ladies)

You have doubtless heard something of the demoralization of public sentiment in many portions of this State, particularly between this and Big Black. During the temporary withdrawal of Genl. Lee's Cavalry, pursuing the Sherman raid party, a very active trade was carried on by numerous citizens from this, and other portions of Hinds County, with the enemy, at Big Black. A large amount of cotton was hurried forward, in anticipation of the return of our Cavalry. As many as 23 wagons loaded with cotton, which was taken there passed through the public

streets of Jackson on the holy Sabbath, in the view of the whole community. I am afraid that, in the district between Raymond and Utica, women (I cannot call them *ladies,* however respectable they may have been heretofore) mount their horses, and ride over the neighborhood, buying up cotton, to sell to the Yankees, & invest the proceeds in merchandize, such as coffee, clothing, &, in some instances, in any kind of luxuries. Parties have been engaged in this illicit and demoralizing trade whom you know personally, and whose reputations . . . shielded them from the suspicions of even harboring a thought of engaging in such disgraceful transacting.

—T. J. Wharton to Davis, April 16, 1864,
Jefferson Davis Papers.

¶ Regardless of the official attitude of the army, blockade-running by the women was an accepted and entirely respectable practice where decent women were involved, and apparently the number of derelicts was in the minority.

All told, whatever they did, the women were making the best of an impossible situation. Even in Jones County, where deserters were on the loose, it was to the women that Confederate authorities appealed to get the men back in the army. Although intensely loyal to their men, the women did apparently succeed in bringing some of the derelicts back to the army.

They No Longer Encourage Them to Take to the Woods

THE STATE OF affairs which has prevailed here is on account of the want of protection to property afforded by the presence of even a small number of troops. The adjoining counties, Perry, Green, and Covington, are in just as bad a condition, and all the southern counties in Mississippi will follow if they are not intimidated by what has been done in Jones. The women are frightened and are working hard to get the men to come in, and are doing some good. They no longer encourage them to take the woods, which is a favorable change.

—*Official Records,* Ser. 1, XXXII, part 3, 633.

¶ Although there was an occasional instance of fraternizing with the Yankee invaders, for the most part Mississippi women gave the enemy a hard time. Cordelia Lewis Scales of Holly Springs had no mercy on the army of occupation:

It Makes Me Mad To Think of Them

I MUST TELL YOU about the Yankees as you are so anxious to know how they behaved. You may congratulate yourself, my dear friend, on being slighted by them. They came & stayed in our yard all the time. Their camp was where our soldiers are now. And they use to order the milk to be churned any time & they took corn, fodder, ruined the garden & took every thing in the poultry line. Hulberts division, the very worst, stayed here with us nearly all the time. I never heard such profanity in all my life & so impudent, they would walk around the house & look up at the windows & say, "wonder how many Secesh gals they got up there." I did not have my pistol & Ma would not let me go where they were, but one evening she was so worn out she sent me down to attend to the skimming of some wine & other household matters, when she thought they had all left. Just as I got out in the yard, two Cavalry men & six infantry came up & surrounded me. Pas was not at home. Ma & Sis Lucy were looking on & were frightened very much for they knew I would speak my mind to them if they provoked me. The first Lt. asked me if we had any chickens. I told him, "no." "Any milk?" I said, "no,"—that some of his tribe had been there that morning & got every thing in that line. He smiled & said "they did not pay you for them did they?" I told him a few pretended to pay by giving us federal money dont seem to be in ferred leaves to that. He said "why federal money dont seem to be in demand." I said "not down this way sure." The second Lt. a red-headed ugly pert thing commenced to laugh about our men running from Holly Springs & said "our men never run, Miss," I told him, no, we all knew what a orderly retreat they made from Bull Run, Manassas, & Leighsburg, that it did their army a great deal of credit & that I hope they felt proud of it. One of the pickets remarked then "Oh! hush Tom you dont know how to talk to Secesh gals." I turned to him & thanked him that we were all ladies in the South. The 2nd Lt. got very mad at what I said about their men running—said, "I can inform you, Miss, I was in the battle of Leighsburg & our men did not run far." I told him I knew they did not, they ran as far as they could and then

jumped in the river. The first Lt. broke out in a laught & said "Ah! Tom shes got you now," & turned to me & said, "I admire your candor very much. I had much rather see you so brave than for you to pretend to entertain Union sentiments." I told him that there wasnt a Union man, woman, or child in the state of Mississippi & the first man that he was to shoot him right there for he did it only to protect his property. He said he would & wanted to know if all the ladies were that brave. I informed him they were & if they whipped this part of our army that we had girls & boys enough to whip them. One of the soldiers said "I think you had better inspire some of your men with your bravery." I told him that our men needed no inspiration whatever. The Lt. then said to me "Now, Miss, you southern ladies would not fight, you are too good natured." I said we were very good natured but when our soil was invaded & by such creatures as they were it was enough to arouse any one—he wanted to know what I styled them. I told him Yankees or negro thieves. This made him very mad & he told me they were western men. I told him that I judged people by the company they kept, that they fought with them & stayed with them that "birds of a feather would flock together." He remembered & turned & left them then. I wish you could have seen me when I walked away just like the very ground was poluted by them. The first Lt. asked me for some water when he saw I was going, I told him there was a spring on the place if he wanted any. He then told me that such bravery should be rewarded—that nothing on the place should be touched. He made all the men march before him & did not let them trouble anything. Just as I was walking away and congratulating myself that they had not cursed me one of them said "She is the damnest little Secesh I ever saw" & another "she is a damn pretty gal, I be-dog if she aint." I could write you a newspaper about them but I reckon you are tired now & it makes me mad to think about them.

—Percy L. Rainwater, "The Civil War Letters of Cordelia Scales," *Journal of Mississippi History,* I (1939), 175–76.

¶ Perhaps some resolutions by the legislature in December, 1863, give the most honest estimate of the dogged persistence of the women.

The Lofty and Patriotic Spirit

RESOLVED BY THE Legislature of the State of Mississippi, That being profoundly and gratefully impressed with the lofty and patriotic spirit, the ardent devotion, and the unremitting labors and sacrifices of the mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of the State, in providing for the wants and comforts of our gallant soldiers, and who by their prayers and approving smiles have nerved our veteran soldiers to deeds of heroism in the field in this bloody and unequal contest with our heartless and unrelenting foe, do hereby tender to them their heartfelt thanks and the thanks of the whole people of the State of Mississippi.

—*Mississippi Laws* (Selma, Ala.), November, 1863, 226.

4) The Amenities on the Home Front

¶ War or no war, there were lighter moments. There had to be singing and dancing; there were also tableaux and plays. There were the holiday seasons, especially Christmas. Sometimes the soldiers would get home for the enjoyment of these amenities of life; sometimes it was merely the stranger soldier in a nearby camp who dropped by to enjoy them. Often it was the folks at home, all by themselves.

As for amusement, nothing was more of a delight to the Mississippians of the time than "tableaux, charades, and such."

We Had a Great Deal of Fun

I HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN to tell you what my excuse was for my long delay. It is this—that I have been very busy for the past two or three weeks preparing for some tableaux and charades which came off yester week. We had a great deal of fun & every one seemed to enjoy it so much. It was some of my own getting up. I will tell you some scenes we had. I opened the exercises by singing "The Volunteer" on the guitar. A Volunteer was standing by me dressed in all his regimentals. He was an officer. Some one said he lost his heart that night & I wont say who to. I know mine is gone. The song is a new one sent by a gentleman friend of mine from New Orleans.

The first scene was Faith, Hope & Charity. Faith was represented by a girl dressed in white with a little child kneeling at her feet with its hands together, as if praying & looking up to the mass of evergreen the girl had in her hand & was pointing at. I was Hope—I had on a white dress, my sleves looped up with white rose buds & green leaves—the green leaves had something on them to represent dew. My hair was dressed with flowers also; I held a wreath of flowers in my hand & two little girls, one on one side, one on the other, reaching after it. Charity was a girl dressed in white with a little baby in her arms. The baby was giving a little beggar girl some money. The children, strange to say, behaved very well. It would not, I am afraid, be interesting to you to read all about the tableaux, or rather the descriptions of the scenes. Suffice it to say that we all enjoyed it very much & the audience was highly delighted. I was the old woman & every one said, "a better imitation, they never saw." We had music between the scenes, on piano & guitar. We are going to have a grand exhibition Christmas for the benefit of the soldiers—going to have Tableaux, Charades, dialogues & private Theatricals. I wish so much you would come & spend Christmas with me, & join in our sport.

—Rainwater, "The Civil War Letters of Cordelia Scales," *loc. cit.*, 171–72.

¶ Christmas was not much of a family affair in wartime, although its outward signs were carefully maintained. The firecrackers and rockets that Southern children fancied at Christmas were still to be found in the first years of the war, though they were carefully rationed by the users. On Christmas Day, 1861, B. L. C. Wailes observed the note of economy.

One at a Time at Considerable Intervals

Quite warm and a great deal cloudy. Very dull gloomy Christmas few persons stirring—Whites or Negroes. No firing of guns (powder being $4 per pound) and only the boys from the few homes with means to buy crackers a few of which were very economically fired off singly one at a time at considerable intervals Service at College Chapel by Mr. Douglas the room being very tastily decorated with evergreen wreaths,

festoons & appropriate devices & texts— Ten gentlemen & some twenty five ladies present— Gave Negroes holiday for rest of the week . . .
Paid for Christmas eggs and But.—$3.00

—B. L. C. Wailes, Diary, December 25, 1861.

¶ By 1862 the austerities were more apparent. The Natchez *Courier* preached a Christmas sermon.

Forbids Us Realizing the Usual Pleasures

THE PECULIAR SITUATION of our country, forbids us realizing the usual pleasures and festivities of a Christmas Day, in all their bearings. Fathers and sons are absent in the tented field, many a family mourns the loss of some loved one, struck down by the invader; while others are suffering from the crushing and vindictive acts of the inhuman foe. Under such circumstances, it cannot be expected that homes will look naturalor the inmates gathered about the hearth-stone appear altogether gay. Yet to such of us who may be permitted to greet each other on this occasion of Christmas, we cannot refrain from wishing a happy season. Let us remember thos who are absent, and invoke the God of all manking, that they may be returned to us before another Christmas, with the blessings of Peace to our glorious Confederacy.

Christmas has been clebrated from time immemorial by the believers in Christ, and many times have the Roundheads of the ancient puritanical stock attempted its suppression. Some of these same Roundhead descendants, at the North, are now the prime movers for the destruction of the South; and should they succeed, it would not astonish us at all to hear of their making, as in ancient days, one grant attempt to destroy the time-honored institution of Christmas. The old Roundheads decided that it was impious to eat cake and drink ale on Christmas; why should the latter-day, Abolition Roundheads hesitate to set aside Christmas day altogether as a season of Christian rejoicing and festivity?

But we hope that the Butlers, the Banks, and all other Cromwellian Roundheads of New England, will be banished the South before another Christmas Holyday.

—Natchez *Daily Courier,* December 25, 1862.

¶ How things were at Christmas in 1863, with some Mississippians far away in Richmond at the executive mansion, we may learn from a letter by Varina Davis to William Preston Johnston, Albert Sidney's son, who served on Davis' staff:

We Had a Lonesome Eggnog

YOUR SELECTION OF pretty toys for my little ones, were given to me after your departure; and their reception of them was marked by acclamations, such as we poor war-worn veterans would fain offer up upon a proclamation of peace. Jeff was specially detailed for the purpose of shouting, which he proved himself worthy to do in a representative manner. For myself I sat amidst the storm of approbation, and fire crackers, and read folk songs, the poetry of which is only more beautiful than the exquisite paper, and type of the edition, I miss only the autograph.

Will you accept a retrospective merry Christmas wish from me, and a poor little crop of your little wife's hair, which may put you in mind of how soft and black it is when nothing of her is nearer; and also let me say of the vile workmen, and Jewelers in this blessed Richmond— The work people put me in mind of a German story about the world of chance, where nothing was regulated by usage, but men wore their heads in the most comfortable manner, and trees bore no fruit according to their kind but sported from peaches to sausages, in English it would be called in our vocabulary the world of Secession. If you would ask of me my Richmond carols, they are *blank*— As usual Richmond glaces—but deportment perfect, arguing of course that they were not "brought up by hand."

After many discussions, ever green and fresh, the loads of holly and cedar were forthcoming, and I beheld the Church very prettily dressed. We had a lonesome eggnog Christmas eve, which "cheered," why be more specific. We also had a good many firewords—Roman candles, and wheels, "sich" is fireworks—the wheels would not whirl, the candles flickered, but with noble disregard of results, the children shouted—"Ask me no more."

Heaven forefend I should go off into Christmas legends, either objective or subjective, so I will but express the hope that Mrs. Johnston was as happy as I hoped you would make her, and the little ones as

wrought up as were mine, and then release you. Mr. Duncan I sincerely hope is better, and more cheerful, it seems so hard that the young should waste youth in suffering. Please remember me with all womanly good wishes, and sympathy to Mrs. Duncan and Mrs. Johnston, and kiss the children for me, particularly little Albert, and will you join your family in believing me affectionately and

* * *

P. S. If the family knew I had written they would ask to add their remembrance to mine. Helen gave me a little steam engine. I wonder if she thought it might be a check upon unprincipled locomotion—there are sermons in charms you know. Yesterday I really walked myself sick.

—Arthur M. Shaw, "A War-Time Christmas Letter of Mrs. Jefferson Davis," *Journal of Mississippi History,* VII (1945), 223–24.

¶ There was little time for the serious drama as such. Nevertheless, the village opera house remained open. At Natchez there was even an attempt at a "season" in 1864. In November the *Courier* reported the fare:

Quite a Lively Appearance

Our little Theatre has presented quite a lively appearance every night for a week past. With new and brilliant pieces, the Company has proved quite successful in entertaining their audiences and giving universal satisfaction.

The drama of the "Eagle Eye" has had two representations, and with fine acting and good encouragement.

To-night, the play of "Fraud and its Victims" will again be presented. We look upon this as one of Mr. Miles' best pieces. It is full of incident, and an interest is kept up by the actors throughout its whole representation. We shall be greatly deceived, if the theatre is not crowded to-night —and the Managers greeted with an audience that will warrant its repetition to-morrow night.

The nightly increase of ladies at the City Theatre, is the best omen of the good order maintained at this place of amusement.

A family Matinee to-morrow evening at halfpast 2 o'clock, for the benefit of the juveniles.

—Natchez *Courier,* November 18, 1864.

5) Morale

¶ Keeping up spirits was no little task. One of the most effective means of doing so was by abusing Old Abe and the Yanks. In October, 1861, the Brookhaven *Advertiser* was preparing an I-told-you-so for the war's end.

They May Stay at Home and Swindle Each Other

After the war ends, it will be wonderful to note myriads of Yankee drummers and adventurers who will wend their way "down South," with pockets filled with certificates that the bearer has always been true to the secession cause and was compelled to hide in granite ledges and behind blocks of ice, to keep from being converted into a skeleton by those horrid Lincolnites!

There will, when peace comes, be plenty of such cattle, anxious to "locate," teach Southern schools, take Southern daguerreotypes, draw out teeth, build our houses, get our dimes. But we want neither them nor their codfish, books and Boston notions. They may stay at home and swindle each other, for swindle they must—labor is to laborious for them. "Deluded brethren," stay at home after we have conquered a peace; for such impudent dogs as you, are treated in this country to a coat of tar and feathers, or "thirty-nine well laid on." This advice is scarcely premature, for we may conquer peace any hour, and if we don't look out, we will be flooded with the vile rabble again.

Southern labor must not be snubbed and jostled into the corner again by Yankee arrogance.

—Natchez *Daily Courier,* October 19, 1861.

¶ Stories of bravado were a great boost to spirits. Here is the one about a soldier willing to be shot out of a cannon.

With Any Amount of Powder Behind Him

A SPECIMEN OF "MASSISSIP." We met a Mississippian yesterday, who is in the Confederate service, and "individually and collectively," is a good specimen of "Old Massissip." He was in the Mexican war, and shows thirteen bullet scars upon his person. This is his spirit; he is willing to be put into a ten-inch Columbiad, with any amount of powder behind him, and be fired at "Old Abe." If he can plant his head in the bread basket of the U. S. Pub. Func., he is reckless of the consequences to himself. He leaves a wife in the lower part of Mississippi, but she cheerfully gives him up to this cause. "Barkis" is willing.

Ibid., October 31, 1861.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

THE HIGHER LIFE

THE CIVIL WAR EARLY MADE ITS INROADS ON THE HIGHER LIFE OF Mississippians. Much of the ante bellum way of life had to be abandoned; some of it, in fact, would never be recovered. The arts, education, religion, literature, and the pleasant ways of social intercourse were disrupted.

Mississippians did not forego all this without complaint or without a struggle. There were persistent efforts to preserve and nurture the things of the spirit—even to the very end of the war.

1) A Culture at Stake

¶ What did it all mean—this degradation of war? Was the South, as all had known it, going to be wiped out? Some of the lamentations that arose from trench and fireside were tragic indeed.

W. P. Chambers was one of the numerous middle-aged members of a company formed in 1862 in the Piney Woods County of Covington. His journal of the war reflects the family man's concern with the crisis of the times. In February, 1864, he raised his voice in despair.

Forgotten Are the Amenities

SOMETIMES I WONDER what posterity will think of this war, after the last spark of Southern resistance is extinguished in blood? Why such whole-

sale destruction of life and property? Why such rivers of undying hatred? What induced thirty millions of the human race, living under the same government, all speaking the same language and having a common origin, to engage in such an unholy strife. Already three quarters of a million of the best and bravest of the land have given up their lives. A hundred thousand widows and nearly half a million orphans fill the land with lamentations. With us in the South, the wheels of social progress ar stopped, religion is retarded and the arts and sciences are laid away and covered with dust, forgotten are the amenities, and all that elevates, ennobles and adorns. And for what? Nominal freedom will come to some four or five millions of an inferior race—that will probably be invested with the right of suffrage without intelligence to use it,—thus affording to the world the most conspicuous example in all its history, that republican governments are a failure.

—W. P. Chambers, "My Journal," *Publication of Mississippi Historical Society,* Centenary Series, V (1925), 303.

¶ Not many months earlier, far off in New York, Frederick A. P. Barnard, who as chancellor of the University of Mississippi in the fifties had built up one of the finest universities of the day, was writing a letter to President Lincoln bemoaning the turn of things.

I Am One . . . Ruined

I AM ONE WHOM the great rebellion has, in a worldly sense, ruined; one whom it found in the possession of a highly honorable position, in the quiet pursuit of a favorite and useful profession, in the bosom of a delightful social circle, in the enjoyment of an income ample enough to satisfy every reasonable desire, surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries of life, animated by the near prospect of beholding the consummation of golden results to which I had devoted the tireless labor of years, and sustained and cheered in the discharge of a difficult responsibility and duty, by the encouraging voice of a wide circle of influential friends; and whom, in the space of a few short months, it reduced to the condition of a homeless wanderer, without an occupation, without a

prospect, without present means of subsistence, and—though life, indeed, remained—without an object for which to live.

—[Frederick A. P. Barnard], *Letter to the President of the United States by a Refugee* (New York, 1863), 5–6.

¶ But there were many men—many in the ranks, in fact—who were not disposed to let war's barbarity destroy their souls. One of these was Captain T. Otis Baker of Natchez. Scribbled in his diary sometime during the year 1864 was the following:

A Daily Examination

What new ideas,—What new proposition or truth, have I gained—What further confirmation of known truths—& what advances in any part of knowledge have I made?

—T. Otis Baker, Diary, 1864 (Miss. Arch., Jackson).

2) The Written Word

¶ War's emotions find their way into many channels, including those of literature. Perhaps no war in America's history ever generated more poetry than did the Civil War. Soldiers waxed poetic as they sat it out in camp and trench. And the folks at home wrote their souls out, too. Nobody seems to have bothered very much whether what was being written was literature or not. It served its purpose. The authors were proud of these words—so proud, in fact, that they sometimes even quarreled over authorship, as did Lamar Fontaine and those who challenged his claim to "All Quiet on the Potomac."

The controversy over "All Quiet" raged during and after the war. A letter written by a soldier named "John" to his father from Camp Leesburg, Va., on October 2, 1861, has been cited as proving the authorship.

He Wrote a Great Many Copies

THE POEM WRITTEN by . . . Lamar—who left us to join Capt. Alexanders Cavalry Company of Virginians, is a great favorite in camp. it tells very pathetically of the death of a picket and is set to good music. I dont know any name for it as it is headed only: "All quiet along the Potomac." He wrote a great many copies and then got a printer here to print it on small strips of paper for him, he does not sell them but gives them away. I think him a Poet of the first water, judging by the sample he is giving away.

—Lamar Fontaine Papers (Miss. Arch., Jackson).

¶ Whether Lamar Fontaine wrote "All Quiet" or not, he claimed the authorship with fearless vigor. He was himself a fabulous person. His life reads like all the adventure stories rolled into one. In fact, one is almost moved to inquire not whether Lamar Fontaine wrote "All Quiet" but whether there really was a Lamar Fontaine! In 1863 the Natchez *Courier* told the story of Lamar's "life" and printed a "corrected" version of the controversial ballad.

A Mutilated Private

AS SOON AS the war commenced he came to Mississippi and enlisted as a private in the first company organized for the defence of the State, the Mississippi Rifles, of Jackson, commanded by Capt. Robert Smith, the heroic Col. Smith who fell at Mumfordsville, Ky. Under this excellent officer he served at Pensacola, as an infantry soldier, and then as an artillerist until he was transferred to his father's company in the Army of the Potomac.

At the battle of Manassas he was severely wounded by a cannon shot, which passed under his feet, bruising one of them so badly that he was unfitted for further duty as an infantry soldier. Finding that he was unwilling to be discharged, his father procured him a transfer to Capt. Alexander's Company (I) 2d Regiment Virginia Cavalry. Under Generals Jackson and Ewell, he distinguished himself in the battles of Front Royal, Cross Keys, and all the actions of the Valley. Near Winchester, in company with a young gentleman from Campbell county, Va., (private

John Moore,) he performed a feat without a parallel in the annals of war, and which is mentioned with the highest commendation in Gen. Ewell's official report. These two young men, unassisted and alone, charged a piece of artillery planted on the Winchester turnpike manned by eight of the enemy, killed and wounded two of their number, drove the rest from the gun, and brought it off in triumph to their commander. Near Strasburg, a shell exploded against his horse's head, blowing it to atoms and breaking Lamar's thigh. While his comrades were carrying him from the field, another shell wounded him severely in the hip. Soon after his wounds were dressed, while lying under a tree, a minnie ball penetrated the back of his neck, passed down near his spine and lodged where the surgeons have not been able to find it. Since then his right leg and side have remained paralyzed. He recovered sufficiently to obtain leave of absence from the hospital in Charlottesville for several weeks, which he spent with his company in performing military duty with his crutches tied to his saddle. In this condition he fought seven battles—Hazel River Bridge, Warrenton Springs, the Rappahannock or Waterloo Bridge, the battles of the 29th, 30th and 31st of Manassas, and the battle of Germantown.

While the enemy were shelling Warrenton Springs, General R. H. Anderson wished to ascertain what division of the army occupied the north bank of the Rappahannock, opposite his position. He volunteered to bring him the necessary information, swam the Rappahannock, surprised three of the enemy's armed pickets and brought them across the river to the General, who gave the crutched hero a certificate complimenting his skill and gallantry. At the battle of Hazel river, a minnie ball broke one of his crutches, and one of the enemy's horses without a rider ran against him and broke the other. In the second day's fight at Manassas, he had a horse killed under him, and another the day after at the battle of Germantown. While pursuing the enemy's cavalry, a pistol shot penetrated his cap, grazed his temple, and knocked him from his horse. Since, he has been pronounced incompetent to perform military duty on account of his wounds, and while acting as a volunteer on hospital furloughs, he has captured six prisoners without any assistance, and killed many of the enemy. In different battles he has had six horses killed under him, and I have no doubt has killed more of the enemy than any soldier in our army.

If skill, courage and hazardous and useful services on the battle field deserve promotion, he has nobly earned it. Just before the resignation of

the Hon. G. W. Randolph he was recommended for promotion by Gen. Ewell; but so far his merit has been overlooked, and an "unknown hero," capable of drilling and leading an army to victory, is a mutilated private, while scores of "cross road" politicians, unscathed by ball or sabre, and strangers to the roar of battle are commanding companies and regiments.

It will gratify the friends of our "unknown heroes" to learn that Lamar Fontaine is the author of the beautiful lines which have recently been published in all our papers, commencing "All quiet along the Potomac to-night," a copy of which, corrected by the author, is herewith enclosed:

"All Quiet along the Potomac To-Night,"

By Lamar Fontaine, Company I, Second Regiment Virginia Cavalry. Written while on picket on the bank of the Potomac.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,"
Except here and there a stray picket
Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.

'Tis nothing—a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost! only one of the men
Mourning out, all alone, the death rattle.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,"
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming,
And their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon
And the light of their camp fires are gleaming.

A tremulous sigh, as a gentle night wind
Thro' the forest leaves slowly is creeping,
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard o'er the army while sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lonly sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two on the low trundle bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack—his face dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender

As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
And their mother—"may Heaven defend her."

The moon seems to shine as brightly as then—
Than night when the love was unspoken,
Leaped up to his lips, and when low murmur'd vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.

Then drawing his sleeves roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off the tears that are welling;
And gathers his gun close up to his breast
As if to keep down the heart's swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
And his footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes thro' the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it the moonlight so wond'rously flashing?
It looked like a rifle? "Ha! Mary good bye!"
And his lifeblood is ebbing and splashing.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night"
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,
"The Picket's" off duty forever.

—Natchez *Daily Courier,* January 29, 1863.

¶ In 1862 the first bombardment of Vicksburg by the Yankees produced an anonymous poem "Dedicated With Respect and Admiration to Major-General Earl Van Dorn."

Bombardment of Vicksburg

For sixty days and upwards
A storm of shell and shot
Rained round as in a flaming shower,
But still we faltered not!

"If the noble city perish,"
  Our grand young leader said,
"Let the only walls the foe shall scale
  Be ramparts of the dead!"

For sixty days and upwards
  The eye of heaven waxed dim,
And even throughout God's holy morn,
  O'er Christian's prayer and hymn,
Arose a hissing tumult,
  As if the fiends of air
Strove to engulf the voice of faith
  In the shrieks of their despair.

There was wailing in the houses,
  There was trembling on the marts,
While the tempest raged and thundered,
  'Mid the silent thrill of hearts;
But the Lord, our shield, was with us,
  And ere a month had sped,
Our very women walked the streets,
  With scarce one throb of dread.

And the little children gambolled—
  Their faces purely raised,
Just for a wondering moment,
  As the huge bombs whirled and blazed!
Then turning with silvery laughter
  To the sports which children love,
Thrice mailed in the sweet, instinctive thought,
  That the good God watched above.

Yet the hailing bolts fell faster
  From scores of flame-clad ships,
And above us denser, darker,
  Grew the conflict's wild eclipse,
Till a solid cloud closed o'er us,
  Like a type of doom and ire,
Whence shot a thousand quivering tongues
  Of forked and vengeful fire.

But the unseen hands of angels
These death-shafts warned aside,
And the dove of heavenly mercy
Ruled o'er the battle tide;
In the houses ceased the wailing,
And through the war-scarred marts
The people strode with the step of hope
To the music in their hearts.

—Frank Moore (ed.), *Rebel Rhymes and Rhapsodies* (New York, 1864), 272–74.

¶ Even old Newt Knight could rattle off a ballad. Whether or not the one which follows was composed during wartime is not known, but it has the ring of contemporaneity.

I Rise One Morning

I RISE ONE MORNING with the rising sun.
I thought I of my rusty gun.
I thought I would have a little fun
Way down in old Catoomer.

I call to Bob, "Go catch out Jack"
While I put on my hunting sack
And in that sack a little snack
For me to eat way down in old Catoomer.

Neither did I or Bob forget
To put in plenty of powder and shot.
I jump on Jack and rode him in a trot
Way down in old Catoomer.

I travel on 'til about noon
And on a limb I spied a coon
I up with my gun and give him a clew
And down to the ground I brought him.

Come listen a while, it's to my song
I'll tell you now, it won't take long

About Young James a liar grave
Who did lie at graduate.

It was on a political day
When I and James, we had our fray.
I said to him in a unfriendly way,
"You better make your get-away."

He bucked his horse, he gagged him thru
He put him on straight duty too.
He thought his horse run of the sorriest
Until he met old General Forrest.

Old General Forrest unto him did say
In a unfriendly way
We've gained the victory we do call
And run away and left it all.

General Van Dorn was a warrior too.
He was superiored by General Lee.
Gen. Van Dorn and Gen. Price too
Both lost their ranks when they met of Gen. Grant.

—Knight, *The Life and Activities of Captain Newton Knight,* 97–98.

¶ The most intimate outpourings of all were the love poems of the day. Most of them were bad poetry but good sentiment. In the midst of a letter to his fiancee Mary Collins of Canton, written during the battle of Atlanta, Emmett Ross lapsed into verses:

While Resting in the Shade

WHILE RESTING IN the shade last evening I thought of my promise to write some poetry for you and managed to get off the following, though it lacks much of being Poetry.

"I'll think of Thee"

I'll think of thee, when morning lifts it[s] light
Upon the hills, far oer the lee,
When flow'rets wake to sip the dew-drops bright,
I'll think of thee, I'll think of thee—

2

I'll think of thee, when all seems dark and drear
When toss'd upon Life's fretful sea;
Though Clouds arise, and anxious fears appear
I'll think of thee, I'll think of Thee

3

I'll think of thee and not forget the heart,
Which thou hast promised, Love, to me:
All clouds will fade and anxious fears depart
I'll think of thee, I'll think of thee

4

I'll think of thee when soft sleep shuts mine eyes
And stars light up the canopy
Of midnight—: Dreaming 'neath the cloudless skies
I'll think of thee, I'll think of thee

5

I'll think of thee, while in the ranks of War,
I fight for home and Liberty.
Thy name my watch-word and my guiding star
I'll think of thee, I'll think of thee.

Now if I did not wish to write something really creditable to myself & pleasing to you I am sure that I would have succeeded better. There is really little poetry in these lines. Yet I need not appologize, nor need I grieve over the lack of harmony manifested in this simple production. *I* never thought that *I* was a poet. The idea was only an hallucination of my friends. The more I try to write, the more satisfied I become of the fact. I don't think that I will ever try to write any more—

—Emmett Ross to Mary V. Collins, July 9, 1864, Ross Letters.

3) The Deviled Printer

¶ Books, newspapers, and periodicals were tremendously popular in the ante bellum South. *DeBow's Review* and the *Southern Literary*

Messenger were avidly read, and nearly every town of any size had at least two competing weekly newspapers.

War brought on the one hand an increased demand for newspapers and on the other a decimation of staff, newsprint, and even information. The telegraphic associations peddled their news to "clubs" before the press could use it. Newsprint had become so scarce by mid-1863 that paper of every size and color was employed, and some publishers just gave up. Editorial staffs were reduced, of course, by volunteering and conscription. So seriously handicapped was the press that in 1864 the Canton *Citizen* cried, "We are all in the 'milish' from the editor to the 'devil.'"

A few books were published, but most of the actual printing consisted of pamphlets, almanacs, and such items as a *Diary of the War for Separation* and a *Southern Flag Songbook,* the latter two coming from the press of H. C. Clarke in Vicksburg before it fled to Mobile in 1863. Magazines were published so rarely that they were "periodical" indeed. One notable event was the brief sojourn of the Memphis *Southern Monthly* at Grenada in 1862.

In June, 1861, the *Eastern Clarion* published a list of thirty-four press members who had gone into the service. These comprised over two-thirds of the profession in the state.

All Honor to the Press

ALL HONOR TO the press of Mississippi: We perform a grateful task when we record the zeal with which the members of the press of Mississippi have laid aside the pen to grasp the sword and hastened to the field of battle. Comparisons are invidious where all manifest so firm a resolve to do their duty, but it is due to the truth of history to say that the press of this State has contributed ten-fold more volunteers in proportion to its numbers than any other profession or avocation.

—Paulding *Eastern Clarion,* June 28, 1861.

¶ Sometimes the boys at the front felt it was just as important to defend their press as their firesides. In 1862 several of them sent the Woodville *Republican* a gift of money.

Our Little Half Sheet

THE HURRICANE RIFLES are informed that their present of $100 for the purpose of assisting us in carrying on the "Republican" these hard times, was duly received through their gallant Captain, I. D. Stamps. We return our sincere thanks to the brave, noble boys, for the compliment conferred, and for the high appreciation in which they hold our little half sheet, but we would have preferred thay had devoted the money to purchasing delicacies and comforts for themselves. We have sent them numbers of our paper, every week, since their departure, but neither expected nor desired remuneration for doing what we only considered a pleasant duty.

—Natchez *Courier*, April 3, 1862.

¶ When paper ran out, such pathetic notices as this appeared:

The Last Sheet

NEWSPAPER EPIDEMIC. REFERRING to the fact that there are now but three newspapers published in North Mississippi, the Oxford *Intelligencer* says:

Had we the capital Croesus had, we could not continue the *Intelligencer*, for printing paper is not to be had now at any price. We have used the last sheet we had in our office. We are extremely sorry that we have thus been starved out, but it could not have been avoided on our part.

Ibid., April 2, 1862.

¶ When newspapers ran out of newsprint, they became a many-colored thing. The Vicksburg *Daily Citizen* spectacularly resorted to wallpaper. The Natchez *Courier* changed its color:

A Variegated Dress

IF WE DO not obtain white paper between this time and Monday, we shall for the first time be compelled to issue the daily on colored. Our patrons

may rely upon our assertion, that we have made every exertion, and at almost any price, to obtain the white article for printing. Even now we have enough white paper (paid for) to last until January next, somewhere between this city and Knoxville, Tenn. As it is, however, our friends can be accomodated to almost any shade of color, except pure white or black. The harlequin could not sigh for more varieties; and were it not for the veneration we hold for the old and venerable name of the "Courier," there would be an inducement held out to call it "The Harlequin," when forced to don a variegated dress.

We have a lot of paper of blood-red color, which will be suitable to print our last issue on, for the Federals to read when they enter the city.

Ibid., April 26, 1862.

¶ When invaders arrived, the press often skedaddled. The Memphis *Appeal* wandered over Mississippi, arriving in Jackson in time to be dislodged in May, 1863, by Grant's army. The official state newspaper, the *Mississippian,* became peripatetic, too, after Jackson's first of many evacuations. The Natchez *Courier* took a dig at the wanderer.

The Habits of a Turtle

WE LEARN THAT the "Mississippian" paper of the 6th is in town, but have not seen it. A friend informs us that its editor says we have been sold. Did its editor concoct that idea as he was advancing backwards towards the Alabama river? A distributing office at Jackson, a publication and editorial room at Meridian, and a Printing Office on the banks of the Alabama river, at Selma, is what is left of our former contemporary's greatness! Our sin, if any, consists in staying at home, while the "Mississippian's" virtue is in fleeing where it is not wanted. But it assimilates very much the habits of a turtle—it puts its head out of the Selma shell when there is no danger, little caring for those behind who have been left to "paddle their own canoe." "Sold" indeed! We imagine the "Mississippian" will be the best sold institution, before this unnatural war is over, that ever studied the navigation of the Alabama river. By-the-by, who's Governor of the State of Mississippi *in* Alabama?"

Ibid., October 20, 1863.

¶ Because of the dearth of copy that often plagued the press in wartime much space was devoted to exchanges. Quite a bit of matter was taken from the Yankee press. One item published early in the war by the Natchez *Courier* was somewhat of a classic.

All the Babies in the Entire South Are in Arms

LATE, LATER, LATEST AND HIGHLY IMPORTANT FROM CHARLESTON—OUR SPECIAL DISPATCHES BY THE UNDERGROUND LINE.

"Charleston, Supper-time Feb. 20th.—All the babies in the entire South are in arms, and many in this city are employed at the breastworks."

"Two and a half Minutes Later.—Hundreds of the noblest women of South Carolina are behind the breastworks, and they boldly express their determination to remain there."

"Still Later—Three Quarters of a Minute.—A number of young ladies were in arms during the greater part of last evening, and many more are extensively anxious to follow the self-sacrificing example of their sisters. Shame on the young men."

"One Quarter of a Minute Later.—We have learned from a reliable source, that the study of military tactics will be introduced into the female schools of this State immediately, as the spirited girls declare their willingness to take charge of the South Carolina 'Infantry' which is to be raised."

"A report from the interior says the negroes wear drilling, but it needs confirmation."

"Still Later.—Everybody is in a blaze of enthusiasm, and the gas company has suspended in consequence."

Ibid., April 12, 1861.

¶ One of the most persistent criticisms of the newspapers during the war was that in the name of freedom of the press they gave vital information to the enemy or spread false rumors. On January 3, 1865, the Meridian *Clarion,* then the official state newspaper, was gently rebuked by the army headquarters there.

The Publication of Such Rumors

THE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL commanding desires me to say that he thinks your information relative to the enemy having been to Grenada, &c. (as published in your paper of this morning), is erroneous. Brigadier-General Adams reports a fight with the enemy on yesterday, between Big Black and Yazoo Rivers, and says he has seen citizens who positively state the enemy has not been to Grenada. Nothing has been received here to justify the belief that the trains referred to in your paragraph have been captured; indeed, all the information we have induces the belief that the trains have not been captured, nor the enemy visited Grenada. From the fact that your paper is published so near headquarters of department, it has occurred to the general that more importance will be attached to your assertions than if they appeared in sheets published elsewhere. He therefore requests that you will hereafter, on receipt of such information as that referred to, give him the opportunity of either verifying or contradicting the same, as the publication of such rumors must cause much unnecessary alarm and uneasiness to those persons having friends or other interests at or near designated points. I am further instructed to assure you the lieutenant-general commanding will at any time take pleasure in furnishing you for publication all information received at headquarters which can be properly be made public.

—*Official Records,* Ser. 1, XLV, part 2, 761.

4) Education

¶ Colleges closed—all except Mississippi College, and it operated only as a preparatory school. Academies fell on evil days. Public schools—what few there were—faltered. Schoolmasters went off to fight. Schoolmarms had their hands full. A few old men tried their hand at keeping school, and schools kept surprisingly well, all things considered.

The University of Mississippi lost most of its students in the first few months of the war. By the end of the year most of its professors were in the service. Usually the Yankee ones went back home. The trustees reported their plight against a background of the institution's ante bellum achievements:

The Dissolution Was Spontaneous

THE UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI, for causes which are generally understood, . . . has been momentarily suspended in its operations, yet it has never been, throughout the whole period of its prosperous career, in the enjoyment of a prosperity more satisfactory than it was in the moment in which by a spontaneous impulse on the part of all its youthful and patriotic inmates to rush to the defense of an imperilled country, its halls were suddedly [*sic*] left vacant. As early as the month of January, when the danger of hostilities was yet very remote, a military company was formed among the students of the University, whose services were tendered to the Governor of the State and accepted by him. The exercises of the University however still went on, being in no way interfered with by the drill of the company, which took place out of class hours. Nor did there seem to be any considerable relaxation in the spirit of study until the exciting events of April absorbed the attention of the whole country, and gave token that the hour had come in which every citizen might be called on to defend his fireside from a wicked invasion.

After this time study in college substantially ceased. Lectures and recitations, and all other exercises, proceeded indeed as usual, but the interest in them was gone and they passed an empty forms. One student after another dropped away and enrolled himself in some company about to march from his own neighborhood. In their turn the company of University Greys became entitled to marching orders, and on the first day of May they actually took up their line of March for Virginia. In the memorable conflict of the 21st of July, on the plains of Manasseh, this company bore a conspicuous part, and covered themselves with imperishable glory.

Simultaneously, or nearly so with the departure of the University Greys, the graduating class of the University were brought to their final examination, and in accordance with custom, discharged until Commencement. The time of this examination had been anticipated by several weeks at the earnest desire of the class.

The loss of these two considerable bodies of young men reduced the already diminished numbers to a mere handful, and these within the next few days followed their companions. The University was not, therefore, suspended by any act of the Board or of the Faculty, though several neighboring Colleges were so, about the same time; but in the manner just described, the dissolution was spontaneous. . . .

The effort to secure a respectable number of students, on the day appointed by law for the commencement of the session, completely failed, and only four students presented themselves, nor was the number at all increased after the lapse of two entire weeks. It was under these circumstances that the Board reassembled. They had hardly convened before the resignations of most of the faculty were handed in, including those of Dr. F. A. P. Burnard [*sic*], Chancellor of the University and Professor of Physics, &c., Wm. F. Stearns and Jas. F. Trotter, Professors of Governmental Science and Law, L. Q. C. Lamar, Professor of Ethics and Metaphysics, Alexander J. Quinche, Professor of Latin and Modern Languages, and Burton N. Harrison, Assistant Professor in Physics. . . .

The resignation of so large a number of the Faculty sensibly relieved the Board of what might have otherwise been an embarrassment, in case the change should be actually introduced. They accordingly accepted all the resignations offered, and in the same resolution declared the remaining chairs of Greek and Mathematics and of English Literature vacant.

The chair of Chemistry, it may here be properly observed, was already vacant.

—*Mississippi House Journal* (Jackson), November, 1861, App. 107–109.

¶ Some of the professors were of Northern birth, and at least one, Chemistry Professor E. C. Boynton, had been removed for expressions of hostility toward the Confederacy in an intercepted letter of his. Chancellor Barnard, who resigned in September when his faculty did, departed for the North, acquitted of charges that had been brought against him and enjoying the blessing of his board.

As the war progressed, practically no collegiate work was offered except that provided by the Gathright brothers at their male and female institutes in Noxubee County, for which often they accepted produce as tuition in the absence of money.

Meanwhile, grammar schools operated sporadically whenever teachers could be found to conduct them. In Oktibbeha County, W. H. McReynolds undertook to teach school for the people of the community. His "contract" follows.

If Sufficiently Patronized

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI
OKTIBBEHA COUNTY

W. H. McReynolds if sufficiently patronized will teach a school for the term of five scholastic months, beginning the fourth Monday in Jan 1863, Located as formerly, to consist of the following branches, Namely—Spelling, Reading, Writing, Geography, Arithmetic, and English, Grammar, per sesesion $10.00
Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, and Natural Philosophy, " " $15.00

We the undersigned subscribers agree to pay to the said W. H. McReynolds the above named rates of tuition fees, for each pupil annexed to each of our names at the expiration of the term. Furthermore the said W. H. McReynolds binds himself to use all necessary means for the improvment of all pupils who may be placed under his care &c. Jan 4th 1862 [*sic* (3-?)]. W. H. McReynolds. Teacher

[Names follow]

—W. H. McReynolds, McReynolds Papers (Owned by Jimmie McReynolds, Starkville, Miss.).

¶ In Attala County a teacher who had a son in the army was faced with being drafted; so he wrote Governor Pettus seeking to take advantage of a law exempting teachers who for ten years had operated schools of twenty or more pupils:

Twenty Odd Schollors

IN THE COMMENCEMENT OF the presant war my only son responded to his Cuntry's call not being then 18 years of age, and has bin in the most bloody battls on record and is still in the army I have bin vary much afflicted for the last 5 years and I have bin teaching School for the last Three years, and I have a school at this time of some Twenty odd Schollors, and on the 27 Inst. I was drafted. I beg your Honor to do me the favour to retain me at home If your Honor will be so kind as to let

me continue my school you will confur a grate favour on one of your particular Friends

—William K. Holland to Pettus, June 29, 1863, Gov. Corr., file E–61.

¶ Textbooks were almost as serious a problem as teachers. On the eve of the war there had been much talk about producing Southern textbooks, but it was a story of "too little and too late." The Reverend C. K. Marshall of Vicksburg had exhorted the Southern Commercial Convention in 1857:

The Fruits of Southern Scholarship

THE ENTIRE EDUCATION of our children *at home,* and the provision of *suitable works* therefor, is the only true safeguard for the protection of the educational interests of the South, and in thus guarding the threshold we may preserve the citadel. Our citizens have, for years together, lavished their wealth by unknown thousands upon institutions and faculties who esteem it a condescension to teach Southern pupils, and spurn their parents and guardians as graceless barbarians. But the South has at last recognized the delicate hint, and set herself to the work of reforming these reproachful abuses. Southern youth must be educated at home. . . . But if we use abolition text books at home, we might as well send the pupils to the land where the books originate. We can, and we must have our own text books—the fruits of Southern scholarship. We can, and we must print, publish, and teach our own books; we must not permit our foes to compose our songs and prepare our nursery tales, reserving for ourselves only the privilege of framing husky statutes, and holding Commercial Conventions.

—*DeBow's Review,* XXII (1857), 312.

¶ Early in 1861 Governor Pettus received a bitter letter from a textbook author, L. J. McCormick, of Lauderdale, who was angry because his work had not been patronized.

Iron, Steam Engines, and Books

ENCLOSED PLEASE FIND my educational Circular, from which you will learn my opinion of the abolition nurseries of the South. On yesterday I

wrote Gov. A. B. Moore of Ala. a long and spicy letter, showing up Southern traitors & treason.

The friends of the South could never teach her patriotism or sense, and I now hope & pray that her enemies, with Old Abe at their head, will bring her to her senses. I hope, Sir, that the South will never obtain peace, prosperity, mercy or justice so long as an abolition School Book or Newspaper is used on her soil, or so long as she continues to purchase any article whatever from the North. Like many other Southern sons I have been treated with great injustice by the South. But I now thank God that as the South has treated me just so is the North now treating her. As the South despised my friendship and efforts so the North despises hers. As the South brought me to want, by not buying and using my productions, so the North is bringing her to want. As she subjugated me by niggardly neglect and encouraging Abolition Authors, so the North is now subjugating her by waging a war of extermination against her rights and best interests. As I was a fool in attempting to sustain the South so has the South been a greater fool in sustaining the North and its Abolition Authors. I do not think that God Almighty is yet supplied with mercy enough to save the South, after her many wrongs to her Authors & Manufacturers; and how contemptible and humiliated she must now feel on calling on these Authors and Manufacturers, for their aid in these days of her tribulation, whose efforts and existence she so recently despised and wronged. . . .

I have been a friend to the South and have in vain entreated her for justice; and if she now prefers my enmity to my friendship she shall have it with compound interest.

—L. J. McCormick to Pettus, May 11, 1861,
Gov. Corr., file E–52.

¶ Toward the end of the war, with the textbook situation not a bit improved, S. R. Jones of Preston was making ambitious plans for printing not only textbooks but also a "literary magazine."

Greatly in Need of Books

We are now establishing in this place a first class Female Boarding School or College. Our principal is already here, and the buildings are

being fitted up as fast as possible, as we wish to commence recitations. . . . But we are greatly in need of books, stationery, and musical instruments, and, so far as we know cannot obtain them any where in the Confederacy. We therefore respectfully and earnestly ask your Excellence to recommend that our principal, Mrs. A. A. J. Curle be permitted to carry cotton into Memphis to purchase these necessary things, as we are informed they can be obtained there.

* * *

Private

Dear Sir: I wrote to you some weeks since communicating a plan for establishing a literary magazine, for which I asked the influence of your name in approval—to which I have received no reply. Since then I have improved my plan and submitted it to several eminent men . . . all of whom highly approve my scheme, and have given it their patronage. Among the improvements is the establishment of a steam press to print school books alone—and am now engaged in setting up a series of English school books wholly Southern, and as soon as done them I shall turn my attention to the classics. May I not look for a note of approval from you? It would cheer me in my labors and secure me many patrons.

—S. R. Jones to Clark, November 15, 1864,
Gov. Corr., file E–66.

5) The Church Militant

"The Ways of Zion languish and mourn," was the way the Presbyterian Synod of Mississippi put it in October, 1863. Certainly religion suffered from the war. On the other hand, the church served as one of the major stabilizing influences throughout the struggle.

At first some of the clergy had been hostile to the idea of secession. Not disposed to budge was James A. Lyon. On January 4, 1861, he preached a sermon which stirred up a hornet's nest:

. . . *on the Condition of the Country*

Tho my audience was very large the church being crowded, yet those whom I hoped most to influence by it staid away. I however had the sermon published in "The True Witness & Sentinel" of New Orleans

(Jany 26th) and distributed a large number of extra copies among the people— The sermon or rather I was spoiled by an anonymous writer in the *Mississippi Democrat* of this place—wh[ich] enabled me to demand of the editor that the Sermon should be published in the same paper. This was done, but very reluctantly—and with a long pretended Editorial, doubtless by the same unknown author, criticizing & spoiling the Sermon & me—I have reason to believe that the sermon has done and is doing great good—in preparing the minds of the people for another question that is not very far ahead I hope—that of Re-Union.

—James A. Lyon, Journal (Miss. Arch., Jackson), 5.

¶ For the handful of clergy who resisted, there were hundreds who supported the South's cause. In October, 1861, the Synod of Mississippi took a firm stand:

That the God of Battles May Ever Preside

In view of the unnatural war in which our nation is now engaged, forced upon her in defense of her rights, her altars and her firesides by the ruthless invader of Civil and religious immunities—an invader who threatens our cities and fields with destruction, our homes with desolation and our very Sanctuaries with annihilation, it becomes us in our Collective Capacity, as a court of Jesus Christ, having interests in Common with our fellow Citizens all over this land involved in the result of the struggle, to devoutly acknowledge our dependence for success upon the arm of Israel's God: to give Him gratitude for the manifestation of His approval of our Country's Cause—in the signal victories which have and which are daily crowning our arms—and to humbly pray that the God of battles may ever preside over and direct the Counsels of our Civil Rulers.

—Records of the Synod of Mississippi, 1857–66 (Miss. Arch., Jackson), 194.

¶ On February 22, 1862—a significant date, indeed—Bishop William Mercer Green of the Episcopal diocese of Mississippi sent a pas-

toral letter to his clergy and laity, calling on them to sacrifice everything for the cause.

To Send Up with Renewed Fervency Your Supplications

Beloved brethren—Since the commencement of our present troubles I have more than once called upon you to seek, in prayer, a blessing upon our country and its Rulers.—I now invoke you, in God's name, to send up with renewed fervency your supplications in their behalf, and for our fellow-citizens also who are in the field nobly fighting for our defence. It pleased our Heavenly Father, in the beginning of our struggle, to give repeated victories to our arms; and we repaid Him by a vain confidence in our own strength, forgetting that it is He alone who teaches our "hands to war, and our fingers to fight." We have since been justly punished by being made to feel that even the best of causes has its reverses as well as its successes. . . . Let us then, beloved brethren, betake ourselves, without delay, to our closets and our private chambers, as well as to the Church's Altar, and there make known our country's wants, and plead and wrestle in its behalf.—And let us not only pray, but also humble our souls in fasting, on account of our manifold sins, and those of our whole people. The solemn season of *Lent* is at hand. Let us make those days a time to be remembered by ourselves and country. And who can say but that ere those days shall be fully numbered, the windows of Heaven may be open, and the blessings of Peace and Plenty once more poured out upon our land?

—Copy in Mississippi Archives, Jackson.

¶ Sometimes Bishop Green felt that the "fervency" of the faithful had too much of a military sound:

The Harsh and Martial Style of the Music

Sunday 17, preached in St. Andrew's Church, Jackson; but had good reason to fear that the effect of the sermon was utterly driven from the minds of the congregation by the unseemly manner in which the Organ

was played at the close of the service; the harsh and martial style of the music being much better suited to a military parade than to the quiet solemnity of the House of God. I would not thus pointedly notice this breach of religious decorum, were it the first time that my sense of what is becoming God's worship has been wounded by it. Not on this occasion only, but at other times, and in other places, have I seen congregations just rising from their knees under the Priestly benediction, marching out of the Church to the notes of some warlike air, well calculated to inspire any other feeling than that of devotion. From such profanations of Thy Temple, Good Lord deliver us!

—*Journal of the Fortieth Annual Convention . . . Together with Abstracts of the Proceedings of the Convention of 1862, 63, 65, and 66* . . . (Jackson, 1867), 47.

¶ In occupied areas, particularly in Natchez and Vicksburg, there were incidents—mostly involving the refusal of ministers or parishioners to pray for the President of the United States. In December, 1863, several Episcopal ladies of Vicksburg showed a lack of Christian spirit toward the Federal government. They were ridden out of town.

Are Hereby Banished

THE FOLLOWING NAMED PERSONS: Miss Kate Barnett, Miss Ella Barnett, Miss Laura Latham, Miss Ellen Martin and Mr. Moore, having acted disrespectfully towards the President and government of the United States, and having insulted the officers, soldiers and loyal citizens of the United States, who had assembled at the Episcopal Church in Vicksburg on Christmas day, for Divine service, by abruptly leaving said church at that point in the service where the officiating minister prays for the welfare of the "President of the United States, and all others in authority," are hereby banished, and will leave the Federal lines within forty-eight hours, under penalty of imprisonment.

Hereafter all persons, male or female, who, by word, deed, or by implication, do insult or show disrespect to the President, Government or flag of the United States or to any officer or soldier of the United

States, upon matters of a national character, shall be fined, banished or imprisoned according to the grossness of the offence.

By order of Major General McPherson.

The parties ordered to proceed outside the Federal lines by Circular from these Headquarters, dated December 27th, 1863, will report at the Railroad Depot at 10 A.M. tomorrow. They will be permitted to take their private baggage.

A conveyance will be in readiness at Big Black bridge with flag of truce to take them to the Confederate lines, or so far as the flag may be permitted to proceed.

By order of Maj. Gen. McPherson.

—Canton *Tri-Weekly Citizen*, January 5, 1864.

¶ In June, 1864, Colonel B. G. Farrar at Natchez gave public warning to the city clergy. Catholic Bishop Henry Elder flaunted the authority of the occupying forces and was temporarily banished. Similar action was rumored against the Methodist minister, W. H. Watkins, but never materialized. Finally, in August the Yankees gave up the battle of the prayers.

He May Return to His Home

MILITARY AUTHORITY HAVING been, for the time vindicated, so much of Special Order No. 11, as requires Rev. WILLIAM HENRY ELDER, Bishop of Natchez, to remain within the Military lines of the Post of Vidalia, La., is suspended, and he may return to his home and duties, until the pleasure of the War Department be known, in his case.

And as all solemn appeals to the SUPREME BEING, not proceeding from honest hearts, and willing minds, are necessarily offensive to HIM, and subversive of sound morality, so much of Special Order No. 31, June 18, 1864, as requires public prayer to be pronounced, in behalf of the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, and the UNION, is suspended until further orders; leaving all persons conducting Divine Worship, at liberty to manifest such measure of hostility, as they may feel, against the Government and Union of States, and their sympathy with the rebellion, by omitting such supplication, if so minded.

By order of Brig. Gen'l M. BRAYMAN.

—Natchez *Courier*, August 23, 1864.

¶ The church had its lapses, both in services and in membership. It did not, however, cease to be aware of its responsibility for bringing up short those who were forgetting their responsibilities as Christians. The Strong River Baptists could use strong language in denouncing wartime profiteers:

Oh Shame, Where Is Thy Blush!

With sorrow be it said, our country in its present distressed condition, is thronged with those who extort not only from the rich, but who wring from the indigent the means of subsistence to the last dollar. . . . The soldier, who has the heat and burden of the war upon him, finds no favor at the hand of the heartless Extortioner. He is required to pay the "uttermost farthing" for the necessities of life. If he needs a pair of shoes he pays nearly or quite the wages of two months for them, or he must march with bare feet. A few weeks ago a soldier was seen to pay eleven dollars (one month's wages) for a watermelon. "O shame, where is thy blush!" These things should not be so, and it becomes the duty of a Christian to set his face, as a flint, against all such proceedings.

—Jesse L. Boyd, *A Popular History of the Baptists in Mississippi* (Jackson, 1930), 111.

¶ Sometimes the problems of the rightness or wrongness of going through the lines and taking the oath of loyalty to the United States became an issue in the congregation. This happened at Mt. Zion Baptist Church in Pike County.

Ayes 5, Noes 18

February 6th, 1864.

Then Bro. John Simmons brought in the following resolution; which was taken up by the church and laid over until next conference.

Resolved that any member of this church going voluntarily into the Federal lines and taking the oath required by them shall be excluded from the membership of this church when the same shall be proven to the satisfaction of the church.

Mount Zion Church, March 5th, 1864.

After worship by the Pastor, went into conference, when the reference from last meeting relative to members going into Federal lines and taking the oath was taken up and a motion made for its adoption, when it was lost. Ayes 5, Noes 18.

—Mt. Zion Baptist Church, Minutes, July 28, 1838–August 7, 1901 (Miss. Arch., Jackson).

¶ Among the most touching evidences of the impact of the war—particularly as it drew to a close—on the people of the South are prayers that turn up in diaries and journals. In Jefferson County old John P. Darden, father of the famed Captain Putnam Darden, poured out his soul on January 11, 1865.

Raise Us Up Friends

O Lord God Almighty—Thou in whom we live, move, and have our existence—All things are before thy face, and in thy hands are the destinies of Nations, as of individuals—O' Lord thou knowest the terrible war that is upon us, and seest the end, from the beginning—O' Lord our God, let us not be consumed in thy wrath; let us not be subjugated or overcome by our enemies, but grant O' Lord, we beseech thee, that success may crown our struggle for freedom, and that we may thankfully enjoy the blessings of a permanent government for ourselves and our children, for thou knowest the honesty of our hearts and the purity of our motives—May we be united as one man, and may we all fear God, from the greatest even unto the least, and put all our trust in his holy name—Give our rulers wisdom, and show to our Soldiers, that a hero doth not perish, nor a sparrow fall without thy notice, and that the hairs of thy head are all numbered—O Lord have mercy upon us—Rise us up friends among the nations . . . and in thine own good time and manner, be pleased to terminate our sufferings and spare the dreadful effusion of blood, that is now desolating our land from one end to the other—O' Lord be pleased to hear this my humble petition for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

—John P. Darden, Diary, 1834–65, (Owned by Mrs. H. B. Sanders, Aberdeen, Miss.), 308–309.

6) God and the Soldier

¶ Men of God were close to the fighting in this war. Many actually served as active soldiers, not merely passing but using the ammunition. Since there was no official Confederate chaplains' corps, those who did not become active soldiers but wished to take care of the spiritual needs of the troops went about with the soldiers as noncombatants, ministering to body and soul as they were needed. The people at home had to make out with the few parsons who were not in camp.

Religion was a lively force in camp life. Perhaps it was not always the conventional Sunday-go-to-meeting sort of religion, but it was there. Denominational lines came tumbling down; hours of worship and days of rest were as uncertain as life itself—and the parsons accepted the changes and chances of camp life with a remarkable spirit of tolerance and Christian charity.

Edward Fontaine was an Episcopal priest who captained a company, the Burt Rifles. He could shoot as well as pray. On the "2d Sunday after Trinity" in 1861 he wrote to his wife.

Stilled We the Noises of the Camp

THE MORNING I had prayers in the door of my tent, and all the men grouped around me. The singing of so many manly voices (106) was grand & impressive, & stilled all the noises of the camp. At 9 o clock Adjutant Nicholson, from Madison, had at my request, the regimental drum beat, and the troops of ten companies gathered on the top of a hill within our lines. I read a chapter to them & gave them a brief address; then gave out "Am I a Soldier of the Cross"—an old Methodist minister or exhorter raised the tune which was sung tremendously. Rev. Mr. Harrington, the regimental chaplan, then gave us a very good sermon. In my uniform I caught a glimpse of myself and thought that I saw a rather hard-favored but fine looking officer. Certainly I feel every inch a soldier, & I am certain that a braver & more chivalrous set of men never were assembled than those now camped at Cornith.

—Edward Fontaine to Sukie, June 9, 1861, Edward Fontaine Papers.

¶ Captain T. J. Koger of Brooksville could intone a lay prayer on occasion, but he wanted a chaplain. Of a Sunday he was somewhat disturbed at the antics of a few of his men.

Very Little of the "Sweet Day of Rest"

SUNDAY AS IT is, there has been an incessant beating of drums all day, it is now 9 A.M. only, and so it will be all through the Sabbath. One of my greatest annoyances is my proximity to one tent of the Co next me (Ashcroft) Co F, in which are 9 or 10 the most vile, obscene blackguards that could be raked up this side the bad place, outside of a jail or penitentiary. From early morn to dewey eve there is one uninterrupted flow of the dirtiest talk I ever heard in my life. Peter, (the other day when we talked of moving) said he was glad for then we might have some peace. He says those fellows have "had no raising." . . .

I am determined not to live next any such fellows. I will risk putting my tent out of line or any where rather than stand just such a state of things. No one who never heard it can imagine how filthy their language is. In our Regt. there is very little of this. And in Co "F" all the blackguards of the Co are gathered in one tent. It is a decent Co as a whole.

We have no chaplain as yet. I hope we will have one and a good one too, ere long. We need one. A capt of a Co. with as much work & study as I have to do, has little leisure for any thing outside of his line of duty. I hope after a while to have some leisure for religious studies. . . .

There is very little of the "Sweet Day of Rest" in camp life. If there be no drill, the boys visit, hunt black berries, and try their hands at cooking some extra dish. I encourage the black-berry hunting for its medicinal effects.

—T. J. Koger to wife, June 22, 1862, Koger Papers.

¶ A. F. Drake of Jefferson County kept a diary regularly. He rarely failed to list Sunday doings.

Our Commanders Being Totally Regardless of the Day

JUNE 29TH [on his way from home in Jefferson County to join up] This was Sunday, but still we continued to travel. We took dinner with

a Sunday School teacher and I read a couple of chapters in the Bible and tried to turn my thoughts to heavenly things, but with very little success.

* * *

July 6th [In Columbus, Miss., waiting for the Jefferson Artillery to be mustered in] Sunday—I went twice to hear the Rev. Mr. Cater [*sic*] of Tennessee speak in behalf of the C. S. Bible Society and gave one dollar to the same. Found Sunday in camp to be very little observed. Some few went to Church and read their Bibles. Read a few chapters in my Bible and endeavored to turn my thoughts to God but with only partial success. O Lord help me to turn to thee in this time of trouble and danger. Expected to hear the Rev. Dr. Neely preach, but was disappointed.

* * *

July 13th [still in Columbus] Went after breakfast to exercise our horses although it was Sunday. After returning I went to the Methodist church and the Rev Dr P. P. Neely preached from the 22d chapter and 5th verse of Revelations. "And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever." It was a very eloquent sermon and in some respects calculated to do good, but rather too flowery. At church Mr. Read and myself were invited to dine with Mrs. Wm B. Winston. . . . From thence I went to the Episcopal Church and heard the Rev. Dr. Coleman deliver a lecture on the life of St. Clement. At night I went to the Baptist Church to hear the Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer preach, who is a fugitive from New Orleans on account of its occupation by the Yankees. The day was spent mostly in attending religious services, but not as profitably as it might have been.

* * *

August 17th [arrived in Chattanooga the day before on way to Kentucky] Sunday—Spent the day lounging about camp. Went to the Episcopal church in the morning and heard the Rev. Mr. Quintel preach, who has been imprisoned by the Yankees for his secession prayers. Saw Gen. Bragg for the first time at church.

* * *

August 24th [in camp near Chattanooga] Another Sabbath day has come, but with few of its privileges to me. During the morning I read

some in the Bible and hymn book and took a nap. In the evening I wrote a letter and at five o'clock we were ordered on inspection, our commanders being totally regardless of the day. O Lord visit us not according to our deserts, but incline our officers to obey thy laws.

* * *

Dec. 25th [Near Triune, Tenn. and just before the fight at Murfreesboro] This day, which brings to our recollection the appearance upon Earth of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace, dawned upon us in a military camp, in readiness to make war upon our fellow beings and to counteract, as far as feable [*sic*] worms can, the influence of that Saviour. Instead of spending the day in thanksgiving and praise to God for his unspeakable Gift, most of our men are spending it in drunkeness and rioting. In such a state of things it is almost impossible for me to think even a proper thought or engage in any profitable exercise. Such a thing as reading during the morning I found out of the question. "Christmas at home!" who can appreciate it, until they have spent it in the army under such circumstances as now surround me. O! for that peace and good will that was proclaimed upon earth, eighteen hundred and sixty three years ago, and which the bad passions of men have driven from our desolated country.

—A. F. Drake, Civil War Diary, 1862.

¶ In the waning months the soldiers apparently engaged in a round of camp meetings. In August, 1864, Mathew A. Dunn of Amite County was going to meetings in camp at Atlanta.

We Have Prayer Meeting Every Night

Our meeting is Still going on and the Lord is greatly blessing us. about 60 have joined the church. Among our acquaintances were Jimmy ——— Monroe Causey and Caddy Causey. Mon' joined the Presbyterians. We have prayer meetings every night when we dont have preaching, and it would make ones heart rejoice to see the interest taken by our young members. I am glad to hear of the great revival in Liberty—I hope the good work will go on until we receive a great blessing nationally as well as Spiritually. I would like very much to be at home to go to church with you and I heard Clem express a Similar desire a few days ago—But God

knows all things best and we Should Submit to our fate cheerfully—But the day is certainly not far ahead when Some of us may enjoy that privillege, but we know not which it will be—Let us be prepared for the result, let it be as it may—

—Jordan, "Mathew Andrew Dunn Letters," *loc. cit.*, 125.

¶ Whatever its difficulties during the war, it was the church which in the end ministered to the dead if not the living. During the war funerals were the order of the day. A British merchant visiting Jackson in 1862 found practically everyone in Jackson wearing mourning. There were some notable deaths. One was that of the young soldier from Port Gibson, Henry Hughes. The funeral sermon was printed, as well it should have been, for it is a moving tribute to the survival of the things of the spirit in times of war.

His Honest Dust

He fell in the breach for you and me, and in his patriot grave he rests, with many of his comrades gone before him. . . . They are his companions in their untimely and sorrowful death, though separated in their graves, in the beautiful Cemetary, which holds so much of what was once earth's beauty, wisdom and goodness. May he long rest, his resting place undescrated by the tread of hostile feet, and only the bloom and music of his native South about the place which has become holy ground. . . . There let the white rose and the passion flower weave their bower, the magnolia distil its sweetest perfume, and in the hush of the starry midnight let the mocking bird pour her most melodious song, for he lived as he counselled others to live. . . . Now, . . . his honest dust has made the common clods holy ground, and at his green and flowering grave the roses of the tombs, by a strange rich red drawn from the cold, still veins beneath, show their blood and claim kindred with the lone children of the dead. Good people passing where he sweetly sleeps, sigh and say, "Here lies a useful citizen; he lived to a good purpose; his best monument is not above him but behind him, not built for him but built by him."

—Moore, *The Life and Works of Col. Henry Hughes*, 4–6, 9–12, 35–36.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

THE END COMES

THE WAR FOR MISSISSIPPIANS WAS A LONG TIME ENDING. THE BEginning of the end was Vicksburg, and nearly two years followed that death blow. Some of the people gave up in 1863, but a few had given up at the start. Most Mississippians, however, refused to yield, even when it was hopeless.

1) The Noise of the Malcontents

¶ Those who harbored resentment against secession and the politics of the state and Confederate governments usually kept their own counsel. Occasionally they confided their sentiments to their diaries. Old Jason Niles at Kosciusko simply recorded what the malcontents were saying and enjoyed their diatribes vicariously:

Niles Records the Malcontents

[NOVEMBER 22, 1862] . . . met Jube Meeks, coming from there [Durant], who told us that he wouldn't care if all the soldiers threw down their arms, quit, and come home. They were treated so mean.

[February 21, 1863] At night was at "Old Gould's" awhile. When he told me Jim Shuler had shot himself near Ashley's, to keep from going to the war—

[March 24, 1863. Remarks of Joel Harvey at Pilgrim's Rest Church] I have no objection to meeting and praying. That's all right enough. But I don't intend to fast and pray just because Jeff Davis tells me to do so. When they were instigating this war, they didn't call on the churches to pray them into it; and now they needn't call on them to pray 'em out of it. I don't owe allegiance to Jeff Davis nor Abe Lincoln.

[January 21, 1864. After a trip to Jasper County] At Mrs. Lay's and at other places, we learned that the house of a widow named Abbott in Newton County had been burnt by the cavalry because some dogs had been poisoned by her—also that a Dr. Morris had been killed (shot all to pieces) in the same county by bushwhackers, for piloting cavalry—that in Wayne Co. a woman, by drawing a gun on a deserter, had stampeded him. That in Jones Co. a deserter named Warren Waters had been killed and some of the cavalry "killed and wounded."

—Jason Niles, Diary (Manuscripts Division, Duke University Library), *passim.*

¶ One of the unhappiest of mortals during the war was James L. Alcorn, an old-time Whig and thoroughgoing Unionist, even though he had led a state army into Kentucky during the first year of the war. Jefferson Davis snubbed and neglected him; so Alcorn resigned and sulked the war out on his Delta plantation.

In 1863 Alcorn got himself elected to the legislature—a legislature of more conservative tenor than the one that had called for Mississippi's secession in 1860. Alcorn's diary records his trip to Columbus for the session of 1863. By now he was indeed sour on "rebellion."

Rebellion Foul Dishonoring Word

Sat., Oct. 31. The Morning is Cloudy and cool. I Called on Genl Clark the Governor elect this morning, found him old and badly Crippled, he is elected Governor but he has given his estate and the use of one of his legs for the office, a dear office I would Say,

Fri., Nov. 6.

Rebellion foul dishonoring word
Whose wrongful blight so oft has Stained

The holiest cause that ever tongue or Sword
Or mortal ever lost or gained!
How many a Spirit born to bless
Hath Sunk beneath the withering name
Whom but a days an hours success,
Had wafted to eternal fame!
As exhalations when they burst
From the warm earth if chilled at first
If checked in Soaring from the plain
Darken to fogs and Sink again
But if they once triumphant Spread
Their wings above the mountain head
Become enthroned in upper air
And turn to sun bright glories there.

—James L. Alcorn, Diary, 1863–64, Alcorn Family Papers (Miss. Arch., Jackson).

2) They Would Not Give Up

¶ The voices of the loyal, who could not give up even when they knew the South was doomed, were never shouted down by the malcontents, even in the dark days after war's disasters struck Mississippi.

At his camp near Tupelo, M. P. Lowrey would not be crushed by the events that followed Shiloh. He wrote to his wife Sarah in June, 1862:

Generations Unborn Will Fight On

I SUFFER THE PRIVATIONS and hardships of military life with all cheerfulness, since it involves liberty, and all things else that are worth living for. There can be no peace, no happiness, no re-union of broken families—no mingling of fraternal sympathies, nor anything else worth living for, until the independence of the Confederate States is acknowledged. Generations unborn will fight on, and ages to come will know nothing but war, until our civilized rase will become barbarians, unless the South obtains her liberties. The blood of Revolutionary Sires runs

too free and too pure in our veins for us ever to submit to subjugation. Continued conflicts with bad luck, and overpowering numbers, might subject us to the fate of being overrun, but it would cost the North more than the whole South is worth to hold us in subjection, if they had the whole country overrun. But why thus speculate. I have strong hope of an honorable peace before many months. The grounds of my hopes, I cannot now explain.

—M. P. Lowrey to wife, June 27, 1862, Montgomery Collection (Miss. Arch., Jackson).

¶ Colonel Fremantle found out how Mississippians felt about it while he was visiting General Johnston's camp at Canton during the siege of Vicksburg.

The Infernal Regions As a More Agreeable Alternative

WHILST SEATED ROUND the camp fire in the evening, one of the officers remarked to me, "I can assure you, colonel, that nine men out of ten in the South would sooner become subjects of Queen Victoria than return to the Union." "Nine men out ten!" said General Johnston—"ninety-nine out of a hundred; I consider that few people in the world can be more fortunate in their government than the British colonies of North America." But the effect of these compliments was rather spoilt when some one else said they would prefer to serve under the Emperor of the French or the Emperor of Japan to returning to the dominion of Uncle Abe; and it was still more damaged when another officer alluded in an undertone to the infernal regions as a more agreeable alternative than reunion with the Yankees.

—Lord (ed.), *The Fremantle Diary*, 96.

¶ William L. Nugent was a man who loathed the war. As he wrote his wife on November 22, 1863, "Blood, butchery, death, desolation, robbery, rapine, selfishness, violence, wrong: a disregard for everything holy or living, and a disposition to destroy, constitute some of the incidents of war. Nothing good comes of it." Yet he fought

it out to the bitter end. He also realized that even the victorious Yanks were going to have their hands full after it was all over.

Never Will I Be Content to Submit

War is fast becoming the thing natural, tho' abherrent to my feelings. I go at it just as I used to go at lawsuits. Still I am not by any manner of means fond of the profession. The idea of being employed in the destruction of human life is revolting in the extreme. Necessity imperious and exacting, forces us along and we hurry through the dreadful task apparently unconscious of its demoralizing influences and destructive effects both upon the nation & individuals. I wish *Uncle Saml.* would recognize his nephew and give us peace. I do not desire a reconstruction & a hollow truce, a servile place in the family of nations and to eat the bread of dependence while I am denied all the privileges of a freeman. The Yankees say, that when we are conquered they cannot afford to let us have the right of trial by jury, because they say a "secesh" jury would clear us all, neither can we have our own judges or exercise the elective franchise. This is the doctrine held by their main supporters and is the one which will be practiced by them if they are successful. And yet our weak minded friends are willing to lick the hand that would smite them and pay court to the hardhearted minions of abolitionism. I own no slaves and can freely express my notions, without being taxed with any motive of self interest. I know that this country without slave labor would be wholly worthless, a barren waste and desolate plain— We can only live & exist by this species of labor: and hence I am willing to continue the fight to the last. If we have to succumb we must do it bravely fighting for our rights; and the remnant must migrate. If the worst comes, we must go over to England or France, and become Colonies again. Never will I be content to submit to Yankee rule.

—William L. Nugent to wife, September 7, 1863, Howorth Letters.

3) Toward Reconstruction

¶ Among those disposed to accept defeat even before the war ended there was considerable activity once the state had been ravaged

during the siege of Vicksburg. Sherman lost no time in encouraging the reconstructionists. In July, 1863, he wrote to Grant.

Even the Old Union, As They Style It

I WILL STAY HERE another day, and longer, if I can do any good. All is working admirably. I believe the people will appreciate the liberal gift of provisions. I have been compelled to supply on the spot hospitals' and asylums' immediate pressing wants. Would I be justified in making a distinct proposition to the people that if Johnston or President Davis will agree that no Confederate soldiers or guerrillas will operate west of Pearl River, we will establish at Big Black River railroad bridge a kind of trading depot, where the people of Mississippi may exchange their cotton, corn, and produce for provisions, clothing, and family supplies? This would throw on the Confederate Government the necessity of relieving the wants of women and children that are now threatened with starvation and suffering. At Brandon, Canton, and Jackson all act as though the thing was ended unless Lee achieves the capture of Baltimore and Washington, which they are taught to believe; and such men as Sharkey, Yerger, Poindexter, and others of good reputation are actually at work, and appeal for permission to build up a civil government, even the old Union, as they style it.

I profess to know nothing of politics, but I think we have here an admirable wedge which may be encouraged without committing the President or War Department. If prominent men in Mississippi admit the fact of being subdued, it will have a powerful effect all over the South.

All the army, except my own corps, is *en route* for Vicksburg, and having completed the destruction of the railroads and war material, I only delay here to encourage the people to rebel against a Government which they now feel is unable to protect them or support them. I cannot learn of an enemy within 30 miles of me.

—*Official Records,* Ser. 1, XXIV, part 2, 531.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Times* insisted that he had found a reconstruction party taking shape at Jackson in July.

A Wide-Spread Desire . . . for Peace

I HAVE ENJOYED RARE opportunities, during my recent visit to Jackson, of ascertaining the public sentiment of the state relative to a restoration of the Union. I have consulted with a number of the leading men of the state, and I know there is a wide-spread desire, constantly growing, for peace, and a willingness to accept it upon the simple terms of a return to the Union from which they attempted to secede. The withdrawal of our troops from Jackson, and their failure to occupy any considerable portion of the state, alone prevented a public demonstration in favor of the Union from being made by some of the most prominent citizens of Mississippi. I could mention the names of those who would have cheerfully and voluntarily originated such a demonstration; but the fact that they are to-day, by our withdrawal from Jackson, within the power of the confederate armies, renders it most proper that their names should be withheld. This statement is not based upon mere *conjecture* or from *inference,* but is drawn in part from the fact that, on the 21st and 22d insts., meetings of leading citizens of Mississippi were held in Jackson, to consider the best plan of reorganizing the state government under the Constitution of the United States.

—New York *World,* August 7, 1863.

¶ In Natchez the tenseness of the situation was relieved momentarily by a story that was making the rounds.

Coming Out Right

IN A CITY, GARRISONED by soldiers, a local reporter meets with many rich incidents that would pass into entire forgetfulness were it not for his artistic pen. Natchez, though a small city of a few thousand inhabitants, is not wholly without funny occurences of this nature.

A few days since, a stalwart Confederate came atalking through the middle of Main Street, with more of "Old Barratara Rum" aboard than is generally conceded a man should carry at these times, when he broke forth with the following exclamations:

"Hurrah for Jeff. Lincoln!" "Hurray for Abe Davis!!" "Hurrah for the Northern Confederacy!!!"

The usual quiet of the street being disturbed by such unusual exclamations, the attention of a Provost Guard was directed to the Confed., who demanded: "Why this unnecessary noise?"

The reply of the Confed. was, "Things are so mixed up now, my dear sir, it's no telling where we'll bring up! I'm determined to *come out right!*"

The good-humored answer had its effect, and the big heart of the soldier let him pass quietly to his home.

—Natchez *Courier,* September 15, 1863.

¶ In October, 1863, the Natchez *Courier* decided to conform. By the time another year had passed, the *Mississippian Extra,* then being published at Jackson, was ready to join the peace party on October 1, 1864.

The Great Body of the People on Both Sides Desire Peace Today

WE ENTERTAIN THE SOLEMN conviction that the war will go on until the people of both sections of the late United States abate somewhat of their high pretensions, and are willing to meet each other upon the great half way ground of mutual compromise, conversion and conciliation. There is no other possible way of adjusting our difficulties, except in the dishonor of one section or the other, and does any sane man, North or South, desire the consumation of this dishonor? In the hight of passion such sentiments undoubtedly have and do still prevail. But sober reason will teach the Northern and Southern patriot alike how suicidal would be such a result.

—Quoted in Canton *Tri-Weekly Citizen,* October 7, 1864.

¶ Events moved swiftly in the months that followed. On Palm Sunday, April 9, 1865, Lee surrendered; Johnston followed on April 26. When on May 6 General Richard Taylor's forces at Meridian capitulated, it was all over. Mississippians could hardly believe it. Rumors floated about unchecked. Edward Fontaine would not be-

lieve it all. On April 18 he published a letter in the paper to prove it was not so, but on May 4 he quit whistling in the dark. The end had come, and he knew it. On the eleventh he was calling on the Lord.

Our Mighty Have Fallen, and Our Weapons of War Have Perished

I AM IN A STATE of intense anxiety to know what will be our fate as a nation. Our armies are disbanded on this side of the Mississippi. I suppose that they will be also surrendered on the other side of the river, unless the nations of Europe come to our rescue. If I could have issued the necessary orders for invading the north when I advised it last year, the power of our enemies would have been overthrown. Now without a Northern revolution, or Foreign intervention I see no hope for the South for many dismal years. I fear that God has ceased to work miracles. He certainly seems now to be on the side of our oppressors. We are in our last struggle, & without his almighty aid the Southern Confederacy will cease to exist in the next four months, and no monuments will be erected by this Generation for the graves of the hundreds of thousands of our heroes who have fallen in the defence of our native land, no provision will be made for the support of the widows and orphans of these martyrs of liberty, & no pensions will be given to the maimed myriads of the patriot soldiers, who "with half their limbs" lopped off will wander as helpless beggars over their subjugated country. While our enemies insultingly exalt over the glorious battle fields where our greatest defenders died in vain.

O thou Almighty Ruler of Nations who blest our fathers with thy direction and defence in their war for the independence of the British Colonies in America—be now our Sword & Shield! See how our enemies triumph! See how our mighty have fallen, and our weapons of war perished. O come to our help and deliver us. through our Almighty Savior. Raise up some great Deliverer for us that we may soon praise Thee as our Country's Savior—Amen.

—Edward Fontaine, Diary, May 11, 1865.

¶ At Meadville, H. Cassedy wrote Colonel O. J. E. Stuart expressing a Mississippian's confidence in the stubbornness of old Jeff Davis to find a way to save the day.

Crickets Out of a Rotten Log

YET I BELIEVE Davis will be equal to the emergency—what adds to the distraction here is that we are within the influence of the political miasmic from the Mississippi River and can learn nothing that is doing by our government, and the consequence is that the masses are crazy as Crickets Smoked out of a Rotten Log on the fireplace and ready to run into the fire for Safety.

—H. Cassedy to O. J. E. Stuart, Miscellaneous Civil War Letters (Mississippi State University Library, Starkville).

¶ Governor Clark, attempting to meet the new situation caused by Taylor's surrender, called the legislature to assemble on May 18. However, threatened with arrest the legislators met one hour and set out hastily for home, after choosing commissioners to go to Washington and confer with President Johnson. On May 20 Clark received notice to surrender his office and all state papers and property. He yielded quietly under protest and was forthwith arrested by General E. D. Osband and sent to Fort Pulaski, Georgia. The official correspondence involved in Clark's "surrender" shows the haste of the occasion, the governor's spelling being understandably a bit careless.

The Courteous Manner in Which You Have Discharged a Delicate Duty

Jackson Miss. May 22nd 1865

GENL

I have delivered to Capt J. Warren Miller whom you appointed to receive the same, the whole of the Archives and property of the State in my possession and that has been subject to my control in the City of Jackson. . . . The Executive Mansion is left by me in charge of my private Secretary who will deliver it to Capt Miller. There are a few articles of furnature belonging to the Executive Mansion at my private residence near Macon, subject to your disposition. Being deprived by this enforced surrender of the possession of the records and archives and especialy of the great seal of the state by which all the official acts

of the Executive are attested, I am relieved from the duties of the Chief Executive of the state of Mississippi, and for the grave consequences that may result, the President of the United States has assumed the responsibility. Duly appreciating the courteous manner in which you have discharged a delicate duty, and assuring you that any information that I may have in in [*sic*] may power to afford in regard to the affairs of the state and which you may desire will be freely given you,

I remain General

Yours Very respectfully
CHAS. CLARK, Gov of Miss.

—Gov. Corr., file E–68.

4) Last Word

¶ As the Confederacy fell, as Mississippi fell, as many Mississippians fell, there were scores of "last" words. Some were followed later by other words—many, in fact; for they were spoken by men who lived to fight another day, in the battles of Reconstruction. Other words, though, were last words, indeed, for they came from the lips of those who did what they had been talking about—they died for their country.

Early in the war the London *Times* correspondent, William Howard Russell, heard the words of a dying soldier—dying not of wounds but of dysentery. Robert Tallon knew one thing he was dying for.

Robert Tallon Died for States' Rights

"STRANGER, REMEMBER, IF I die," gasped one great fellow, attenuated to a skeleton by dysentery, "That I am Robert Tallon, of Tishimingo county, and that I died for States' rights; see, now, they put that in the papers, won't you? Robert Tallon died for States' rights," and so he turned round on his blanket.

—Russell, *My Diary North and South*, 317.

¶ J. R. Montgomery of Camden in Madison County was dying in Virginia in 1864. As his life ebbed, he insisted on writing to his father, the blood from his death wound staining the pages.

A Long Farewell

THIS IS MY last letter to you. I went into battle this evening as Courier for Genl Heths. I have been struck by a piece of shell and my right shoulder is hororibly mangled & I know death is inevitable. I am very weak but I wrote to you because I know you would be delighted to read a word from your dying son. I know death is near, that I will die far from home and friends of my early youth but I have friends here too who are kind to me. My friend Fairfax will write you at my request and give you the particulars of my death. My grave will be marked so that you may visit it if you desire to do so, but is optionary with you whether you let my remains rest here or in Miss. I would like to rest in the grave yard with my dear mother and brothers but its a matter of minor importance. Let us all try to re-unite in heaven. I pray my God to forgive my sins & I feel that his promises are true that he will forgive me and save me. Give my love to all my friends my strength fails me. My horse & my equipments will be left for you. Again a long farewell to you. May we meet in heaven

Your Dying Son,

—J. R. Montgomery to A. V. Montgomery, illegible date in 1864 (Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va.).

¶ Captain E. Slay also died in Virginia. On June 8, 1864, two days before his death at Harris Bay field hospital, he had made the final entry in his "memorandum book."

The Honest Heart

LET ME DIE upon the field of battle in the front rank for an example to those whose duty it is to free the South from the iron hand of tyranny. What care I, though my name never be put in print or my country never know I shed my blood for her freedom. What a worthless

man is he who only acts to be seen of men! God sees and understands the honest heart.

—Quoted in Crystal Springs *Meteor,* September 11, 1958.

¶ One who lived but had seen many Mississippians die was old Nathan Bedford Forrest. On May 9, 1865, he had bade farewell to his troops. His aide "prettied up" the language for the sake of the printed word, but the spirit of the rugged cavalryman was still evident. He had been a brave fighter. He would be a brave loser. That took courage.

You Have Been Good Soldiers; You Can Be Good Citizens

I HAVE NEVER ON the field of battle sent you where I was unwilling to go myself, nor would I now advise you to a course which I felt myself unwilling to pursue. You have been good soldiers, you can be good citizens. Obey the laws, preserve your honor, and the Government to which you have surrendered can afford to be and will be magnanimous.

—*Official Records,* Ser. 1, XLIX, part 2, 1290.